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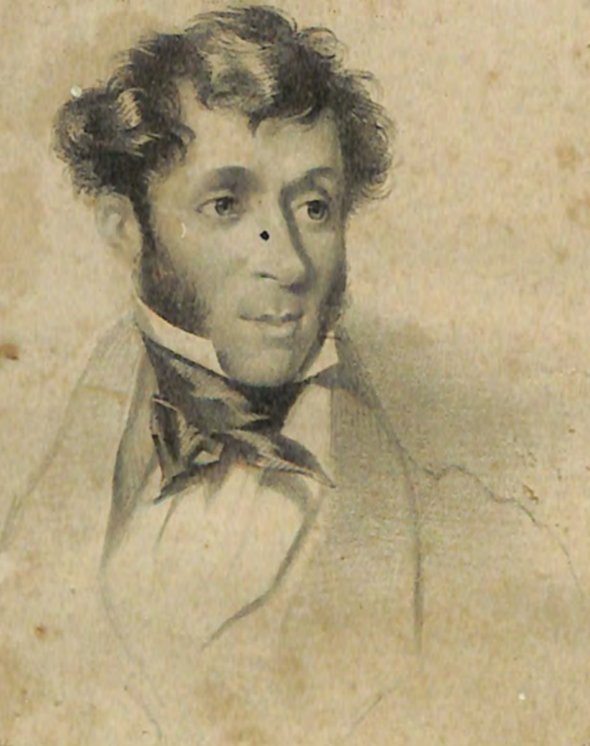

A. E. Chalon R.A. del

R. J. Hamerton Lith

LIEUTENANT GENERAL DE LACY EVANS.

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Day & Haghe Lithrs to the King.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

COLONEL CHARLES SHAW,

K.C.T.S., &c.

OF THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE,

AND LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL, IN THE BRITISH AUXILIARY LEGION
OF SPAIN;

COMPRISING

A NARRATIVE OF THE WAR

FOR

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY

IN

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT IN 1831 TO THE DISSOLUTION OF THE BRITISH
LEGION IN 1837.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHAW.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival of Marshal Solignac—A Scotch Comitea—Colonel Bacon—Colonel Duvergier—Affair of the Pasteleiro Hill—Orders to march to Lordello—Colonel Hare—Saldanha—Letter of Napier to Saldanha—Cries for butter and sugar among the men—Sergeant-Major Boyd—Lord G. Paulet—Scotch slush—Eating of donkeys, cats, mules, greyhounds, and terriers—Rob-Roying a bullock—Selling of a window shutter for 15*s*.—Saldanhà—New expedition—Saldanha's interview with the Miguelite Generals—Valdez's Letter to Saldanha on the subject—Saldanha's reply.

MARSHAL Solignac was well received; great things were expected from him, and certainly his first step called forth my respect. He looked to the Commissariat, in which the most shameful waste and expenditure had taken place—commanding officers and heads of departments drawing as many rations as they chose. By an order, "all officers" were to receive only one ration. At this time, there was little or no money, so one may form some idea of the numerous *friends* the Marshal made by this "order." In addition, he issued an order for all male inhabitants to take up arms. This of course increased his "popularity" among the clerks in all the public offices, whose only amusement had been to write slow, smoke cigars, and drink "eau sucré;" and, as a recreation, to take a safe position from which a skirmish might be seen.

Thus, at one blow, the commercial town of Oporto became military. But these regulations made people more selfish, bringing the true state of their position before their eyes, and the unfortunate poor were for a short time neglected; but some public-spirited foreign merchants commenced a subscription, in which good example they were most zealously followed by the rich Portuguese. Subscriptions having commenced likewise in England, I was most happy to see the name of Hodges and several of my friends in the list. The humane and active Colonel Sorrell lent his services, purse, and sanction, and thus upwards of 5000 poor were daily fed. This tended greatly to allay discontent, and the labourers more willingly worked in the trenches, took up arms, and entered into fire, when they knew, in case of being killed or wounded, their families would not starve.

The Scotch, as soon as landed, were put under my orders; and I was most anxious they should have a fresh start and be able to judge for themselves, without mixing with those who had been accustomed to suffering, and to mutiny whenever they wished to carry their point. Don Pedro sent for me, and told me he expected great things from my countrymen. I was most anxious he should take a view of these "Scotch Liberators," before they were disguised as soldiers; but, no! he would not, only agreeing that they should have a quarter separate from the English. This was of consequence, and I resolved to make the separation as great as possible, these Scotch being the most knowing fellows I ever encountered. They were not riotous, but they were sullenly "methodic," and it is but justice to give Captain Lawrie credit for the manner he had contrived to prevent mutiny during a long and hazardous voyage from Glasgow.

Reform had been much agitated in Scotland. Union societies had been formed; and from the technical language used by these men, I suspected they had thought it prudent to leave their Glasgow looms, and try what effect the liberating air of Portugal might have on the memory of the police officers in their native towns. The greatest proportion were young; I therefore had some hopes, although the second day after the fellows landed I was puzzled.

All were assembled in a large room, and hearing some disputes, I entered, when I was saluted with "Silence!" "Order!" "Lets hear what the Cornal has to say!" "Stan back, lets hear how he'll answer the comitea." Upon this, five fellows advanced, the speaker taking off his cap. He pulled out a paper and said, "We five are deputed by our freens to show you the undermentioned written conditions, which if you don't agree to, we shan't serve, and Donna Maria may gang to h—l." Reading the conditions, I saw they wished 2*l.* 10*s.* per month, the English being promised only 2*l.* 5*s.* I told them the English had fought well with me, and I should not agree to the Scotch getting 5*s.* more; so if they did not choose, they might all "gang whare they wanted to sen' Dony Maria." This caused a great hubbub, and the five returned to a room, whence they re-appeared after awhile. During the interval, I had been asking the fellows the different places from whence they came; having thus gained a little popularity, the five fellows re-advancing, I asked them in an authoritative voice "who they were?" They said they had been delegates in Glasgow, and had been appointed a "comitea" for the volunteers who had engaged at the Salt Market station. I said, in the army I had never heard of the word "comitea," and asked what the word meant. I would not understand any explanation; at last one of them, a smart-looking fellow, said, "Lord, Cornal, I see you ken weel eneugh what a comitea is; but I'll tel ye the fac of the matter is, a wheen o' us join thegether, and we ca ourselves the *Comitea*, and we gar a' the others dae what we like." I instantly said, "O! I understand completely what it is. I see, a comitea is a Cornal. Call me either the one or the other, as I shall gar ye dae what I like." This explanation of "comitea" caused a regular row; their threatening not to serve, and my telling them they may be off, brought it to a crisis, and made them come to other terms—as they confessed the enemy's batteries at the mouth of the river prevented their getting away; so after deep consideration they agreed to serve, provided they were paid in *British currency, the soldier getting the advantage of the exchange.* I agreed, but what this meant I really did not understand; the comitea called on me to explain how many mills i. e. (milrees) to the pound sterling. This was a terrible puzzler, so without answering the "comitea," I began asking the other fellows whether they had worked in a cotton mill, carding mill, woollen mill, each giving different answers, so all this "Row" finished with "D—n all mills and comiteas, hurrah for Cornal Shaw and Dony Maree!" and thus were the Scotch Fusileers formed.

Having got clothing for the men, and likewise each man his bounty, it was extraordinary the number of men who came to me from the different battalions of English, and from the Lancers to volunteer to join the Scotch, but I would not accept of one. Colonel Bacon by this time had formed a regiment composed of about 200 Lancers, and the rapid manner in which he had taught them to move, was astonishing. I never saw any person more acquainted with the interior economy, movements and detail, than General Bacon; but I regretted much that he had been allowed to have all the old soldiers incorporated into this regiment, as from the end of September, 1832, until the middle of August, 1833, strange though it may appear, these Lancers were never of the slightest use. They were certainly in very good order, but except during about a fortnight, when they furnished a picquet of 18 men, the cause never got any benefit from their services; though they certainly were both the envy and jealousy of all the other foreigners, as the officers and men of the Lancers were the only corps who during the hard and dangerous times had plenty of sleep, and little or no exposure to musketry. I mention my regret at this, because, from the style in which this regiment conducted themselves after we left Oporto, it confirmed me in the opinion, that they would have been more valuable to the cause, had they been incorporated with the recruits in the infantry until there was a necessity for cavalry. To this regiment of Lancers, was attached a troop called the Gun Troop, which I think did duty on the 5th of July, 1833, and was then broken up.

On the forenoon of the 24th of January, I received orders to parade with the Scotch Fusileers at Carvalhido, in heavy marching order, and with two days' provisions. Arriving on the parade ground, I found about 3000 men formed, but all without knapsacks or provisions. This astonished me a little; but as not one of my men had ever loaded or fired a musket, I supposed they were brought here as a sort of drill; but when the column began to march towards Foz, I suspected something. On arriving at the Pasteleiro Hill, a smattering of musketry told me I was right, but how to get my fellows to load was the puzzle. Joking with the men, I said we must use the bayonet. Baron Solignac formed in two lines, the Scotch being on the left of the second line, and having to their right a slight rising ground. The skirmishers now advanced; but the enemy, instead of retiring as was expected, stood their ground, and when the right of the first line, composed of French and English, advanced to support, they were not only roughly handled, but if they had not been led by Colonel Duvergier, the chief of Solignac's staff, it is my opinion they would have been forced to retreat; indeed, the Miguelites behaved with great gallantry this day.

Solignac came towards the left, looking very serious, and making loud remarks about Sartorius having disappointed him in not attacking the castle of Quejo, and thus disturbing the right of the enemy's line, while General Brito, advancing from Carvalhido, should threaten their left; but neither of these movements taking place, we were awkwardly situated. At this moment I found the reason of our being the only party with knapsacks and provisions. It was that the Scotch were intended to be the garrison of the castle of Quejo.

The shot now came whistling along; and from the batteries on the opposite side of the river, the enemy were likewise throwing some harmless round shot and shell among the Lancers in the rear. At the same time the wounded coming in, and the Staff-officers galloping about, astonished my young fellows. Knowing that want of employment in action rather tends to dishearten men, I began to put the recruits through their facings, and to teach them the "manual and platoon." This drill appeared strange to many of the Portuguese officers, who did not know the true reason why I so acted; but immediately the good effects were shown. Seeing the two English battalions to the right losing men unnecessarily, and the fire becoming more severe, I ordered the men to lie on their backs, with their faces towards the enemy; and in this manner I saved the lives of many, although the regiment had not the "éclat" in the Gazette of the next day, of a large list of killed and wounded.

While we were scarcely able to hold our ground in the centre, Major Brownson had advanced on the enemy's right, and had driven them from Monte Castro, from which he would not retire until ordered by Solignac; one of the worst orders the Marshal ever issued. This day's fight certainly astonished the French general. He found that the Miguelite soldiers could fight; that he must not depend on the Portuguese officers giving him every support; and that Sartorius, although he nominally commanded the fleet, had men on board who were cunning enough to choose the hour of necessity for making favourable terms for themselves. In short, Sartorius had not been able to fulfil his promise to the Marshal, because his men had mutinied, and would not weigh anchor, and Brito on the right had not been allowed to move by the order of the Emperor. Marshal Solignac's temper was completely soured by this failure, for failure it decidedly was; and how the enemy did not cut us off from Oporto, I know not. He indulged in very imprudent, perhaps true remarks, which were reported with exaggerations to Don Pedro, and the most casual observer could easily perceive that a decided coolness had arisen. The casualties of this day with us were 301, and I do not believe the loss of the enemy was so great.

All returned to Oporto this night in low spirits; and the enemy, to keep us so, opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell on the town. At one o'clock on the 3d of February, I received orders to march to Lordello at two, with the Scotch and three companies of the 12th Caçadores, to be relieved most certainly in forty-eight hours. I marched, and instead of being relieved from this harassing and responsible spot in forty-eight hours, I was kept there for six months. I there found in command my friend Major Borso, (now Brigadier-General, commanding in Catalonia) not quite recovered from a shot through the head, which he received while charging the enemy on the 29th of September. There never was a braver officer, nor a more honourable man than Borso de Carminati. I asked him what force he had? He said, "One hundred and twenty men." What length of line he had to defend? He told me, "Nearly two miles."

He began laughing, and said, "We are fools; but luckily the enemy are greater; as they can cut you off either from Foz or Oporto,—so there is comfort for you. Good night!" and away he marched.

Next morning, I examined the ground, and while doing so, discovered bodies of the enemy gradually nearing, and at the height of Seralves, commanding Lordello, I perceived them commencing to cut trees, preparatory to the formation of a battery.

At this time, forty young gentlemen, the greater proportion of whom had come out with promises of commissions from Sir J. M. Doyle, had been formed into a company of riflemen, and in a flattering manner had volunteered to serve under my orders. I gave them the post of honour, placing them in the house of Pasteleiro, about half-way between Lordello and Foz, and here for nine days they did their duty in a noble manner without covering, always exposed to shot, and with little or nothing to eat, (as to sleep, that was out of the question,) until, fairly knocked-up, I was obliged to allow them to go back to Oporto.

At this time, the embrasures of the formidable battery of Seralves began to take a shape, and when convinced there was no mistake, I went in the evening to report to the Marshal what I had seen. I have heard his custom was to sleep a good part of the day, and to receive officers in the evening. I reported what I had seen. He sprang up in a rage, and said,

"*Comment ! Monsieur, l'ennemi a commencé une batterie à Seralves ! ne me dites-pas de telles bêtises. J'ai été militaire pendant quarante années ; et les Miguelistes ne sont pas si bêtes. Bah ! bah !*"

He was much excited; but I quietly answered,

"*Monsieur le Marechal, je ne suis pas Migueliste, et ce n'est pas ma faute s'ils sont si bêtes ; pourtant je viens vous annoncer qu'ils ont une battérie à Seralves, et c'est mon devoir de vous avertir que le chemin de Porto à Foz est coupé.*"

He began dancing about the room, saying,

"*Battérie, coupé, coupé ! Quelle bêtise.*"

At last he told me he would send down Colonel Duvergier: and I shall never forget his look of dismay, when he saw the stakes up, tracing out the line of this battery. He galloped into town, and in the course of a few hours returned with Carvalho, Freire, Duke of Terceira, Marquess of Fronteira, and others. We ascended the tower of the church of Lordello, to have a better view of the battery, keeping the Scotch formed in the road below. Never have I seen such despair as was this day depicted on the countenances of all except Duvergier, whose energies rose with difficulties. The conversation was half French, half Portuguese, and well do I remember the words "*rendu*" and "*perdu*." I recollect, when the Marquess Fronteira said to me,

"*Shaw, croyez-vous que nous sommes perdus?*"

I answered, in an excited manner,

"*Perdus! Non, voyez-vous ces jeunes Ecossais là bas? de toute l'armée ils seront les premiers d'entrer dans la batterie.*"

And, strange enough, they executed, in the month of August, what I this day promised they would do. This consultation showed the Marshal most distinctly that there was no time to allow people to indulge in private dislikes or jealousies, nor to treat an enemy with contempt.

This evening, I received a reinforcement of 300 men of the 9th regiment; and Marshal Saldanha and General Stubbs having lately arrived, the former was the next day sent to take the command of the line from Foz to Oporto; and thus I found myself placed under the command of this active, brave, intelligent, and excellent officer. I have formerly mentioned the difficulty Colonel Hare experienced in having the Serra convent fortified, many of the Emperor's advisers hinting very broadly, that his only object was to have that place put in defence, so that the English property in Villa Nova might be protected; but at that time he is entitled to the credit of having saved the city. If Colonel Hare saved Oporto, by occupying the Serra, Saldanha saved the cause, by his exertions on the left of the line, from Lordello to Foz. No sooner had he taken the command, than he saw the gross error committed by Solignac, in abandoning the Monte Castro, and likewise the folly of allowing the enemy to erect the battery of Seralves; which two points, now in possession of the enemy, ought to have been ours,—connecting ourselves with Oporto at the Quinta of Vanzeller; thus our line would have been shorter and stronger. Saldanha immediately saw the necessity of erecting a redoubt, a little in front of the Pasteleiro house, which with its shot could check the movement of an enemy from Seralves, and indeed, in some measure, swept the whole ground between Seralves and Monte Castro, especially from the manner he made use of the strong stone walls, which were numerous on this part of the line.

The enemy allowed the work to go on, and certainly Saldanha did not neglect the opportunity afforded him by their folly. At this time, never was there a man so beloved by officers and troops as Saldanha; and to this day it would have been the same if he had not been surrounded by one or two perfidious counsellors, perfidious both to him and to his country. He worked in the trenches with the men, by night and by day; he was to be seen looking after their safety and their comforts; he was ever foremost in fight; in short, almost all of them were ready to sacrifice their lives at his command. He never went into town to join in the intrigues of the court: he is by nature and by experience a soldier; but if he leaves the field and enters the cabinet, then he becomes a child, and commits follies, which, to the eye of a person who does not know his weakness on this point, appear unjust and iniquitous. To myself and to the men under my command, both of whom have fought and bled with him, he has been most unjust, in not only not seeing performed what he so solemnly promised, but in having not even exerted himself to see justice done. I myself, deceived by infamous forged letters, with his apparent signature—letters which must have been written by some one either near his person, or in the employ of the commission authorised by him for the settlement of the accounts of foreigners—was forced, in my own defence, to show the world that the letter he gave to me was genuine, and not a "forgery," as these letters as coming from him publicly stated it to be. This I now most deeply regret, and if these lines should ever meet his eyes I hope he may feel as I do, that both have been the dupes of some base villain, and that he will, in the end, use his influence to see justice done to the army; thus proving that bravery, justice, and honour, always go hand in hand.

I cannot resist annexing here a letter from the eloquent author of the "Peninsular War," from the certainty I had always expressed of Saldanha seeing justice done to every foreigner in the terms of his letter to me while he was minister of war.

Colonel Napier to Marshal Saldanha.

"Freshford, near Bath, England, 25th Sep. 1835.

"Most excellent Sir,

"I pray you pardon me for addressing you. I am told that you are such a man that you will not suffer any wrong to be done towards soldiers who have bravely served under your command. I am myself a soldier, and one who has, in common with his brother and cousins, received many wounds in defence of your country. I have, therefore, some title to make my present appeal to your Excellency in behalf of the widow and children of a gallant man, who died in the service of Her Majesty the Queen of Portugal, and trusting that I shall not appeal in vain, I will now lay before your Excellency a short statement of the case.

"A serjeant Canning, who served in Colonel Dodgin's regiment, left a widow and children. I have seen Colonel Dodgin's letter to the widow, describing her husband's death, and regretting his loss, because he was a good soldier and an honest man. I applied to the Portuguese agent in London to obtain Sergeant Canning's arrears of pay, and a gratuity for his widow, and I was referred to Lisbon. I wrote to Lisbon, and in May last I received a letter from a gentleman of the name of Harper, calling himself "*Paymaster-General of the British Regiments.*" In this letter Mr. Harper said, that if the widow would send a certificate of her marriage, and certain other papers to him, and would appoint Colonel Dodgin, or some other person, her agent, that not only would the arrears of pay and gratuity, amounting together to twenty-five pounds sterling, be granted to her, but that she would receive a pension. These papers were all sent in due form, and Colonel Dodgin was appointed agent through the medium of Mr. Harper; but since that period, nothing has been heard upon the subject.

"I have written again to Mr. Harper, and also to Colonel Dodgin, and I have, by the advice of persons acquainted with your Excellency's noble character, taken the liberty of writing this letter to your Excellency.

"Sir, this poor woman has a threefold claim upon your consideration. She is a woman in distress and poverty; she is a widow because her husband fell in the defence of your countrymen's rights; and, finally, it is for your honour and for the honour of your government that no negligence or fraud should be suffered to intercept the bounty and justice of that government in its way to the miserable.

"I remain, most excellent Sir,
"With the highest esteem and respect,
"Your Excellency's
"Very obedient Servant,
(Signed,) "WILLIAM F. P. NAPIER,
"Colonel in the service of H. B. Majesty." *

"The Most Excellent Lord,
"The Marshal Saldanha,
&c. &c. &c."

As Colonel Hare had been impeded in his proceedings, so was Saldanha by Marshal Solignac, who gave him orders to cease the work; but the quick military eye of Colonel Duvergier soon not only perceived the necessity of the Pasteleiro redoubt, but of another commenced by Saldanha to the left of the Pasteleiro, so situated that while it protected Foz, it flanked and raked their newly formed redoubt on Monte Castro. At head-quarters this new redoubt got the name of the Pinhal Battery; but in every return of duty furnished there, I named it the "Saldanha Battery," and, before long, it generally received that appellation.

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* Marshal Saldanha had not the courtesy to answer this letter.

While doing justice to the zeal and activity of Saldanha, it would be most unfair not to mention the name of that able engineer Colonel Barreiros. Other officers senior to Barreiros, for a time, got the credit, but he was not only the theoretical, but the brave practical engineer; the works he constructed being within musket shot of three formidable batteries, and within pistol shot of another "Ervilha."

About the end of February, Santa Martha was superseded in the command of Miguel's army by San Lourenco. We heard he was a very vain man, therefore we felt convinced he would attempt something to give *éclat* to his command. At this time, the duty to the Scotch was most harassing, the weather being very bad, food still worse, and no money forthcoming; so that, of course, grumbling and discontent were beginning to be prevalent. One evening some rascals, who had deserted from Sartorius, contrived to get among the Scotch; but the officers and non-commissioned officers, with swords and the butt-end of firelocks, punished them sharply, driving them away. However, they had infected the men with the disease of shouting "Money, money! No pay, no soldier!" I had been patrolling during the night, and Major Cameron turned out two hours before daylight to relieve the picquets. He ordered the men to march; but the order was received with cries of

"Money!" Not being able to move them, he came to me with this most disagreeable information.

Knowing that the English regiment, after having once got their money in this manner, had proceeded from cries of money to "Butter, Butter!" "Sugar, Sugar!" before they would turn out, I resolved to try "Neck or nothing," so I went on parade, taking a very large pistol in my pocket. On my appearance all were quiet. I formed double "Open order," and, commencing from the right, showing indistinctly the pistol, asked each in a quiet tone of voice if he wanted money. Each whispered "No." I then came in front, "closed the ranks," and said to Major Cameron, "Really this is too bad! to make such accusations against these excellent men. March off your picquets, Sir!" Thus I mastered the "Monetary System," which never again troubled me till October at Peniche, after the taking of Oubidos.

This sort of out-break, however, was a hint to me to try to make friends and companions of the soldiers, and never to allow them to see me indulging in eating or drinking any other than rations. The *esprit* which was instilled into these men in a short time, was extraordinary. I made them believe that they were the finest fellows in the world; and, the enemy attacking our position on the 4th of March, they behaved in a manner to astonish both friends and foes. I was most ably supported by my officers, and was glad to see the sympathy shown by the men to Captain Lawrie, who was dangerously wounded when exerting himself to obey my orders to prevent the men from exposing themselves. This officer was sent to the hospital, where a charge of £15 was made against him. His accommodation there was of course most miserable; and I was obliged to write to the minister of war, to know in what way Captain Lawrie was to pay this sum, as he had only received in Her Most Faithful Majesty's service 8*d.* (given one day in place of rations), and a severe wound—for upwards of four months' service?

The enemy on this day had advanced with a great deal of gallantry. The bravery of Serjeant-Major Boyd struck me forcibly, and in addition to bravery never did I meet with a better soldier, and one who insisted on others doing their duty. Still, though strict, his was a severity tempered with the greatest kindness, and extreme humanity. Three Miguelite officers, one of them the major of the 17th or 19th, had advanced far in front of their men, and were killed so close to our position that their bodies could not be carried off, and if one of my men appeared near to the spot, a heavy fire was opened on him by the enemy. The bodies lay there for two days; and while I was interested about something else, Boyd came to me to ask permission for himself and four serjeants to bury these officers. I answered sharply

"I shall not have my men hurt. Let them bury themselves."

Boyd very respectfully said, "Colonel Shaw, the soldier who falls in front of his comrades, whether friend or enemy, is a brave soldier, and always worthy of a soldier's grave! Do grant us permission to do honour to these three brave men?" This idea may be considered natural, but under the circumstances was most noble.

Of course I granted permission, and from that day to this I placed implicit confidence in every way in Boyd, and he has never deceived me. He became my adjutant, and it is but justice to him to say, that a great part of the credit which I received from the high discipline in which my regiment continued, was owing to his exertions. In Spain he became my brigade-major, and I am proud to say he is now lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Rifle Regiment of the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain; his splendid bravery in the attack of the lines of St. Sebastian, having called forth the admiration of all who saw him.

I know nothing of his former history, except that he was a serjeant in His Majesty's 11th regiment of foot when commanded by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence. It is in necessity that man is valued as a man, and then the ideal proofs of superiority, riches, birth, and rank, evaporate, and so it was with Boyd.

About this time, the Nautilus brig of war, commanded by Lord George Paulet, came down the river, and anchored opposite Santa Catharina, and at a very short distance from Lordello. It is quite impossible for me to explain how highly respected Lord George was by all parties in Oporto, no matter whether foreigners, natives, or Miguelites. What a pleasure it was to go on board his brig, to see men so comfortably clad, so well fed, so respectful, and so attached to their officers; and still all were most determinedly neutral, the rule broken through only by some of the young warm-hearted midshipmen, who sometimes would smuggle ashore a fowl for our next day's dinner.

At this time, the want of provisions was very great, and the scenes of drunkenness among the English in Oporto terrible. The only rations served out was bacalhao (salt fish), the same which is used after dinner by wine-bibbers, to give them a relish for more wine; therefore it struck me that if it had this effect upon well-fed men, how much greater must the effect be on men with a comparatively empty stomach. The cooks on board the transport which brought the Scotch, had with their "national prudence" gathered from the cooking coppers a quantity of grease (slush), which they had brought on shore, and sold to a manufacturer to make candles. Firewood being very scarce, the candle-maker could not make his candles. The bacalhao was taken up to this manufacturer, who gladly re-exchanged it, and this "slush" was brought down to Lordello; a certain quantity of it mixed up with rice, musty biscuit pounded, and along with a sort of vegetable gathered on the banks of a rivulet, put into a large boiler of a dying manufactory where the men were quartered, and stewed up with some stolen dog, cat, or the best bits of a killed wandering donkey or mule, made a tolerable mess. Many is the mule which? tempted by the green field near this Fabrica, entered never to return.

My own men stole and ate my greyhound and terrier, and a fight took place with the Irish (who had lately landed,) for having had in their possession the skin of my fat pointer. When these living animals disappeared, about a table-spoonful of rice and a square inch of pork, was a day's allowance, and often has a young fellow come up to me with both, in the palm of his hand, saying, "Cornal Shaw, I only ask yoursel' is that plenty for a working man to leeve on, besides the fechtin? It is a shame, and I'll no stand it!" My only answer was, "If it satisfies you, it does not satisfy me. I could eat six rations like that:" which brought forth the answer, "Weel, Cornal! that's true, but we'ell make that d——d John Macdowall (Don Miguel,) pey for this some fine day!"

At this time, all the bad wine had been finished, so the finest old Port was given, which was the secret of the men's comparative content. The poor fellows did not know when I sent Major Cameron to patrole about twelve o'clock at night, that in his absence I had a biscuit and glass of good Port, which my Irish servant had begged from a respectable merchant, under the plea of my having had a threatening of cholera, which was raging at that time.

Cameron had been in the East Indies, and he thought himself "a knowing hand." He had just as many opportunities of getting food as I had. He did not exert himself, and what my Irish servant said to me of him was true, "Lord your honour, for a *lane low man,* what a powerful appetite the Major has!" He was a brave fellow, but he had certainly a most inconvenient appetite.

On this line of defence from Lordello, were the only two live oxen in Oporto, and being most useful for assisting in dragging guns from one point to another, they were put under charge of the "*careful immaculate Scotch.*" They were generally in charge of a Serjeant, who saw them every night housed; but one evening, while he was making some report to me, one of the bullocks disappeared, and early next morning I found a piece of beef of about six pounds weight at my door.

I said nothing, but went to the barracks. No appearance of blood nor smell of beef; but there was some salt on the floor. Bacalhao was at this time the rations, so I expressed astonishment at seeing a necessity for using salt; but I soon discovered from the smell, that there had been fresh soup made. I expressed no opinion, and calling to a little Scotch terrier not worth eating, "Hisht Tuskey, there!" she went into a corner and brought out a beef bone; which I remarked was rather large for a fish. All were silent and *innocent looking*, but I discovered they had placed the bullock in the running rivulet, and there killed and skinned it, and divided it into rations: thus all the marks of blood were carried away. They did not deny it.

The owner made his complaint, and the government charged the regiment 37*l.*; the real value at a stone-throw's distance in the enemy's lines being scarcely 7*l.* The Adjutant had a list of the men who had received the beef, and who were to pay for it. He had headed the list, "We, the undersigned, who *stole* the bullock, agree, &c." I heard a terrible row—nearly a downright mutiny. I asked what was the matter; in a moment a number of voices, "Only think, Cornal! the Adjutant wishes us as to sign ourselves thieves!" I asked them if it was not the fact that they had stolen the bullock. "We dinna deny that, but its ae thing stealing, to a man being sic a fule as to sign himself a thief! Na, na!" I said: "Very well, give me the paper," I took it, drew my pen through the word *stole*, and inserted "*Rob Royed*," and all signed in good humour.

In some particular points, I had great difficulty in getting the men to remain on sentry, especially near a footpath on which a great many dead were lying unburied. Horrid groans and unnatural sounds were heard near this spot. In visiting the sentry, I discovered these were dogs, which had come from the enemy's lines to devour the dead. This put the sentries in future at rest; but some time after, I found some of my men had enticed three of these dogs, and had sold them for 1*l.* each to Frederick an old French servant of mine, who kept a restaurateur's shop in Oporto. The men had, a few days before this, held a court martial on a little dog for bringing to their quarters the "Major's" arm. On hearing firing so close, I went to see what the matter was. The dog had been sentenced to be shot. He was buried, but disinterred that night, and sold to Frederick for two *crusadas novas.* Thus the Scotch contrived to supply the would-be "bons vivans" of Oporto with provisions.

At this time, fire-wood to cook became excessively scarce and dear. If a shell fell into a house, woe be to that house! it was in a few minutes stripped of all its wood, the whole blame being put on the "shell." My men were not more than eighty yards from the enemy; and if they were not firing they were abusing each other, which abuse I encouraged, as I thought my best chance to prevent desertion was to instil a deadly hatred between the two parties. In this I completely succeeded. The only thing which put the men in a fury was, when the Miguelites held up a fine white loaf, and some nice beef on their bayonets. This to a certainty brought on fire from the Scotch.

To get the better of the loaf and beef was my great difficulty, and this I accomplished. The lines which we occupied had a good deal of wood, and to the left were a number of pines, where neither our people nor the enemy ventured. I called the men together, and proposed that among themselves, they should appoint "a wood Committee," to whom all wood should be brought, and who were to dispose of it for the benefit of the whole "mess." This pleased them much, and they in this manner could afford to buy hog's lard, a little of which went far in soup. At this time, lard was about 4*s*. per pound. In referring to my regimental orders, I see "Any man found selling wood shall be handed to his company, who may inflict any punishment they may think fit on this *selfish man and no soldier*, and a fortnight's pay of the delinquent shall be given for the good of the mess to which he belongs." This system worked well as long as the wood-cutters had shelter sufficient from the enemy's shot; but now the difficulty occurred, how to prevent the destruction of the wood-work of their quarters. The inhabitants of Oporto offered for the small shutter of a window about 15*s*. The quarters of the men were in a silk-dying manufactory, and in spite of all I could do, there was much destruction: the owner, a friend of Saldanha, believing, like all other Portuguese, that the British were purposely destroying their manufactories, with a view of making them dependent on England. I got an order from Saldanha, which was sent to him by Don Pedro, directing me to evacuate the Fabrica instantly. I reported that I could not hold the position if I abandoned that point. Saldanha ordered me to give my reasons in writing, to forward to Don Pedro, which I did as follows:

"Lordello, 18 February, 1833.

"SIR,

"I have been examining the ground to the left of Lordello, in order to avoid occupying the Fabrica of Senhor Frederick. My conviction of the necessity of holding this position is so strong, that I shall not remove the men now in it until I receive your Excellency's written orders to do so. Any person, on examining the ground, will at once see, that if the Fabrica is left unoccupied, bodies of the enemy's infantry and cavalry can with great safety, and in a few minutes, proceed from their lines into the Foz Road, between my picquet on the left and itself. The road can likewise be entered by bodies getting into the Fabrica unseen, and if once in, nothing can drive them out. As a defence of the road, nothing can be better, as it flanks any advance of the enemy, and gives a safe retreat into Lordello. Eighty more men and a few pipes would make the point impregnable between my picquet and it. I hope I may be excused in begging, that for the safety of the position which I now hold, delicate feelings must be for a time thrown aside, either as to occupying houses or destroying them; as one great cause of the loss of life on the 29th of September at Praça das Flores, was this "delicacy." I beg to refer to the appearance of the position *now*, from the Lugar das Antas, as far as the Douro, and to compare it with what it was on the 29th of September.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obedient Servant,
"CHARLES SHAW."

"To His Excellency Marshal Saldanha."

I expected Don Pedro would have been angry *at having my opinion*, but he was quite the contrary. Knowing there were a good many wine pipes in the Fabrica cellar, I had them filled with earth to form a barricade, in the field, in less than twenty-four hours, and a few round shot having hit the building, they covered a multitude of sins in the way of destruction.

Being obliged to burn a house close to the enemy, I thought it possible to do so without loss of life, and accomplished it. At night, I placed a few men quite in cover from musketry a little to the left, and in the rear of the house to be burnt, and in which the enemy were. I formed a party on each flank of it at a tolerable distance, and the burning party in front of it. At a signal, the burners and the flank parties advanced with a hurrah, not firing a shot; while those to the left of the house commenced a brisk firing in the air. The thing took place as I foresaw. The enemy, thrown into confusion, had no point in the dark to fire upon, except the flashes of the firelocks of those under cover, upon whom they directed all their fire, which was of course harmless, and the flankers seeing the house blazing, retired before the light could point out their situation to the enemy.

I might give accounts of what was occurring in the city of Oporto during the months of March, April, and May; but I was very seldom in the town, and those operations have been very accurately described by Admiral Napier, Colonel Badcock, and so feelingly by "a British Officer of Hussars, who served in the Portuguese Army during the Peninsular war," (whom I believe to be "Colonel Owen" then an inhabitant of Oporto,) that I should only weary my readers. I shall therefore restrict myself to what I am inclined to suppose is original matter, however dull it may be. I shall only say in the words of others while I was at Lordello: "The inhabitants of Oporto might be seen embracing each other, and congratulating their friends on their escape; but all this was mingled with tears, for nearly all were in mourning for lost relations. Their houses had in many cases been ruined and their property plundered; the city was half depopulated, and trade at an end; and the clergyman's voice was unheard amidst the noise of cannon and the explosion of shells."

The Hussar Officer says, "Scourged by hunger, cholera morbus, shot and shell, the spirits of these poor inhabitants were only kept up by the news of the day. 'How many shells have fallen?' 'Where, and what damage?' 'How many were wounded in the last affair?' 'What was the loss of the enemy?' These were the everlasting topics of the morning, and kept up their animation. Tales and anecdotes of personal valour warmed the blood and created emulous ambition. Scenes of blood and carnage nurtured the direst spirit of revenge, still more excited by the knowledge that, if the enemy entered, children in the arms of their dying parents would be murdered. This was what defended Oporto during the memorable siege."

Saldanha was quartered at Foz, and I of course saw him every day, but by night and by day he was always on the alert. Almost every house in Foz was destroyed, but I have often suspected the artillery officers commanding the enemy's battery must have been in his pay, as a shot seldom or never came towards his house. I used to meet Saldanha very often on board the Nautilus at dinner, and I soon saw that Lord George Paulet and he took a great liking to each other. On account of the enemy's batteries and sentries, Saldanha could not ride down to the river, and he generally left his horse at my quarters, and we walked to where we embarked, and likewise returned home together at night.

About this time, I got a confidential communication from England, that a secret English expedition was fitting out under *true good officers* to make a dash at Lisbon, but to be perfectly free and independent of all at Oporto. I was asked to bring 500 useful bayonets with me, provided the expedition called "*en passant*" at Oporto, who would leave an equal number of well equipped recruits. I was further to have the power of bringing any useful officers with me, whether they obtained permission to come or not. The expedition was to be kept a secret from Don Pedro, Solignac, and the ministers.

This was a delicate affair for me to manage, so I went pretty often to Oporto to speak with the different heads of departments, and found distinctly that they were all in the dark, the Marshal only expecting a reinforcement of Poles, which I knew by the same communication to be stopped.

Being the only one in Oporto who was aware of this secret expedition, and seeing the impossibility of doing any thing without the permission of Saldanha, and having the most implicit confidence in him, I told him the circumstances; into the merits of which he entered with great warmth, offering to go himself as a simple volunteer, in short, promising all assistance.

I am certain that Saldanha never mentioned the subject to any one; nor did he ever hint a syllable to me of a very delicate matter in which he was engaged, (to which I shall afterwards refer,) although from mere chance I was aware of it. Palmella was to accompany the expedition. I found that he and Saldanha had had in former times a decided personal quarrel, and that, in fact, they were bitter enemies; but on my mentioning the exertions of Palmella in the beginning of the cause, and the full persuasion in my mind that he was a friend to Portugal, Saldanha at once said it was his duty to sacrifice his private feelings, and that he would forget their quarrel, and, like friends, work for the good of Portugal.

I then told him that Admiral Napier, Mendizabal, and Palmella might be expected about the end of May or the beginning of June.

As I kept a sharp look-out in all directions, and had every thing reported to me which took place, even to what was going on at the other side of the river, and likewise what people went on board the British squadron, I could not help remarking the numerous visits to the Nautilus of Colonel Sorrell, Colonel Badcock, and of Saldanha, and still that Captain Glasscock was not of the party; neither were any of Don Pedro's or Solignac's staff.

I generally saw Saldanha after his return from dinner, and I was with him so often, that it was no difficult matter to know from his countenance if he had anything of importance on his mind.

One morning, going to call on him, I commenced speaking about Don Pedro, who, be it recollected, behaved very ill to him before embarking at Belle Isle, and I found some person, in the confidence of Don Pedro, had been telling Saldanha some very harsh and coarse expressions used by the Emperor, regarding himself.

Two days after this, I saw Saldanha returning from Oporto, surrounded by a number of superior officers, mounted, who, he jokingly remarked, thought it right to accompany him as a guard, to prevent his being strangled or shot. I joined the cavalcade to Foz, and either that evening or next day he gave me time to copy the two annexed letters, with power to show them, or make what use of them I pleased.

I had but a few minutes to copy them, so that one or two insignificant words may be wrong; but I think Admiral Parker has a copy of these letters, the meetings (I believe unknown to Captain Glass-

cock) having taken place on board the Nautilus, with the Admiral's knowledge and authority.

"Porto, 30 de Mai, 1833.*

"Mon Cher Général et Ami,

"Il me serait difficile de vous décrire l'état de douleur et d'inquiétude dans lequel me jéta la nouvelle que le Marechal me communiqua ce matin, à savoir que vous auriez eu des entrevues avec les Généraux Miguelistes Lemos, et le Vicomte de Bahia, et que vous auriez traité avec eux, sans que le Marechal ou Sa Majesté Impériale eussent eu la moindre part d'un objet si delicat et d'une si haute importance. Vous savez apprécier la circonspection nécessaire à observer pour tous les principes et toutes les regles établies sur un tel objet, à fin que vos ennemis ne puissent saisir de tels motifs pour attaquer et denigrer votre réputation, et à fin que vos vrais amis tels que je le suis (ceux auquels les liens de l'amitié exigent que nous fussions part de matières de cette importance,) ne se sentent point offensés par le manque de franchise et de confiance qui ont marquées vos procédés en ce dernier cas. De l'autre côté, comme ma franchise est entière et sans reserve envers vous, il est de mon devoir de vous déclarer, que non seulement ces procédés causerent une peine extrême au Marechal, mais que les bras lui en sont tombés d'étonnement, et qu'il en a été tellement affecté que malgré le desir d'adoucir par tous les moyens possibles l'extrême chagrin de Sa Majesté Impériale d'entrevenir en votre faveur, en faisant tout ce que son inclination lui dictait, il s'est trouvé dans le plus grand embarras, vous ayant vu plus d'une fois depuis que tout ceci s'est passé, sans que vous l'ayez fait à ce sujet la moindre communication. Tout ce qui a été ci-devant mentionné (c'est à quoi je n'ajouterai aucun foi, et dont je ne voudrais même entendre parler, si ce ne fut que M. le Marechal lui-même me l'eût certifié) rend indispensible que vous vous presenterez immédiatement devant M. le Marechal qui desire une entrevue avec vous. C'est pourquoi je vous prie de vouloir bien faire part à Sa Majesté Impériale de tout ce que lui est dû. Je conclus en répétant que je suis votre ami fidèle et votre devoué

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* There are many obvious grammatical errors in the letters of Valdez and General Saldanha, which it is not thought necessary to correct.

"Camerade VALDEZ."

"Au General Saldanha."

REPONSE.

"Foz, 30 de Mai, 11 heures.

"Je viens de reçevoir la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire, et je vous rémercie de l'intérêt que vous me témoignez. Je regrette infiniment que vous vous soyez donné tant de peine sur un sujet qui ne me cause pas la moindre souci.

Indépendent par nature et par principes, il ne me manquait que de me rendre supérieur à la critique de mes contemporains, mais l'expérience et la réflexion me convainquent, que les hommes jugent les actions des autres, non parce qu'elles sont en realité, mais seulement rélativement à leur position spéciale, et en consequence agissant toujours dans la vie publique aussi bien que dans la vie privée, à l'effet de satisfaire ma conscience, je supporte tranquillement les injustices que l'on m'a fait constamment, et je me fie à la posterité. Soyez persuadé que je suis entièrement indifférent non seulement de l'opinion, que les ministres, le Maréchal et l'Empereur, peuvent avoir formée de moi, mais encore au procédés qui leur plaira à mon égard. Fort de ma conscience, je méprise les imputations de mes ennemis et des envieux, et je rénonce à l'amitié de ceux qui leur ajoutent foi sans tenir compte des sentimens d'honneur et de probité sans tâche qui m'ont toujours animés. Je pourrois entrer en explications qui vous satisferaient, mais je ne veux point le faire, me refusant aussi à la demande que vous me faites d'aller voir le Maréchal, parceque cette démarche paraitrait s'en suivre, du désir de me justifier d'un procédé dont je me fais honneur. Faites de cette lettre l'usage que vous jugera à propos. SALDANHA."

"Au General Valdez."

CHAPTER II.

What were the Negotiations on board the Nautilus?—Carte Blanche from Don Miguel to Baron Haber—Baron Haber, Majors Williams and Brownson—Colonel Bacon—Sir J. Milley Doyle, or the Arrester Arrested—The Sentry Duncan—Arrival of Admiral Napier—Dress of Napier—His character—The Marquess of Loulé—Mr. Salter—Napier and his stockings—Anecdote of the Admiral—Marshal Solignac—His character—Solignac wounded in the act of embarkation—Saldanha appointed Chief of the Staff—Brigadier-General Cotter—Sir Thomas Stubbs—Letter of Author to Minister of War—Anecdote of Saldanha—Paymaster—Mode of drawing pay—Shirts placed to the debit of the final settlement, by the Author—Regimental Order—Brigadier-General Godfrey—Raising of the Siege of Oporto—Explosion of the mines at Villa Nova—Colonel Badcock—Enemy retire on the heights of Valongo—Sortie towards Villa Nova—Regimental Order.

What were the true negociations which took place on board the Nautilus, I really will not pretend to say; as the three different statements coming from very good authority, all differ in essential points. I feel a great delicacy in mentioning any of these statements; all that I do positively know is, that a short time after this, Baron Haber received "permission" from Don Miguel to have a meeting with Don Pedro, with full authority to adjust their differences; but this attempt was frustrated by the arrival of Admiral Napier and the Expedition to the South. Don Pedro was anxious first to see the result of that expedition, and Don Miguel was confident in the power of taking Oporto, weakened by the departure of these troops.

I have given the letters of Valdez and Saldanha, in order to show the extraordinary "discipline" which prevailed during this war. Negociations of the greatest importance were taking place, of the purport of which the senior officer of the Liberating army in Oporto, and the senior officer of the British squadron in the Douro, were both purposely kept ignorant, with what view I know not; however, it struck me that a very high compliment was thus shown to Lord George Paulet, the junior officer, both by Admiral Parker and the British Consul.

I think it was about this time, that a most extraordinary scene took place in the presence of Sir Thomas Stubbs, commanding the English in Oporto. Major Williams ordered the battalion to "shoulder arms," Major Brownson ordered them to "order arms;" so that one part was at the "shoulder," the other at the "order." Colonel Williams comes on parade and gives the command to "shoulder," but Major Brownson orders them to "stand fast." This ended by Brownson being removed. He afterwards entered the service of Don Miguel.

These disputes made me the more happy to be detached at Lordello; but even here I had my troubles. I had received the most positive orders through Marshal Solignac, from the Emperor himself, to get on the best terms with the inhabitants, and on no account whatever to allow them to be ill-treated.

When visiting the distant positions one day, a young officer of the Lancers, with twenty men, arrived, and without permission entered the different houses of Lordello, to seize the barley. All the extra barley had been collected weeks before, and sent to the Commissariat, with the exception of a certain quantity retained for food at the urgent request of the priest, he giving a certificate, countersigned by me, to each inhabitant.

Besides the barley, the Lancers put in their foraging sacks whatever they could lay their hands on. Major Cameron put the officer in arrest, and confined all the men, making them disgorge their booty. On my arrival, pitying the young officer's ignorance, I sent him with his party back to town and some hours afterwards, in going to Oporto, I met a troop of Lancers, under Captain Lopez, an experienced officer, not in their foraging dress, but in fighting order. I supposed the Marshal was meditating an attack, and asked him where he was marching. He said "To Lordello, to forage." I halted him, but he said he could not obey me, as he had written orders of my senior officer Colonel Bacon, not only to forage, but, if opposed by my men, to use force.

That such orders should come from Colonel Bacon really appeared incredible, but he showed me the order. To avoid bloodshed, which must have taken place in the sight of, and about two hundred yards from the enemy, I requested Lopez to delay foraging for an hour. I galloped to town, and never did I see a man in such a fury as Solignac was, on being informed of the facts.

He instantly put a stop to this independent manner of carrying on war. No one admired the zeal of Colonel Bacon, in attending to the horses of his regiment, more than I did; and I am sure it was that which led him into this indiscretion.*

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* Sometime before this, I had been with the Minister of War, to endeavour to get money for the company of gentlemen-riflemen serving under my orders, He was much astonished at this request, saying, Sir J. M. Doyle had offered their gratuitous services until the end of the war. I proved to the minister there must be some mistake, at which he made use of strong expressions with regard to Sir Milley; therefore, when I heard Sir Milley was sent to Vigo, I was not much astonished, as I felt convinced that it was determined to get

If officers behaved in this manner, is it astonishing that men sometimes were negligent of duty. I was so close to the enemy that it was dangerous to punish a man, as he had only to leap a low wall to desert to the opposite camp, where there was plenty to eat and drink. I therefore got the men to have a discipline among themselves, never interfering except with some who were incurable. The punishments they inflicted on each other for sleeping on sentry, or neglect of duty, were very severe; all the others "cobbing," that is, with a

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him out of Oporto. He was sent on a diplomatic mission, but it was a most unjustifiable practical joke played on him, as it hurt the feelings of Admiral Sartorius, and was nearly the cause of the fleet being lost. I call it a joke, because when the truth of the story reached Oporto, it was received with shouts of laughter. Sartorius's squadron was lying at the Bayonne Islands, in a state of the greatest want, misery, and discontent; the discipline on board being far worse than on shore, and how Sartorius managed matters is extraordinary! Sir John, furnished with Decrees, Cartas Regias, and all sorts of paraphernalia, was despatched with a few Caçadores, to displace Sartorius, and in fact to bring him prisoner to Oporto! The moment Sir John went on board the Rainha, bedizened with orders, he was put in limbo by Sartorius, who, after reading his private instructions, which half by mistake Sir John gave him, and taking the money to supply his starving crews, sent him back to Oporto. The joke was expected to have ended here: but, no! Sir John Milley writes to Sartorius, begging him to have the goodness to consider himself "by proxy" horsewhipped, challenged, shot, —and what not!

knapsack-strap or gun-sling flogging the delinquent.

My quarter was about 150 yards distant from the enemy's advanced night sentry, and if I showed a light I was sure to have a ball through the window. A sentry was below this window, and almost every hour I asked him if "all was right?"

One night, getting no answer, I thought he had deserted, and going down, I found poor Duncan leaning against the wall, sound asleep, with his musket at a little distance. I removed the musket, and instantly gave poor Duncan a "regular facer," which floored him. On his attempting to rise, I really did not give fair play; recollecting the answer of a Scotchman, who, after having knocked down an Englishman, was called on by the bystanders to give fair play, and let him up. "Let him up, to be shure! Lord, if ye kenned the wark I had to get him doun, you would na ask me to let him up! Na, na."

So I did with Duncan; who having now both his eyes shut, I bolted into my room, and in a few minutes went to the window with the usual question, "Sentry, any thing new?" There was Duncan walking about with his musket. "No, nothing, Sir." "Any thing extraordinary?" "Not much, Sir."

Duncan's appearance when the "relief" came round, astonished the men. Neither he nor his comrades had the most distant idea that I had any thing to do with the matter; all having a suspicion, from Duncan's description of its being a figure " all in white," that it must have been the ghost of some Miguelite. This system was not quite according to "regulation;" but I will only remark that, after this, the sentries on this post were ever most alert.

I told Duncan the real fact on board the steamer going to Spain; he only said "Lord, Cornal, wus't you? Weel, it was bad enough in ye, but am obliged to ye, for the cobbing wud hae been far waur."

I think it was about four in the morning of the 2nd of June that the sentry called to me, and, on looking out of the window, I saw below, on horseback, the Duke of Palmella, Mendizabal, Mr. Bell, and a dark-eyed determined-countenanced man, badly dressed from head to foot.

My calling from the window for the intruders "to get out of that," or they might expect to be shot, seemed to astonish my friend with the "shocking bad hat." I went down, and was introduced to this most extraordinary man, who, I found, was no other than Admiral Napier. It was strange to see him here, and in such circumstances; but a conversation which I had in 1831 with my friend, Major-General George Napier, before I embarked, came fresh into my recollection. Asking me what kind of officers we were to have with us, he said to me, "There is one man I know, who is the very person adapted for such a service, and if any man can finish the war he is the man,—I mean my cousin Charles Napier, now commanding the Galatea frigate; but he is so taken up with his new-invented paddles for his frigate, that he could not be tempted; but, depend on it, he is the man."

From the time I had entered the 52rd I had placed implicit faith in the opinion of Major-General George Napier, as of all men I have never known one whom I consider so discriminating a judge of character; and here he was right, as his cousin Charles did certainly "finish the war." The power of mind which Admiral Napier possesses has something overwhelming in it. In viewing a subject, he sees at once all its different bearings: not a trifle escapes his eye; but he pushes those trifles aside, and bears only upon that which his acute mind in a moment decides is the great point, which, once attained, he knows will carry every other.

To use a military phrase, Napier can at once muster the different divisions of his mind "*en masse*;" and then he advances, bearing all opposition before him; not attacking insignificant points, but, with a tact peculiarly his own, seizing and occupying at once, great positions.

This was the style of mind to carry success with it. While other people were thinking of what ought to be done, and were discussing the means of attaining that purpose, they only knew of Admiral Napier thinking of it, by finding he had succeeded in achieving the great object they had been puzzling their brains about. I found Napier and his party had been well received by Saldanha, who had been prepared by me to expect them, and that Palmella and he had had a cordial meeting. Every one has heard of the almost rude reception Napier received from Don Pedro; but when he saw and conversed with the man, the discrimination of Don Pedro taught him his value.

The arrival of Napier, Palmella, and Mendizabal, together with Colonel Dodgin's regiment, tended very much to elate us, and the five steamers having thus unexpectedly made their appearance, the spirits of the people of Oporto gradually rose to a state of high excitement, and all wished to have a view of the hero who was to save them. His appearance, so different from the "starry throng," as well as his style of operations, somewhat amazed them.

Passing to Foz, I joined him at Lordello, and found him accompanied by the Marquess of Loulé, whom I knew, along with many good, honourable, and amiable qualities, to be one of the best mimics I ever saw. Napier asked me questions about many people, which, of course, I answered in the most open way; but his great anxiety was to have a smart officer to assist him in watering the fleet. Serving under my orders as a Rifleman, was Mr. Salter, whom I had known on board the squadron, and who, in spite of the enemy's batteries, had taken the Liberal schooner out of the Douro.

I recommended him to the Admiral, and I know he had reason to be pleased. Napier found great fault with the want of system which prevailed at Foz, both for embarkation and disembarkation, and pointing out something to be done, a wave came over his shoes, and wetted them. Intent on his object, he sat down on a log, continued to give his orders, and to the mirth of the Marquess of Loulé, but to the horror of a number of surrounding "fine gentlemen," the gallant tar pulled off his stockings, rubbed his feet with them, and put them on the log to dry, sitting thus openly with naked feet.

I recollect nearly a year after this, when I was under his orders at Ourem, discussing whether we should attack a battery or the gate, I preferred the battery; the enemy, however, having surrendered, I was sent to disarm the garrison; but of course would not receive the colours of the enemy, telling the Governor to give them to the Admiral when he arrived. On Napier's entering the gate, the Governor presented the colours, which he received taking off his hat; and grasping them with the arm in which he held his old beaver, he forgot governor, colours and all, to argue whether or not he should have succeeded better by the gate or battery. Thus it was, the mind always intent on its object.

I shall not refer to Admiral Sartorius's resignation, nor to the treatment he received from the Government, because I hear he intends to make this public; but I will only say that Admiral Sartorius had trials to encounter, such as no Admiral had before experienced.

I did every thing in my power to go with the expedition under the Duke of Terceira, and felt highly flattered by the personal applications made by the Duke to Don Pedro to allow me to proceed with him; but his Imperial Majesty was kind enough to say that he could not dispense with my services at Lordello; and Senhor Mendizabal promised me most solemnly that he would take care that at the end of the war I should not regret it, as he would see every justice done both to my men and myself; a promise which I suppose he still intends to see fulfilled, *when he has time.*

The fleet accordingly sailed, and the success which attended Napier and Terceira is now matter of history.

Marshal Solignac, annoyed by the affair of Saldanha on board the Nautilus, disgusted with the infamous manner in which the ministers had bribed his servants, and got possession of his letters to his family; galled by the manner in which a plan had been arranged for a party of the inhabitants to come to his house, shouting "Death to the traitor Solignac!" an intrigue which failed, because the conspirators would not move without the written authority of the minister of police; and, further, seeing that there was no attention paid to the military movements which he proposed:—in a pet he tendered his resignation, not expecting it would be accepted; but a meeting of the superior officers being held in the Palace at the time his letter was received by Don Pedro, the offer of resignation was greedily accepted, and thus finished General Solignac's services in Portugal.

The Marshal did certainly confer great services on the cause; but he was totally ignorant of the style of officers who were under him. He trusted to other people; and, although the lines from Lordello to Foz were the most important of all, yet, from the 3rd of February till the night he embarked in June, he only visited those lines twice.

I recollect being much amused with Colonel Badcock (who, with the tact of an out-post officer, never ceased to be on the look-out for what was going on, no matter what shot or shell was flying about,) coming to me, to point out a new battery to him, which had been finished near to the Pasteleiro. I told the Colonel I never had seen such a battery. He said there must be one, as the evening before, the Marshal, in his plan of the lines, had pointed it out to him as the battery on which he placed the very greatest dependance. I certainly was puzzled; but going with the Colonel I shewed him this splendid battery, which consisted of a few stakes and stones placed to indicate where the battery ought to be. In the plan of the lines, the battery was finished, but no where else.

While the expedition was embarking for the Algarves, notwithstanding the very heavy fire of the enemy, not a man was hit; but the night the Marshal embarked, he received a wound in the arm, which forced him to return to Oporto.

In the forenoon much conversation had taken place in Miguel's camp, at the few men wounded by their soldiers, and Baron Haber told Miguel he was sure he could manage it better. Don Miguel, putting on a private's shacko, went down with the Baron to the beach, and there placed bits of white paper in a line by which the boats must pass during the dark. This night the Marshal embarked and was wounded.

Soon after Solignac sailed, Saldanha was appointed by the Emperor "Chief of the Staff," which, in reality, signifies Commander-in-Chief. The whole army was delighted at this appointment. Saldanha went to reside in Oporto; and the four English battalions, now dwindled and diminished into one, were by order placed under Colonel Dodgin, to which Colonel Williams objected. They were next sent down to Foz, to be under the orders of Brigadier-General Cotter; this part of the line now being commanded by that zealous and well-known officer, General Sir Thomas Stubbs.

At this time, the English battalions were in very bad order; indeed, there was so much sickness, that nearly two-thirds of them were ill, or pretended to be so; in short, they were in a wretched state, without shirts, shoes, or great-coats, and only attending parade when they chose. General Cotter attempted to remedy this too quickly; and he and Colonel Williams, who commanded the English, had some disputes, in consequence of a severe order of Cotter, on the 30th of June, regarding want of discipline.

At this time I was taken ill; but I had a communication that General Cotter had applied to get Lieutenant-Colonel Butts (formerly a Captain in the British Artillery,) to be put in command in place of Williams. This had been arranged; but, to the surprise of all, I recovered quickly, and going to the head quarters to report myself fit for duty, was there told that I should be appointed to the command of the English, as well as the Scotch, in a few days. I refused to accept Colonel Williams's regiment, unless I was appointed on the spot, which was accordingly done; and having the order in my pocket I met Williams. Not liking to hurt his feelings, I said nothing. He went to head quarters and got an order from the minister of war to embark for the Algarves, where there was an important command waiting for him; in short, he was regularly humbugged and deceived, as, on his arrival in Algarves, no such command was found to exist.

Thus I found myself again in command of the English. I have been particular in stating how I superseded Colonel Williams, because I know I have been accused of having intrigued to get him removed from his command. Although Colonel Williams and I differed "in toto" in our ideas of military matters, I had a high regard for him as a gallant, gentlemanly, and honourable man; and I declare, upon my honour, I neither directly nor indirectly knew of my going to be put in command, till within an hour of having the order in my pocket; and if Colonel Williams refers to the general orders, first putting him under Colonel Dodgin, and then General Cotter, he must see the government had determined on making some change with this battalion.

Finding great deficiencies, and that no requisitions to the Arsenal would be attended to, unless I made an official report of the state of the regiment to the minister of war, I addressed the following letter.

"To His Excellency the Minister of War:—

"July 8th, 1833.

"Sir,—I beg leave to mention to your Excellency the state in which I found the British battalion which His Imperial Majesty has been graciously pleased to intrust to my command. I had hoped not to have been forced to make an official report, but the dreadful state of misery in which the poor soldiers are, obliges me do so in my own justification. The men deserve the greatest credit, from the smart manner in which they turn out; but although a list of thirty-one officers was handed to me as belonging to the battalion, only nine appeared on parade yesterday evening; and this morning at day-break, I myself had to turn the men out of their quarters, leaving Major Godfrey with four officers in command. The muster of officers this morning was six. I make no remark on such a state of discipline.

"I have examined slightly into the interior economy of the regiment. There is no such thing as a Company's Ledger, no nominal list, either of companies or regiment. There are not above forty pairs of boots strong enough for a day's march; but almost all are barefooted. There are upwards of 150 men without great coats or blankets; and as to trowsers, they are falling to pieces. I have had an inspection of shirts, and the proportion to the whole regiment makes about half a shirt per man. As to brushes, or requisites for cleanliness, there is not such a thing in the corps. I understand the men were completed with ammunition a few days since. There is now a great deficiency, some men with only a couple of cartridges. As it is clear they must sell it, I hope your Excellency will take some severe measures against the purchasers.

"I am, Sir,

"C. SHAW."

This state of confusion arose very much from the death, resignation, and removal of different officers commanding battalions, and from these battalions being now incorporated into one, without any *esprit du corps*.

Some idea may be formed of the notions of justice, which at the end of the war regulated the conduct of the Commission appointed by Government for the settlement of the accounts of foreigners, when it is stated, that they actually have not settled with me, but make me responsible for accounts before I took the command, and this in the face of the letter which I have inserted. If I had left them at this time of necessity, I should have been honourably and justly remunerated, and have received as much as other officers; but, because I remained from the beginning to the end, and thus increased my claims and those of my men, they have behaved as yet unjustly : still I feel confidence in the rectitude of the Queen, if the truth is ever allowed to reach her ear, as I have now no doubt Admiral Sartorius will take care it does, it being his bounden duty to see justice done to those who embarked on the faith of the contract made by him.

In the Portuguese service, the moment a man goes into the hospital his pay ceases. The same principle was extended to the British, although contrary to he contract under which they engaged, and were serving. During an engagement we had on the 5th of July the enemy made a very sharp attempt on one part of my position at Lordello where I thought there was rather a slackness of defence. I ran immediately to the spot, and there found one of the bravest men hid behind a wall, and others of course following his example. I called to him, "Shame, you coward!" His answer to this was cool and determined. "Colonel Shaw, you saw me get my former wound, and you know better than any one that I am not a coward; but while I lay in the hospital, I neither got comfort nor money, which many skulkers got; and as I see they are best rewarded, I am following their example." The truth of this fell with much force on my mind, so I cried out, "Well, move forward, if you are hit this day, I shall see you paid out of my own pocket." He obeyed; the others followed, and all was right.

After the engagement, I went to Saldanha, and asked him to give an order for men in hospital to receive pay. I never saw a man more astonished. "Shaw! Give pay to men in hospital, who ever heard of such a thing?" I related the anecdote; he saw at once its force and truth, and an order for pay to men suffering in hospital from gun-shot wounds was given.

In the British service, the expenses of officers who are wounded are very great; and if they have money on their persons, and are seriously wounded, they are almost sure to lose it. Formerly, a year's pay was granted to every officer wounded, and although sometimes it appeared too much for those who received slight touches, still there was a good deal of justice, although it caused cavilling about the severity of different wounds. It has often struck me that there would be justice in allowing every officer to draw double pay, free of all hospital expenses, from the day he ceased duty on account of his wound, until the day the surgeon's certificate declared him in a fit state to return to duty.

I am not aware that Government allow any money to the wounded soldier; but the principle of difference I do not perceive. Of one thing I am quite certain, that many soldiers would go more light-hearted into action, and many would be found to volunteer useful risks, if they were to see a certain remuneration before them. It strikes me, that the fighting of our sailors was not spoiled when they saw that the success of the fight might put some prize-money in their pockets; and surely this country would not grudge curing the soldier gratis, and allowing him his full pay during the time he was confined on a bed of suffering, by a wound received in fighting his country's battles? I feel certain, the effects produced on the "*morale*" of the soldier would be very great, and far counterbalance the expense. Let us romance as we choose, I fear we must come to the conclusion, that money is the most powerful engine in the eye of the private soldier.

The system of paying the men when I took the command of the English, was not only unfair to the soldier and his heirs, but most wasteful to the government. When I formerly commanded the English, by my influence with Colonel Hodges, I got him to reinstate as quarter-master and paymaster, a young man, a person whom Sartorius had intended to have been a purser in one of the brigs of war. He was previously unacquainted with the duty of a paymaster, his whole knowledge of accounts having been acquired in a totally different sphere: but I always considered him a well meaning young man.

On taking the command, I was surprised to find Colonel Williams had transferred from this paymaster, a part of the pecuniary transactions of the regiment to the management of another, and the first act I did, was to re-instate this person; as from the arrangements I had made, I could easily prevent his making mistakes. The system formerly had been as follows: on the 1st and 15th of the month, officers commanding companies, handed in to the paymaster a requisition of pay for their companies. On these requisitions the paymaster drew pay for the whole regiment, which was very seldom issued from the treasury before the 11th or the 26th of the month. As soon as the paymaster had received the money, he did not pay to the officers according to the requisitions sent in on the 1st and 15th; but he called on them to give a nominal return of the effective men in their companies on that day, and officers commanding companies only received cash according to their nominal returns.

A very great proportion of men embarking in this service had assumed false names, and, there being no description-book in the regiment, some idea may be formed of the quantity of money that might thus be lying in the paymaster's or the government's hands. With the paymaster it occurred thus. Between the 1st and 10th, 15th and 26th, many men were killed, went to hospital, and died there: those who did not die (who were comparatively few), received their money on application to the paymaster. As for instance, on the 1st or 15th, a captain of a company makes a requisition for pay for seventy men; but on the 10th, when the pay is issued, sickness and shot have been so rife, that he only draws pay for about forty-five, thus, of course, leaving in the paymaster's hands twenty-five fifteen-days' pay. Suppose six companies to a regiment, and the casualties of twenty-five to a company (a very small casualty list indeed, during the months of April, May, and June), there then remains about 150 fifteen-days' pay with the paymaster. Out of these 150, perhaps seventy-five left the hospital. He paid these men their balances; but what became of the other seventy-five fifteen days' pay, on which no claimants appeared? Credit should naturally have been given at the treasury for balances thus remaining in hand, or else it was to be presumed that they remained in the paymaster's hands. I drew out a certain quantity (100 crusadas, about £11. 5*s*., of this unclaimed money), and laid it out in the purchase of shirts, to be charged against the receivers at their final settlement, informing the commission for paying foreigners; but no attention was paid to my representation.

Seeing how matters had been carried on, I instantly put a stop to this system by getting a nominal list of the regiment made out, and a regular pay-list established; thus having a double check on the paymaster's list, that of the officers commanding companies, and that of the adjutant—therefore, no inaccuracies could now take place. The moral effect thus produced on the men, more especially among the old soldiers, smoothed the path very much, and having in a few days settled upwards of 150 claims of more than a year's standing, the great difficulty was removed. The same confusion I had to remedy in the ration returns, saving the government in one week seventy-three overdrawn rations daily.

If the Portuguese government have still a desire to do justice to the officers and men, they cannot excuse themselves from the difficulty of not knowing where to find both, as I am ready to give them every assistance, having the names and addresses of all who served with me from 5th of July 1833 till 14th of March 1835, when the regiment was disbanded.

On the 17th of July, I issued the following regimental order, and as one part of it, in a small degree, resembles the principle of the present Poor Law Act, I hope I may be excused for inserting it. "The Commanding Officer is very glad to inform the men that he has received a few pairs of boots for the regiment, and hopes a proper value may be put on this scarce article. If any soldier loses, sells, or parts with a pair of boots, he pledges himself to bring that man to a court martial, however good his former character may have been, and painful as it is to him to inflict the degrading punishment of flogging, yet the misery he has seen caused by this fault has determined him, for the sake of the whole, to make a most severe example. The Commanding Officer has seen, with great pleasure, some men with good boots, which proves to him that others might have had the same. Instead of clothing the naked and barefooted, the Commanding Officer will first pay attention to the comforts of those men who appear to value comforts; therefore he will not issue out a pair of new boots to any man who does not produce another pair of tolerable good boots or shoes, and thus he will have the whole battalion, with the exception of about twenty barefooted, comfortably equipped with two pairs of boots. The same system will be carried through with white trowsers. and shirts; but the Commanding Officer is most anxious that the men provide those things for themselves, without forcing him to stop their money. One great cause of bad health being occasioned by the men drinking wine in the morning on an empty stomach before coffee, no wine will be allowed to be sold before 10 o'clock A. M., and the ration wine is to be served out in the afternoon. Besides other punishments he is determined to stop the pay and wine of those who by drink incapacitate themselves from doing duty, the amount to be divided among the duty men. In looking over the hospital returns, the commanding officer sees the names of a number of skulkers, who leave the hospital two days before pay day, and return there two days after receiving pay. He will now take especial care that the daily pay of these skulkers, while in hospital, be given to the men of their companies who do their duty. To put an end to stealing he promises five crusadas as a reward to any one who will convict a soldier stealing from his comrade, and to the thief he promises a good flogging, and confinement in jail as long as the regiment is in Oporto."

I was obliged to issue some very severe orders as to neglect of officers, some of whom were sent to the depôt by the Minister of War, but still I received the warmest support from many, and to the Major of the regiment, Godfrey (now Brigadier-General of the British Auxiliary Legion), was owing in a great measure the improved state in which the battalion entered into action on the great attack made by Bourmont on the 25th of July. Godfrey had sold out of the British army, but was a much older soldier than I. He came to Oporto on the staff of Marshal Solignac, his value was at once seen, and he was appointed to one of the English battalions; most unfortunately, however, on the 24th of January, being severely wounded, his useful qualities were lost to the service for some months. He showed his liberality of mind by giving me every warm support, although it was but natural he should feel annoyed at my being transferred over his head from another regiment. He is at present decidedly General Evans's right-hand with the Legion; his coolness, his knowledge of human nature, and his power of contending with difficulties, render his services invaluable.

The decisive victory of Admiral Napier, the taking of Lisbon by the Duke of Terceira, the repulse which Bourmont received in his great attack on Oporto, on the 25th July,* induced every one to believe that the war was at an end, and that the cause of Don Miguel was hopeless; but Bourmont not only thought differently, but resolved to show the contrary by making a dash on Lisbon. His retreat from the lines before Oporto was remarkably well managed, he having had three or four days' march towards Lisbon before we discovered his departure.

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* During the action of the 25th, a strange circumstance occurred. At the time the enemy had driven us from our position at Lordello, and when charging to retake it, I heard a heavy fire of musketry in my rear, as though the enemy had landed from the opposite side of the river, and were attacking us. I felt that all was over with us; the firing however ceasing, I supposed I had been mistaken; but the warm hearts and feel-

From the noise that took place on his lines, it was evident some change was meditated, and the Scotch were in his battery of Seralves, within a couple of hours after his troops had evacuated it, thus fulfilling, on the 9th August, the promise made at the end of February.

The joy evinced by all at the raising of the

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ings of British seamen, this day aided Oporto. Dining on the day of the battle on board the Nautilus, I mentioned the anxiety we had suffered from the sound of musketry towards this quarter. The Nautilus was anchored about twenty yards from the enemy's side of the river. When the attack commenced, crowds of women and children fled by our side of the river towards Foz. The enemy had come down close to the vessel to cross; but while waiting for boats they commenced a murderous fire on the poor women and children on our side, as they were flying for safety. The noble-hearted crew could not silently see such cruel murder. Officers and men then exhibited their feelings so warmly, that the Miguelites, in their ignorance of the language, thinking the Naval force would prevent them, did not attempt to pass, and thus Lord George Paulet, though strictly neutral, was, from his kind natural feelings, of the greatest service, as, if even 200 men had crossed the river, we must have been placed in great jeopardy.

siege it is impossible to express, as it was only when an opportunity was afforded of seeing the enemy's lines that both troops and inhabitants were aware, how hopeless any attempt must have been to have attacked even the nearest line of the enemy, not taking into consideration the impediments we should have met even after our first success; and all awarded at this time the glory of our safety to Admiral Napier, now Count Cape St. Vincent.

How strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence! No nation, perhaps, under the sun, was more observant of the ceremonies and regulations of the Catholic religion, than the Portuguese; and how completely were those rules as to food on certain days, gradually destroyed by this siege.

In Portugal, good Catholics have certain fast-days, on which they are enjoined to eat fish and not animal food. I do not know the exact quantity of salt fish which is annually imported into Portugal; but well do I recollect, on our first arrival in Oporto, the overpowering smell of this "Bacalao," almost all the North being here supplied with it. Sartorius blockading the whole coast of Portugal, prevented this common supply of fish; and, at Oporto, bacalao being nearly the whole sustenance for months of the Garrison, none was allowed to leave the town. The priests, on this account, were obliged to give the troops who were surrounding us, dispensations to eat animal food during the forbidden days, as otherwise they must have starved, and the soldiers gradually preferred beef and mutton; and then, and even to this day, continue to eat much more of it than formerly. The rule being once broken, they gradually abandoned the system of fast days, and being now scattered all over Portugal, have shewn their families that the permission of a priest is not absolutely necessary, before they eat what they choose.

On the 14th August, while riding with Colonel Badcock, some little distance from Oporto, we were astonished by a tremendous explosion; looking towards Villa Nova, we saw a large column of smoke. Colonel Badcock could not at first believe that the Miguelites would have destroyed the wines. The true history of this affair is very difficult to fathom. The proprietors of the Royal Company's wines, who were in Oporto, considered that the Miguelites never would have attempted the destruction, because they might, perhaps, in ignorance, destroy British property, and thus embroil themselves with England.

The other proprietors of wines would not have been very sorry to see the Royal Wine Company's stores destroyed, because their own wines of course would be much enhanced in value; but the fact is, every one thought the threat of the destruction of Villa Nova never would have been carried into execution by the Miguelites, because the greatest proportion of the proprietors of the Royal Wine Company were Miguelite officers, among whom was Colonel Candido, and many of them actually on duty at the time in Villa Nova. I have seen a copy of a letter from Baron Haber to Captain Glasscock, concerning these transactions, calling on Captain Glasscock to vouch for their veracity, the truth of every word of which, I understand, he certifies.

A great quantity of property, which was not intended to be destroyed, fell a prey to the flames owing to a high wind arising. The Miguelites, in order to convince us they were serious, do not deny that they blew up one cellar which contained 280 pipes, but they say they never intended to destroy more, but that the blaze having once commenced it could not be stopped; and really, as it was mostly Miguelite property, and the fortune of this war being yet by no means decided, their assertion, if it has not actual truth on its side, has very great plausibility. Saldanha proposed at the first interview with Baron Haber, that the wine should be sent to England, there sold, and the proceeds lodged in the Bank of England, to be touched by neither of the contending parties, which offer was at once accepted by Haber; but from some intrigue or mismanagement this fair transaction was not carried into effect. The wonderful escapes of the wine stores of the English proprietors are hardly credible. I think they suffered little or nothing.

Saldanha having now manned the enemy's posts of Monte Castro, Ervilha, Seralves, and leaving a few of the inhabitants in the Quinta Vànzeller and the Gloria battery (now occupying the line which we ought to have taken at first), made a sortie on the night of the 17th towards Valongo, with the whole of the disposable part of the garrison. The troops were an hour before day-break, with great ability and secrecy placed close on the enemy's lines, which we carried with the greatest ease, the Lancers and 10th and 11th Portuguese cavalry behaving in the most gallant style, driving everything before them; but the enemy were so panic-struck that they did not make their usual defence. They retired on the heights of Valongo, expecting that Saldanha would attack their left, which he appeared to be threatening; but as soon as we were a little refreshed, he made a quick movement through some hollow roads upon their right, and again completely surprised them. Colonel Bacon distinguished himself very much; but unluckily he was not acquainted with the roads, and thus did not make so many prisoners as his gallantry, and that of the regiment under his command, would lead one to suppose.

This was a very severe day's work for the army, who had for the last year been cooped up in a town; but luckily the enemy did not trouble us, else a squadron of their cavalry might have handled us very roughly; such was the fatigue, that the men were allowed to return to the town exactly as they pleased. Our loss was very trifling; that of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, very great. General Valdez, who had the key of the enemy's telegraphs, mentioned to me after the action, and when all their position was in our power, that they stood at "Nothing extraordinary!"

On the night of the 20th we made a sortie towards Villa Nova, and remained sometime on the height above: we returned to the town, the enemy having completely disappeared in the vicinity of Oporto. On marching, I found a great many absentees, which obliged me to give out the following order, the effect of which was so good, that it became a standing one of the regiment.

"It was with great regret the Commanding Officer found so many men absent when their comrades marched to meet the enemy. He has seen almost on every occasion that the men who were doing duty as brave soldiers have been robbed by the skulkers in quarters, who seize that opportunity to steal, sell, and get drunk, and by their conduct throw a slur on the character of those who have been gaining honour in the field. He is determined at all hazards to put an end to this system of robbery and skulking, by treating all those who remain absent from the regiment as " thieves," unless they have written leave or a doctor's certificate, being accountable for all losses which take place in quarters; for, if they themselves do not actually steal, they at all events can prevent others from doing so. Men who were with the regiment to give in an account of their losses, and officers in command of companies, are to stop three days' pay of all absentees, and after the losses of fighting-men are paid, the balance is to be given for the benefit of wounded men in hospital."

This order nearly put an end to stealing, and frightened men from remaining in the rear, as they did not know how much money their absence from the regiment might cost them.

CHAPTER III.

Saldanha embarks to assume the command in the capital—Sir Thomas Stubbs left in garrison at Oporto—Reviews the regiment—March towards Pennafiel—Destruction of fowls—Expert foragers—Unnecessary carnage—Establishment of a regimental fund—Plan of it—General Nepomuceno—Scotch Fusileers disembarked at St. Martinho—Wreck of the City of Waterford—March to Caldas—Using the bayonet—Bernardo de Sa—Formation in close column—The 12th Caçadores—The French scenes of plunder—Cries of "Pay and Money"—Quarters at a convent—Torres Vedras—English names and Schakos—Three spies sent to Lisbon—Bivouac near Villa Franca—Return to Torres Vedras—Take up a position close to Don Miguel's baggage—Leave Bucellas—Officers worse off than men—Alfovez—Flogging—Difficulty to decide on what is drunkenness—Sicoria—Position of our men.—Letter of the Author to Saldanha—Proposal to pay the soldiers with land—Portuguese promises—Saavedra.

About this time, very sinister reports were circulated as to the state of our cause at Lisbon, and Saldanha embarked to assume the command in the capital, taking with him the three best regiments, and leaving Sir Thomas Stubbs to command at Oporto, with a garrison every day diminishing in number from the necessary reinforcements ordered to Lisbon. Sir Thomas was left with about 3,000 regulars and sixty cavalry, and without a farthing of money, so that he had no means of getting information of the enemy's movements; as the peasantry, now seeing that the fall of Lisbon had not put an end to the war, again kept at a distance in order not to compromise themselves. Sir Thomas Stubbs reviewed the battalion, consisting of about 500 effective bayonets; and I could not help feeling much gratified by the high compliments he paid to their appearance; and the steadiness and rapidity with which they executed all "Fighting Movements." Recollecting the great attack on Hodges' military character for the trivial mistake he made at Praia, at the Emperor's review, about "Presenting Arms;" and, as this was the first parade review I had ever commanded, Sir Thomas very kindly dispensed with this "Regulation." The people of Oporto now began to grumble at the few troops left to defend their city, the Miguelites patroling to the very gates; so to stop this, Sir Thomas made a march towards Pennafiel, but halted at Balthar; the only result of our movement being the destruction of every fowl within a mile of our line of march. Donna Maria's volunteers are most expert foragers. While we were in this direction, a small body under General Zagallo moved towards Villa de

Condé, and there surprised a regiment of Militia, and a most unnecessary and bloody carnage took place. Being certain the regiment must shortly have a move, I worked hard to establish a good interior economy, which was very difficult indeed, from the want of non-commissioned officers. There were about ten sergeants to a company; and, although the battalion from four had dwindled to one, the sergeants for four battalions were still kept up. I got rid of them; I gave "plenty of rope," and in a very short time had reduced them to a proper strength. Finding little or nothing to be got on requisition from the arsenal, and having called the non-commissioned officers to hear their opinions, I established a regimental fund, which I found of the very greatest benefit during the whole war, and even until the regiment was disbanded, the Scotch Fusileers often having extra wine and bread when no other regiment had it. I am convinced that the plan could be much improved on in a regular regiment, and I therefore transcribe the order.

"At each fifteen days' issue of pay, the paymaster is directed to stop two-pence per man, according to the pay list delivered to him, to be laid aside for this fund.

"All pay stopped as punishment, to be collected by the adjutant from officers in command of companies, to be given to the pay-master for the benefit of the fund.

"All pay due to men dying between the issues of pay, to be drawn and put into the fund by the pay-master; but never more than the daily pay between issues can be applied in this manner: this sum to be put to the deceased man's credit, in the ledger, for the benefit of his heirs. This fund may be applied in many ways for the comfort of the soldiers, which cannot be got by the Commanding Officer in any other manner; he means axes, lamps for quarters and guard rooms, extra rations of wine in bad weather for men on duty: in short, for many things which the varied circumstances of this war may produce.

"Before a farthing of this fund-money is laid out, the senior sergeants of companies are to assemble and decide how it is to be expended for the benefit of the regiment, but subject to the approval of the Commanding Officer.

"On the 5th of each month, the expenditure and cash in hand to be entered in the orderly book of every company in the regiment."

On the 15th of February, 1835, a short time before the regiment was broken up, the non-commissioned officers formed a Court of Inquiry, by my orders, and came to this decision:

"The President, and the whole of the Members of the Court, are perfectly satisfied with the accounts of the fund, and have come to the determination that the surplus remaining in the hands of the treasurer shall be equally divided amongst the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment, and Colonel Shaw is respectfully solicited to take into consideration the determination of the above Court."

This fund was of most essential benefit to the regiment, and never was it the cause of the least discontent among the men. Four-pence per month from a man is not felt. Every Sunday after Divine Service, I called on men who had complaints to come forward, and thus, on the morning of the 26th of September, when we went on board the steamer in the Douro, I had a contented happy battalion; and, though the men were drenched to the skin, yet, on getting a ration of wine, bought by the regimental fund, they were all in good spirits. For myself, I had no time to think, or I might have felt melancholy in not seeing an officer here who had been with me at Terceira, and of the men remaining, there were not above twenty. I was a stranger, in some measure, among the officers; and I could not help remarking that I was no favourite amongst them, from the discipline I was obliged to enforce. They little knew, at that time, the many difficulties with which a Commanding Officer in a service of this sort had to contend.

Along with us, embarked Colonel Dodgin's regiment and the 12th Caçadores. With every soldier and officer of the latter regiment, I was, perhaps, better acquainted than with my own. There were, likewise, a few cavalry under General Nepomuceno, and we understood we were to disembark at Peniche to work on the rear of the Miguelites, now attacking Lisbon. The steamer, with the Scotch Fusileers, on passing St. Martinho, was ordered into that bay; they were there disembarked by orders of my old friend, Bernardo de Sa, who was Governor of Peniche, but who had come here with a few French and some of the 3d Caçadores, to save what remained of the wreck of the City of Waterford steamer, which had been wrecked in this vicinity, on her way to Lisbon. The Queen's suite, and many valuables were on board this vessel, as likewise the Marchioness of Saldanha. Many valuables were lost, and, strange enough, the original "Constitutional Charter," and the Empress's picture, were almost the only things belonging to the Queen, which were saved.

On the morning of the 29th September, we marched towards the famous watering-place of Caldas, about one and a half leagues from Oubidos. All were anxious to have a halt here; but on entering the town, an orderly dragoon gallopped up to me, to say we must move forward quickly, as the enemy were advancing from Oubidos. The men were much fatigued from their sandy march; but calling to them to recollect this was the 29th of September, and that success must attend us, all double-quicked through the town, crowded with a well-dressed and apparently happy peasantry.

About a mile from Oubidos, I met the Baron de Sa, who told me he wished me to use the bayonet, and then try to enter the town *pêle-mêle*, with the enemy. No one is more fond of a fight than the Baron, and when I told him all the ammunition had been spoiled by the sea, which nearly swamped us, instead of being sorry for this, he only said, "Oh! you red jackets like the bayonet!"

We advanced, upon which the enemy retired into the town and manned their batteries. Close to the town was a large church, an excellent position if it could be reached. I saw we should be exposed to cannister and grape in getting there; but the enemy were deceived, and the regiment was formed under cover without losing a man. It was formed in close column in a hollow, which could not be seen from the town. Pointing out the spot to the officer and covering sergeant of the Grenadiers, where I wished the regiment to form, they ran forward, and the grenadier sergeant being properly placed, he was followed by a few, who ran at full speed across the exposed spot, and thus I got the grenadiers formed without receiving a single discharge. The enemy waiting always to get a "good shot," were by this deceived and the two rear companies ran the only risk. We now completely shut in the Miguelites on this side. They, however, obtained intelligence that the 12th Caçadores and some French were approaching from

Peniche, where they had landed, and evacuated the town; but still, the Governor and some others were taken.

As the inhabitants had been very active in defending the place, I felt assured the troops would have their revenge. I therefore got the Baron's permission to have the regiment quartered at a detached building, completely shut out from the town. Being fatigued with their hard day's work, the men very soon fell asleep; but all precautions were in vain. Towards eight o'clock at night the French began to plunder; their example was followed by the 12th Caçadores. Many of the men of these regiments went towards the retired building where the fusileers were, who, thus made aware of what was going on, first robbed the plunderers of their booty, and then came into the town.

Although they did not begin to plunder till past twelve at night, they showed a surprising aptitude for the trade; in short, they got more than all the others, but still they restricted themselves to things of value; thus, while the shoulders and packs of the French and Caçadores were laden, you saw no appearance with the Fusileers. Such was their innocent appearance, that a company of the regiment was placed on duty, when the order came to march to Peniche, to make all overladen men disgorge at the gate; and certainly they had, in a very short time, an immense pile of valuables taken from them.

What I foresaw occurred; this Guard, as soon as it was necessary to follow the brigade, helped themselves to the most valuable parts of the booty, and gave the remainder to some of the wretched inhabitants. This is the only occasion in which I saw regular pillaging take place in Portugal. It could not be avoided.

We reached Peniche after a long and painful march, the men dreadfully fatigued from the attack on Oubidos; and not refreshed by its plunder that night and following forenoon. The 31st was a day of drunkenness, the men selling their plunder to the inhabitants: in short, the "*morale*" of the regiment was much destroyed, and I foresaw, if we were ordered to march, there would be difficulty. Fifteen days' pay was now due, and when the regiment had formed, I gave the order to march. The front company would not budge, and then the hubbub and cries of "Pay, pay!" "Money, money," succeeded each other in quick succession. I struck two or three men down, which for a moment quieted them, and telling them I would sooner die than give a farthing in the town, but that they should have the money at the distance of a mile; this pacified them, and out they marched, and received their cash on a spot on which they could not spend it. I left about seventy men in Peniche who had been but a short time out of the hospital, and whose wounds had broken out afresh.

We had now about eighty cavalry with us. As we approached Torres Vedras, the country was covered with the most beautiful vineyards, the soldiers being allowed to take as many grapes as they pleased. About two miles from Torres Vedras the enemy showed in small force. The cavalry and Caçadores drove them through the town; we following close on their steps. They were pursued more than a league on the Lisbon Road, and scattered completely; but I am sorry to say the cavalry very cruelly wounded some men who had surrendered.

We returned to Torres Vedras this evening, and were quartered at a splendid convent. Here the English were well known; indeed, the convent walls had still many English names on them. In exploring, I found a large chest full of the schako ornaments, (left here by some British regiments,) which I transferred to the Fusileers. We now discovered why we had been sent here. We were a force of nearly 3,000 men, all in good fighting order, and most anxious to meet the enemy, but unfortunately under a sort of joint command. The two chiefs were Baron de Sa and General Nepomuceno. Baron de Sa being Governor of Peniche, his authority only extending to Torres Vedras, it was intended that we should act on the rear of the Miguelite army attacking Lisbon, and if Saldanha should attempt to attack the enemy's lines, Nepomuceno's orders were to remain at

Torres Vedras until he received notice from the minister of war to move; but Baron de Sa knowing the minister of war's lazy style of acting, despatched three spies to endeavour to get into Lisbon to state we were ready. This he did on the morning of the 5th, the same on the 6th, but there were no accounts of these spies, only reports arriving that a force was coming down upon us from Santarem. I volunteered this morning with my regiment, which had scarlet jackets and white trowsers, to march towards Lisbon, and take up a position on some high hill from which they might be seen from the lines at Lisbon; but this proposition was not agreed to. On this afternoon we marched half way to Villa Franca, and unfortunately there bivouacked, instead of pushing on and threatening the enemy's rear.

Next morning, the 7th, we marched back to Torres Vedras, and the reports (which were false) of a strong force marching on us from Santarem, had such an effect, that the troops were bivouacked this night out of town, in such a position that we could retreat by the Peniche Road. Here it was that decision was necessary, and that that awful dread of responsibility, which paralyses so many officers, ought to have been discarded.

We passed the 8th and 9th waiting for orders from Lisbon, no plan being arranged by Nepomuceno; the non-arrival of our spies by land, and the uncertainty of the sea, ought to have shown the necessity of being determined to do something. It was clear we were sent here for some daring deed; and even if the army round Lisbon were sent to crush us, we had positions strong enough round Torres Vedras to have defended ourselves until Saldanha with his force from the capital was on the heels of the enemy.

At day-break on the 10th, the sound of heavy artillery was heard in the direction of Lisbon. We commenced our march on the Lisbon Road, and all felt so convinced of this movement finishing the war, that we were talking of the exact period when we should be in England. After two leagues march from Torres Vedras we were halted. The noise of the artillery still continued; and as I thought it approaching, I again offered to advance with my regiment, leaving their knapsacks in the church of the village; pledging my life, I would approach so near to the lines of Lisbon as to show the scarlet jackets to Saldanha. At all events, I contended, by the firing I would commence when I approached the rear of the Miguelites, I should put them in confusion; but the offer was not accepted, as there was a chance we might be cut off, although I explained we could always run away with so small a force, as fast as an enemy could follow, disencumbered as we were of knapsacks.

We returned to Torres Vedras this evening, the firing still continuing. Next morning, the 11th, the firing re-commenced; the offer was made at the same distance from Torres Vedras, and was again refused; at night we returned to our quarters. About nine o'clock this evening, the 11th, while we were in Torres Vedras, the order to act on the rear of the Miguelites arrived from the minister of war at Lisbon. Thus Nepomuceno lost the opportunity of finishing the war. Who was to blame for this? The messenger from Peniche, who brought the order, gave a very lame account of himself, stating that on the night of the 9th a steamer had arrived from Lisbon with Mendizabal and Colonel Evans, M.P. That he was despatched with the order by the English Governor (Colonel Butts, now serving with Don Carlos, and left there in place of Baron de Sa), and that during the night he had lost his way among the forests and was taken ill.

Although the order was late in coming, still we had the game in our own hands, as by the firing on the 11th it was quite easy to discover from the sound that the enemy were retiring from Lisbon. I recommended a move on Villa Franca, as near to the spot where we had bivouacked on that road, if the enemy did get the better of us, we had a good road by which to retreat, and the pass might be easily defended.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 12th, we again marched over the ground of the 10th and 11th, and after a long harassing and fatiguing march, came to our bivouac while quite dark, near to Bucellas, thinking we were close in on the advanced guard of Saldanha. The men were dreadfully knocked up. I do not vouch for the fact, but from the authority from whence I had it, I believe that we this night took up our position close upon the spot where the most valuable part of Don Miguel's baggage was; they thinking that we were a part of the Miguelite Army, and we supposing that they were part of Saldanha's force from Lisbon.

Such is the fortune of war. In mentioning these circumstances afterwards to Saldanha, of course he felt annoyed at the want of success, as he had done every thing to forward the order. I knew well the difficulties the Marshal had to contend with; and when he was pushed to extremity how cautious he was as to telling his movements. I have heard Admiral Napier blame both Don Pedro and the minister of war for not having informed him of the attack which was to take place on the enemy's lines on the morning of the 10th. Saldanha himself assured me that neither Don Pedro nor the minister of war knew of the enemy being about to be attacked until within an hour before the action began. Saldanha ought decidedly to have prepared Napier; but he feared the enemy obtaining the most distant inkling of his movements, and he never doubted but that the Torres Vedras force would have taken an active part on their rear.

On the morning of the 13th, we left Bucellas. passing Sobral, Alenquer, Alcoentra. On the afternoon of the 16th October, we drove a picquet of the enemy out of the village of Azambugeira, and took up our quarters in this village, from whence we saw the rear of the enemy's baggage crossing the Ponte d'Asseca, a great part being formed on the height near to Santarem.

This evening, all the baggage entered Santarem, and next morning I reported to General Nepomuceno that the enemy were throwing up trenches across the gate of the town. I was despatched to report the circumstance to Saldanha, who was then quartered in Cartaxo. The regiment remained bivouacked near to the village of Azambugeira, during dreadful weather, in a camp which the men named the "Muddy Camp." The officers were not a whit better off than the men, all lying in water; indeed, they were worse off, as no money was served out to them, and all their baggage had been left at Peniche; but there was neither sickness nor discontent.

On the 28th we moved about three miles to our left, towards the Rio Major road, and were quartered in the beautiful village of Alfovez, where we remained till November the 9th. I employed this time to bring the regiment into good order. I was obliged to flog some men for sleeping on sentry, and for being drunk on duty. Nothing is so difficult, in my opinion, as for a court in certain cases to decide on drunkenness. When duty has been very severe, and when officers and men have for some time had but little sleep, I say distinctly, that no man can distinguish between the effects produced by continued want of sleep, and the effects of liquor; and I never did flog a man (when duty was severe) for being drunk on duty, unless there was direct evidence of the accused having been seen to drink liquor.

Many is the good active soldier I have seen confined for being drunk on duty; when this was owing to fatigue and want of sleep.

On the evening of the 9th of November, about 3,000 men, under Nepomuceno, marched from Azambugeira, towards Pernes, to destroy the mills there, which supplied flour to the enemy; while the Baron de Sa, with another force, marched at the same hour from Rio Major, for the purpose of attempting to get between Pernes and Santarem; thus cutting off the troops in that village. The calculation as to the arrival of the divisions, had not been correctly made, as we showed ourselves before Sa made his appearance. However, we caught some prisoners, burned the mills, and closing in, nearer to Santarem, occupied the village of Sicoria about a league from Santarem.

We remained here for twelve days in great quiet, being exposed in front and flank to an enterprising enemy, and with a river in our rear, difficult to ford, if forced to retreat. The enemy might at any time have cut us to pieces before reinforcements could arrive from Azambugeira or Almoster, Val, or Cartaxo.

On the 24th of November, as the enemy seemed at last to see the fair opportunity they had lost, we took up a line further to the rear, leaving only a small picquet in Azambugeira, the English, Irish, and Scotch being in Almoster and its vicinity. The houses and villages on the heights were occupied by the remainder of the army, with a strong force in the village of Val, to guard the Ponte d'Asseca, and our right resting on the Quinta de Ribeira, with picquets thrown out towards the fordable parts of the Tagus; Saldanha's head-quarters being in the Quinta Centeira, nearly at an equal distance from all parts of the line.

All being astonished that the Miguelites would not surrender, after being driven from Lisbon, the ministers of Don Pedro resolved to make a grand effort to finish the war, no matter by what means; forgetting that the foundation of happiness to a nation, as well as to a private individual, must be based on honour and justice.

I received a letter from Lisbon, stating the arrival there of a number of Scotchmen, and inclosing to me the terms on which they had been engaged. These terms had been proposed and signed by Senhor Miranda and the representatives of the Portuguese government in London. The puff and terms were as follows:—

"PORTUGUESE VOLUNTEERS.

"Young and able-bodied men, fit for active employment, may have an opportunity of going to Portugal, (passage free,) by two powerful Steamers, which will sail from the Clyde, about the 15th of October.

"The Scotsmen already there, are commanded by their countryman, the brave Colonel Shaw, by whose example and instructions they have become so fine a body of men, that they are generally allowed to be worth double their number of any others whatever in the service of the Queen.

"So much do the Portuguese admire Scotsmen, from the specimens of them they have in their country, from Napier and Shaw downwards, and so desirous are they to have them settled there, to assist in improving the agriculture, &c. of the country, after the war is over, that they promise, under guarantee of the Government, to those who behave well in the mean time in their service, a landed property of from 30*l*. to 40*l*. value.

"The Pay and Pensions of the British serving in Portugal, are the same as those of the British Service.

"A passage home will be provided for those who wish to return.

"N.B.—No one need apply who is not strong, healthy, free from any disease, five feet seven inches and a half high, and at least eighteen years of age."

While I heard of this arrival of recruits I was placed in another difficulty, and was obliged to write to Marshal Saldanha, which I did in the following terms:—

"Almoster, 3rd December, 1833.

"SIR,

"I regret that pressing circumstances force me to the necessity of writing this letter, and I most seriously request that the subject be taken into immediate consideration; otherwise, it is probable that every foreign regiment in this service, and even the fleet, may be placed in a state of mutiny. I refer to the situation of the men who first embarked from England on board the Edward, on the 14th of December, 1831. Some of the men are on board the fleet, some in the Lancers, Irish battalion, and in one of the French battalions, and the remainder with me. From the resignation of Admiral Sartorius and Colonel Hodges, the absence of Colonel Williams, and the death of all the other officers, I find myself one of two officers who first ventured into this service. The men who remain call upon me to fulfil the promises which I made to them in London, as an officer and a gentleman; and I feel myself entitled as an officer and a gentleman to call upon the government here to free me from the responsibility and disgrace, in which I shall be placed by breaking the promises to the men, which I was authorised by the government then in London to make. I do sincerely hope, that government will not place me in such a situation, and themselves in the awkward predicament of allowing those men scattered through the different regiments, to sow the seeds of disaffection and want of confidence; for so selfish is the soldier, that every man here will take the Edward's men's side, (arguing to themselves, that if promises are not kept with the men who first entered this service, those who followed them can have little or no chance,) when their settlement comes. I do beseech your Excellency to take this true view of the matter; and it is with pain my experience forces me to state, that if government does not attend to the warning I give, serious evils will occur. If promises are fulfilled, the benefits to this government would be far above what they calculate upon. It is not a difficult matter for the government to settle, the only trouble would be, the different periods at which the men entered this service; but as a settlement *must now be begun*, no man who embarked on board the Edward being obliged to serve after 9 o'clock at night of the coming 14th of December, being about fifteen days more service, it would save trouble to settle with all those who were at Terceira. Not having had any thing to do with the engagement of other troops, I do not to a certainty know the period to which they were engaged; but the men who were at Terceira, have a right to their discharge if demanded, at the end of two years' service, a free passage to England, and if well behaved, to a bonus of six months pay, over and above the actual time of service. I inclose for your Excellency, the terms of the men's engagement in Britain. In being sorry that my official situation forces me to write this letter, and praying most earnestly for an answer,

"I remain,
"Your Excellency's
"Most obedient and devoted Servant,
"CHARLES SHAW,
"Lieut.-Col. Commanding Scotch Fusileers.
"To his Excellency Marshal Saldanha.
"P.S.—The men now present are about thirty."

Those men who were entitled to their discharge were marched to Lisbon, from that to Fort St. Julien, where from being half starved, and not getting paid, and no passage being provided for them, the greater proportion were glad to re-enter, most of them going on board the fleet, where during the war they rendered great service; and, as Admiral Napier had the power within himself of paying both officers and men, all under him were most liberally settled with.

The proposal to pay the soldiers with land, seemed to have pleased the fancy of government in Lisbon much, and the minister of war, Augostinho Jose Freire, employed a fit person to carry his plans into execution. The officers at this time were without baggage; badly quartered, badly clothed, harassed by severe duty, and without a farthing in their pockets. The promise to give them the balance of their pay on the arrival of the Queen at Lisbon, was not only broken in the most cold-blooded manner; but Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Pinto Saavedra said he was authorized to inform the commanding officers of the regiments, that there was no money to pay the officers, and that they would not be paid; that government could not afford to retain them at such a high rate of pay; but that, if they would accept of Portuguese pay, all their arrears would be defrayed instantly by bills at three months on London. I explained to my officers the terms proposed: most of them threatened to resign, and I counselled the junior ranks that if they had better prospects at home, they would do well to return to England. I went to Saavedra and asked him when such gentlemen as proposed resigning would be paid? His words to me in reply were these, "I am authorised by Marshal Saldanha to say that if any officer does not choose to accept of the terms proposed, he will be sent down instantly to Lisbon, and there by the minister of war's order, be put on board ship for England, leaving a power of attorney; but he shall not receive one farthing until the end of the war, and when all those who remain are paid."

As much misconception has arisen with regard to my conduct in this contract, and as it has been hinted that I then acted selfishly, forgetting the interests of those under my command, I pledge my word of honour, that the words above stated were used by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Pinto Saavedra, then on the staff of Marshal Saldanha. I never at this time doubted Saavedra's word, nor that he had authority for what he said. In this I am to blame; but I thought I had attained a great boon for the officers, when besides their arrears to be paid instantly, they were to get an addition of 20 per cent. to the Portuguese pay. Saavedra sent to me a sketch of a proposed new contract. In going over to head quarters, I heard some of Saldanha's staff speaking about land, and coupling Saavedra's name with the Portuguese word "trapalhao." I asked no questions, but got a Portuguese dictionary to see the meaning of the word "trapalhao," and from the meaning of that word, fearing the land offer might be a "humbug," I inserted the clause, "until the portion of land is awarded by the commissioners, the soldier is entitled if discharged to his daily British rations;" but not only the land was a humbug, but even this with regard to rations was broken. In short, I shall not weary my readers on the subject, except by saying, that perhaps in the annals of nations, never was there perpetrated upon mankind such a barefaced, cold-blooded, gratuitous act, as was perpetrated by the minister of war Augostinho José Freire and his agent, this Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, on the British Auxiliary Troops at this time employed in Portugal. Believing that Saldanha, from his being a brave and excellent officer, could not lend himself to such conduct, I wrote an official letter to him, to say that from some particular reasons, I suspected Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra used his name in a way he was not aware of, and gave him facts. In answer to this, he wrote to me to say, "that shame and disgrace ought to rest on the heads of those who had proposed such infamous terms to the British officers and men, but that he had always found that Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra never swerved from the path of honour." In answer to this magnanimous defence of Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, I showed Saldanha in his own house in Lisbon the original letter, which used Saldanha's name, and proposed these infamous terms in Saavedra's own hand-writing, signed by his own name, saying, "Now, Marshal, where is the infamy and disgrace to rest." I have this letter still in my possession. But, strange to say! after this knowledge of the man, he was employed by the Duke of Terceira, Count Villa Real, and even by Saldanha himself; in short, he was always employed on occasions, when no high-minded honourable Portuguese officer could be found to do the duty.

CHAPTER IV.

Double dealing and intrigue—Progress of Liberty—Move to Villa Nova da Coita—Politics of a Portuguese Farmer—Change in the Author's ideas as to the punishment of Flogging—Stealing a sheep—Sleeping with a poodle—Sheep stealer made a Corporal—Capture of Leyria—Colonel Loureiro—Portuguese officers—Saldanha moves on Torres Novas—Engagement at Pernes—Retreat of the Miguelites towards Santarem—Discipline of the Regiment—Standing order and scale of Punishment—Author makes Subalterns call the Roll—Advantage of this practice—Gambling—Deprivation of Pay—Arguments for and against—Admiral Napier as a Soldier—His movements and marches—Napier summonses Ourem to surrender—Staff of the Duke of Terceira—Enter Estremoz—Carlos and Miguel—Auther ordered to march to Lisbon in command of 2500 men—March to Setubal—Interview with General Valdez—Letter of the General—Officers of brigade proceed to Queluz to pay their respects to Don Pedro—The ex-Emperor's altered appearance—Kissing of hands—Scene between the ex-Emperor and the Author—Character of Don Pedro—Attempts of the Author to obtain a settlement for his men—Letter of the Author to General Zagallo—Disbanding of the Regiment—Letter of Privates to Author.

I COULD give my readers many instances of the dirty double dealings through the intervention of this person (Saavedra), but I desist, as it is a humiliating and uncongenial task to expose the baser part of human nature. Every man who has a spark of humanity in his disposition, must regret deeply that those who are employed in disseminating "liberty" through the universe, are sometimes stained with vices and baseness, which are sure to call forth the reprobation of all honest proper-thinking men. Happily, in despite of these impediments, the march of liberty continues progressively onward, thus strongly indicating how this chiefest and supremest blessing gathers daily strength all over Europe, by the favour of divine Providence, in spite of the obstacles thrown in its way by designing, crafty and unprincipled men.

But to return to the regiment. During the end of December we moved to *Villa Nova da Coita*, where I was quartered in a rich farmer's house. At first, the people were afraid of us from the accounts they had received from the Miguelites; but afterwards they applied to Marshal Saldanha not to remove us. I was much amused with the politics of this farmer. I asked him whether he preferred Donna Maria or Don Miguel. He said of course the Queen. His reason was very plain; and I believe is one of the chief reasons why neither Don Miguel nor the Friars have the least chance of ever having footing in Portugal. Before Don Pedro's arrival, this farmer, who lived within the precincts of the convent of Almoster, used to pay to the Friars a sack of wheat for each window looking towards the south, two sacks for every door, and three sacks for a window with glass: thus the change, by Don Pedro's abolishing these imposts, touched his pocket; a tender point with most men, and which influences political partialities more than people in general are aware. These obnoxious imposts have not been levied in Portugal since the beginning of 1834. Much is said of the poverty of Portugal, to which I by no means subscribe, for there is an abundance of property, but as yet the government have had neither the ability nor the power to levy taxes, and thus property has *pro tanto* been secretly and gradually benefited. Those who have much, have had their capital increased; those who have little, have not had their small modicum diminished.

At this village, a circumstance occurred which made a great change in my ideas as to the punishment of flogging. Still, I do not see how it can on active service be dispensed with, much less abandoned. One night, an inhabitant gave information that a sheep had been stolen from him. I instantly took measures to discover the thief, and one of the officers saw a man run into a house with a sheep on his back, and instantly extinguish the candle. He put a sentry on the door, and getting a light found a fellow lying asleep on the sheep. This man was confined and brought to a court-martial, and sentenced to three hundred lashes.

I was sorry for the individual, as he had borne a good character; but an example was necessary.

When he was tied up, the drummer was ordered to begin; the delinquent turned round, and in a quiet mild voice said, "Colonel Shaw, if you flog me you will flog an innocent man!" I said, "I should be sorry to punish an innocent man, but you have been found guilty, and the evidence is quite distinct. Go on, drummer!" Again the prisoner said, "You will be very sorry, Colonel Shaw, to flog me, as I assure you I am innocent." This puzzled me. I stopt the drummer, and, a little excited, turned round to the regiment, and said, "If one of you did steal the sheep, step out like a man, and don't let me flog one of your comrades; step out! and I give my word, the guilty man shall not be punished."

At this juncture, a fine brave young fellow stepped into the centre of the square, and said, "The prisoner is innocent; I stole the sheep, and I am ready to prove it." I thought he did this to save his friend, and therefore ordered a court of inquiry in the centre of the square, in the hearing of all the men. It was proved beyond a doubt that this young fellow stole the sheep, threw it into the house, extinguished the candle, and that the prisoner had always been in the habit of sleeping with a large French poodle dog in his arms, and he must have imagined the sheep was the poodle dog.

I made the sheep-stealer a corporal on the spot, and from that day to this, it has been ever most difficult to get me to sign an approval to the sentence of a court-martial, and I then began a system of company court-martials, which I found attended with the very best effects as to discipline.

About the 10th of January, Saldanha took the "*elite*" of the army with him, and made a dash at Leyria, which he captured, with some prisoners. In his absence, the Duke of Terceira was sent from Lisbon to command the lines of Santarem, bringing with him Lieutenant-Colonel Loureiro as the chief of his staff.

I am aware that it has been the custom of British officers not to allow full credit to Portuguese officers. I have had the opportunity of knowing many of them most intimately; and the more I have known of them, the more have I been forced to respect and to honour them; and it is unfair to judge Portuguese, either in a military or a civil capacity, by a few disgraceful exceptions which are to be found in all countries.

As for Colonel Loureiro, he will stand a comparison with the best officers of any nation in Europe. In difficulties, he was always the right hand of the Duke of Terceira. His merits in the expedition of the Duke to Algarves, and the taking of Lisbon, are well known to the Duke of Palmella and Admiral Napier. He is a soldier who does not like to mix up fighting and diplomacy; and I suspect Colonel Wylde can give some slight ideas of the impediments thrown in his way by Loureiro, at the quarters of Terceira and Rodil, at the time the first copy of the Quadruple Alliance was made.

Had Loureiro not been wounded at the decisive battle of Aceiceira, and thus disabled from acting with the Duke of Terceira at Estremos, the convention of Evora Monte had never taken place; neither had Don Carlos entered Spain, nor Don Miguel threatened the soil of Portugal. Owing to the absence of this able and accomplished officer, diplomacy had the better of war, and Europe now suffers from the wound Loureiro received.

But Loureiro, though able, is not infallible; he can, like others, commit faults, and when he came to the lines of Santarem he made, or, as history will say, the Duke made a great mistake.

Saldanha moved from Leyria on Torres Novas, and, driving the enemy before him, pursued them to Pernes. There an engagement took place, in which the Marshal was victorious; and next morning, from the heights between Val and Santarem, we saw the Miguelite army retreating in disorder towards Santarem.

I pointed out both armies to Colonel de Mello, of the Duke's staff, and at this time a staff officer of Saldanha's, I think Captain Jervis, came to beg the Duke to move forward by the Ponte d'Asseca, and catch the Miguelites between the two fires: but no; the Duke refused, Saldanha's friends giving out, that the refusal originated in feelings of jealousy, which prevented his making a move which must have been attended with signal success.

The Duke went to Lisbon, and Sir Thomas Stubbs was sent to replace him, contrary to his own wish.

A short time after this, Saldanha took up his quarters at Cartaxo, the Fusileers being in Val; and here we spent in idleness, I may say, the months of January, February, March, and April, nothing occurring during that time of public importance, except the battle of the 18th of February, where the Miguelites made a very bold and nearly successful attack on our left at the village of Santa Maria, but where they were eventually repulsed with great loss. We, from too long deliberation, allowed the enemy to carry away their artillery. Schwalbach made a great mistake in not pushing boldly from Almoster towards Azambugeira, thus cutting off the enemy's retreat.

On the right at Valle we had a great deal of firing, with little bloodshed, but very good practice to break in the young Scotchmen; who, after being deceived by the Portuguese authorities in London, and starved in Lisbon, were now sent under my command, in order to be better provisioned, better clad, and more justly treated: but *en revanche*, to be unmercifully drilled, and in the end to be still more shamefully deceived.

To give an idea of the state of discipline in which ~~the~~ regiment was at that time, I hope I may be excused in quoting an extract from "Sketches of Portugal," by Captain Alexander, 42nd regiment, which I have seen within these few days. He has not mentioned a method I practised, of making square from close column, which is good; because it makes every individual in the square *think*, and in case of men being shot, or the square broken by round shot, the soldiers will, if often drilled in this manner, fill up of themselves all vacancies.

As soon as cavalry appear, the regiment forms close column, the companies at one pace distance. On the cavalry approaching they are received with vollies, commencing in the rear of the column, front companies kneeling. They still approach; the word is "Prepare to resist cavalry." No. 1 company steps back one pace, closing thus on No. 2, which thus form front face of square; the four files of the right and left flanks of Nos. 3 and 4 step to the right and left, facing outwards, thus commencing the right and left faces of the square. Nos. 5 and 6 do the same; and Nos. 7 and 8 close up, face to the right about, and form the rear-face. If the companies are strong, it is only necessary to make the distances between the companies greater. I know it is objected to this, that there is no room either for the mounted officers or the supernumeraries in the square. I allow that the mounted officers are placed in some jeopardy; but they can

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always move to the rear of the face not attacked, and as for the supernumeraries, they can easily lie down under the bayonets of the kneeling rank.

It is, in fact, neither more nor less than introducing the principle of the rallying square into the regular close column, and the rapidity with which men will form square and reform column after a few day's practice, is astonishing. Its advantages are, the rapidity of formation, and the confidence it gives the soldier. Besides, it is not exposed to the great confusion which may occur in forming "four deep," by some of the men being killed or wounded, and thus, before formation, requiring "telling off" anew.

Captain Alexander says, "I was much pleased with the service-like manner in which the Scotch Fusileers were drilled; showy parade movements were discarded, and no manœuvres were practised but those which could be really of use in the field. Pains were taken to explain to the officers, and men, simply and shortly, the intention of different movements, they thus clearly understood what they were about, and entered into the spirit of the drill.

"For my military readers, I beg to give an outline of a field day of the Scotch Fusileers. The regiment was marched to its ground; the ranks were opened in open column, and packs taken off; the companies were wheeled into line; the regiment advanced, then retired; officers commanding companies behind centre of (original) front rank; supernumeraries, on all occasions, in two ranks; thus the reverse flank of a close column never looked ragged, as it generally does.

"The regiment is halted and fronted; square is formed on the two centre companies—'Forwards, and rear form four deep; right and left shoulders forward.' Deploy at the double march; 'close column on the Grenadiers.' Column advances at the double towards a defile, halts; cavalry is supposed to be advancing to attack it; 'the column will fire by companies from the rear;' the seven front companies kneel, and the light company fire over them, and load; then No. 7 gives its fire, and all in succession, only the Grenadiers reserve their fire, and remain kneeling, with fixed bayonets.

"This manœuvre was new to me; but I have no doubt of its utility in routing an enemy, as it is founded on experience. However, it requires all hands to be very steady in firing over one another's heads.

"The column deploys; 'the line will retire covered by the light company,' the officer of which immediately gives the word, 'Six paces to the rear—right face—double—march—extend;' the men extend behind the line, and lie down on their stomachs, concealed by the long grass and bushes; the line retires over the skirmishers; the enemy advances, and is met by the unexpected and sharp fire of the light company; the line halts, the bugle sounds the recall for the skirmishers; they run through the line, and not round the flanks, as usual; form in the rear, and take their place on the left; the line fires a volley, and advances to the charge, pipes playing and men cheering.

"While the regiment was engaged with its field-day, the defaulters were drilled with packs on, in some heavy sand, immediately in front of the rest. The word for them was, 'Right or left shoulders forward—double,' and no halting; this took the 'Klockin' out of them.

"In loading in two ranks, without the rear rank being hampered with the packs of the front, the rear-rank men of the Scotch Fusileers turned completely round on the left leg, leant forward on the right—butt against the left foot, loaded conveniently, faced to the front, and fired."

In addition to these movements I found nothing of so much benefit as to form the parade facing differently each day; thus the minds of the men were kept on the alert, instead of getting into the regular machine, if they found themselves every day near to the same spot. Every day changed the situation of the companies of the regiment in line, making No. 1, No. 5, and No. 3 No. 7, and using the rear rank as a front rank, making deployments thus, instead of counter-marching; thus officers and men became expert at "telling off." I found the old 52nd plan of making the officers of companies write out their own parade states of infinite service; and by making the subalterns call the "roll," they in a short time knew all the men's names, as certainly a soldier has a more personal regard for an officer, when he gives him his own name, rather than, "You, Sir; you, No. 1, or No. 2."

Although I did every thing in my power to keep both officers and men employed, still some little annoyance occurred; but we were, nevertheless, much more comfortable among ourselves than the other foreign regiments. Neither the English nor Irish were so strong as the Scotch; but the former had five field officers, the Irish four, and the Scotch only two, Major Mitchell and myself, and both had a sort of vanity in not wishing any interference, as we were the only remaining officers who embarked from London in 1831.

The other officers of the Scotch Fusileers, with two or three exceptions, were gentlemen, who by their knowledge and conduct would have done honour to any regiment in the British service; but yet, from many of them being young, there were of course some imprudencies; among which I mention gambling, which seems inherent in the soil of the Peninsula.

I was obliged to issue the following order, which was attended with the best effects:—

"It is with the greatest pleasure the commanding officer calls to his recollection that it has very seldom fallen to his lot to find fault with any of the gentlemen when not on parade. He is aware that when the regiment is in quarters where there is no society, gentlemen may from idleness fall into habits which they themselves highly disapprove. As a friend, he warns the young gentlemen against the pernicious effects of gambling, not only as totally destructive of discipline and of unanimity, but as engendering in those who indulge in this vice, a heartless selfishness if they gain, and if they lose, a breaking down of those high feelings and principles of romantic honour which ought to fill the breast of a young officer. The commanding officer has seen so many instances of poverty, misery, and wickedness, produced by this vice, that he calls upon every officer in the regiment to co-operate with him in preventing the introduction of it into the Scotch Fusileers. He who gambles for more than he has in his possession at the time, may be certain he is on the road to ruin and dishonour; and he who gambles for the love of gain, is one who should be avoided by every gentleman. The Commanding Officer does not wish to lay down rigid rules about betting; he refers to games of chance; and if a man is rich enough to indulge himself in losing 200*l*. or 300*l*., without hurting himself, there is no great harm, except in the bad example it gives to the other members of the regiment. He trusts the senior officers will warn the juniors of the bad consequences which attend 'manual wit,' which, as with gambling, generally ends in quarrels; and to impression them that there is no such word in the soldier's dictionary as *lie* or *liar*. There are but two cases where it is difficult for a soldier to give or receive an apology—viz. the lie, or a blow."

As the men who arrived from the depôt in Lisbon complained, that they were never allowed there, to know the *real* price of the articles charged to them, I introduced a Portuguese regulation for the officers commanding companies, namely, sending the men along with non-commissioned officers to make the best bargain they could for themselves; thus, in a short time, all the soldiers became fully aware of the value of the articles they had either lost or damaged, and gradually became more careful. The men now became so well behaved, that, although I did not permit much "prevôing," i. e. punishment by the provost martial, I issued the following order: "As the Commanding Officer has seen with the greatest pleasure the quiet and correct behaviour of the men and their good discipline, he gladly seizes the opportunity of putting an end to the system of 'prevôing.' He gives the most positive orders that no man on any account whatever receive corporal punishment without his permission *in writing*. He trusts to the men continuing in the same good discipline, to prevent him from being under the disagreeable necessity of again resorting to those measures which are so annoying to his own feelings. He will try if he can depend on the companies themselves to keep the few bad characters in the regiment in order, without bringing their crimes before him; however, he pledges himself, if he does make an example, it will be a severe one, and on no account whatever will he pardon a man guilty of stealing, being drunk on duty, or sleeping on his post."

In each quarter of a company, and at the regimental guard-room, and in the "dry-room," which was a place where all men addicted to drink were confined, except while on parade or duty, was placed the following scale of punishment, which I found prevented a great deal of flogging, and was in other respects attended with good effects.

SCALE OF PUNISHMENT,

Commencing January 1st, 1834. *Scotch Fusileers.*

1	Sleeping on his post, or quitting before relieved.	A court martial, which court can only sentence thirty days' bread and water, and pay forfeit to the company's mess.
2	Theft.	Ditto ditto
3	Striking a non-commissioned officer.	Seven days' marching orderly drill, and seven days' pay to company's mess.

4	Non-commissioned officer striking a private.	Reduced to the ranks.
5	Selling or losing necessaries.	Under stoppages till made good, and standing on public parade with six muskets, and remainder of necessaries forfeited to his mess.
6	Forcing a sentry.	Four days' marching orderly drill, and two days' pay to mess.
7	Neglect of orders.	One extra picquet or guard.
8	Quitting the ranks without leave.	Two days' marching orderly drill.
9	Absent from parade.	Forfeit one day's pay, two days' marching orderly drill.
10	Lying out of quarters without leave.	Two days' marching orderly drill, two days' pay to mess.
11	Absent from taptoo.	For every hour absent, one marching orderly drill.
12	Going out of quarters after hours.	Three days' marching orderly drill, and three days' pay to mess.
13	Quitting his arms, or sitting while on sentry.	Two days' marching orderly drill, and two days' pay to mess.
14	Awkward in the ranks.	Practice drill till further orders.
15	Making a reply in the ranks.	One marching orderly drill.
16	Inattention in the ranks.	One practice drill.
17	Exchanging duty without leave.	Two days' marching orderly drill, one day's pay to mess, two extra guards.
18	Quitting picquet or guard without leave.	Three days' marching orderly drill, four days' pay to mess.
19	Insolence to a non-commissioned officer.	Seven days' marching orderly drill.
20	More than one mile from quarters without leave.	Two days' marching orderly drill.

21	More than two men at a time coming to complain to the commanding officer.	Three days' pay to messing of company.
22	Dirty on parade.	Parade every hour in marching order till clean, and confined to barracks.
23	Dirty when for picquet or guard.	Ditto ditto
24	Improperly dressed in the streets.	One practice orderly drill.
25	Not saluting an officer when passing.	Ditto ditto
26	Berth or accoutrements misplaced in quarters.	One practice drill.
27	Buttons defaced on clothing.	One practice drill for each button deficient.
28	Clothing out of repair.	Wine stopped, and confined to barracks till repaired.
29	Drunk on duty.	Forfeit four days' pay to mess; seven days' marching orderly drill, and seven days' dry room.
30	Non-commissioned officer drunk on duty.	Ipso facto reduced.
31	Drunk on parade.	Three days' marching orderly drill; dry room three days, and three days' pay to mess.
32	Drunk and absent from parade.	Ditto ditto
33	Drunk when for picquet or guard.	Seven days' marching orderly drill; four days' pay to mess, and seven days' dry room.
34	Drunk and riotous in quarters.	Two days' marching orderly drill, one days' pay to mess.
35	Drunk in the streets.	Two days' marching orderly drill, two days' pay to mess.

36	Drunk and riotous in the streets.	Four days' marching orderly drill, two days' pay.
37	Drunk on the surgeon's lists or convalescent.	Seven days' marching orderly drill, four days' pay.
38	Twice drunk in thirty days.	Forfeiture of wine to mess for the ensuing week, and two days' pay for each day drunk.
39	Soldier in the habit of continually making away with his necessaries.	Articles, such as shirts, trowsers, &c. to be purchased by the officers of his company of the very worst quality, and marked all over with conspicuous letters, such as ladrone, pedlar, soldier's necessaries, and as many King's broad arrows as the articles can contain.
50	Desertion to the enemy and taking up arms against the Queen.	Tried by a general court martial, which can sentence him to be shot dead with musquetry, or imprisoned with hard labour in irons for life.

I know there are many objectional points, but I have little doubt that in a regular service, a system may be formed which might tend to enforce discipline without losing the services of the men, which must be always the case if flogging or imprisonment be resorted to. I am fully aware of the danger of meddling with the soldier's "pay;" but if the pay of bad soldiers is divided among the good, while you are thus holding out encouragement to the latter, you are likewise, perhaps, inflicting the severest punishment on the bad soldier.

In the beginning of April, the brave and gallant Torres moved from Oporto upon Amarante, driving the Miguelite General, Cardoza, before him; Admiral Napier surprised Caminha, and ordered the strong fortress of Valentia to surrender, which strange order they hesitated to obey. He threatened to put the garrison to the sword, with a force of 500 or 600 men, while he ought to have had at least 5000 to warrant the sending of such a cartel; but, as I said before, the man who does most with the smallest means is the best officer. The governor obeyed this extraordinary order. From Valentia, Napier proceeded to Oporto, then back to Lisbon, whence he embarked a second time for the north, to land at Figueras. Terceira, meanwhile, pushed on towards Coimbra. Colonel Vasconcellos advanced from Leyria; and on the 5th of May the Scotch Fusileers, 528 strong, marched to that town. Here they heard of Napier's arrival off Figueras, of Terceira being near to Coimbra, and, more satisfactory still, that the enemy were retiring from both of these positions. I proposed to the governor of Leyria that we should make a move towards Pombal; but he frankly confessed he dare not take any responsibility on himself, as when he took the command, he belonged to Saldanha's division, and since the establishment of the telegraph to Lisbon, he was directed to take orders from the minister of war alone, and now that the Duke of Terceira was so near at hand, he suspected he must obey his orders; thus time was lost, and the enemy passed safely through Pombal.

On the 12th, I received orders to march for Aldea da Cruz, the enemy having a force there, and to wait the arrival of the column of Colonel Vasconcellos, which had been joined by Admiral Napier, with his brave amphibious column. On the 13th, the Admiral, alias Count Cape St. Vincent, was left here with some volunteers, the Fusileers and his own Marines. He summoned Ourem to surrender, which, though a very strong place, obeyed his mandate. The Admiral has proved he is a good sailor, and if he had been bred a soldier, he would have been as renowned in the military profession as he is in the naval. I never met an officer with a better military eye, nor one who can more practically and shrewdly discuss the utility and object of military manœuvres. He was most anxious to have moved on Torres Novas, ready to fall on the enemy's left flank or rear, while Terceira was in their front at Thomar; but he had to obey the duke, and we marched to that place on the 16th, hearing the heavy firing of the decisive battle of Aceiceira. We reached Thomar that evening. The good judgment of the Admiral was here proved, as if he had been allowed to have marched to Torres Novas, we should have been in time to cut off the fugitives retreating to Santarem.

On the 17th, the Admiral, with his column, marched to Torres Novas, and from thence I rode over with him to Golegao to compliment the Duke of Terceira. I was rejoiced to see all my old friends of his staff, whom I knew at Terceira, sitting at table with him. These were the men who had begun and finished the war. I had to return alone that evening to Torres Novas, and my gallant and always consistent friend, the Marquess of Fronteira, prudently and strongly advised me not to accept of the escort of the only men they could give me,—the deserters from the cavalry of the Lisbon police. I followed his advice; but during the whole ride from Golegao to Torres Novas, I never had my finger from the trigger of my pistol, the road being covered by the disbanded garrison of Ourem. Next day, we marched to Pernes. Continuing the march on the following morning, we halted for a short time on the banks of the Tagus at Santarem, where I saw the Emperor. I was very much struck with his haggard and unhealthy appearance. It was clear he was harassed both in body and mind, and well he might, as his disappointment must have been great in learning that the Miguelites had been allowed quietly, during the 17th and 18th, to retire from Santarem, while Saldanha was so close on them. Who the traitor is, who was, on this occasion, so near to the person of Saldanha, I know not. From one part of the lines, occupied by his division, it was possible to see the movement of troops towards

Almeyrim from Santarem; and it is a fact that this traitor so deceived Saldanha, that all the picquets on the lines, and towards Ponte de Asseca, were doubled, and kept under arms in expectation of an attack of the enemy, while they were at that time crossing the Tagus. How Saldanha could be so deceived on the 17th and 18th, when the decisive battle of Acciceiria was known in Cartaxo on the night of the 16th, is more than I can account for. Was it the same traitor near to his person who advised him to listen to the proposal of a suspension of arms from Don Miguel from Evora Monte? This circumstance nearly caused an open mutiny among the commanding officers of regiments in his division; the most conspicuous among the malcontents was the Baron das Antas, then the gallant leader of the fifth Caçadores.

Crossing at Almeyrim, the Duke proceeded on with his usual activity. At Pavia he received a despatch from Don Miguel, demanding a suspension of arms, to which he replied, that perhaps he would think of it after his arrival at Estremoz, and it must be regretted that Saldanha did not act in the same manner.

On the 24th of May, we entered Estremoz; and on the 26th the civil war was declared at an end; but the two chiefs, Don Miguel and Don Carlos, were allowed to retire quietly; to disturb the world again whenever it might suit their purpose so to do.

While we had been carrying all before us, Baron de Sa had had a most difficult part to act in the Algarves, but he accomplished all with his usual bravery and ability. On the 1st of June I was ordered to march from Estremoz in command of a brigade of about 2,500 men for Lisbon, the command of which I handed over to the brave Colonel Romao of the second Caçadores, embarking at Aldea Gallega. On the 7th of June, the Scotch Fusileers landed in the Black Horse Square at Lisbon, 513 strong, having only fifteen casualties during these long harassing marches since the 5th of May. They were quartered in a convent at Belem. Both officers and men now felt confident they were to be paid, and allowed to return to England; and on the 20th of June, I received a letter signed by the Minister of War to that effect. On the 21st, I received an order to march for Setubal; and on the same day was waited on by three captains of the regiment to state, that it was almost the determination of both officers and men not to quit Lisbon until they were paid, (according to the contract,) and all promises fulfilled. I begged them to come with me to General Valdez, the Adjutant-General, whom I found proceeding with Colonel Saavedra on horseback to see the Emperor at Queluz. I reported what the captains said, and on this, Valdez broke out into a rage, threatening to report me to the Emperor, as not being able to command my-regiment. I quietly answered, "General Valdez, ask that person with you on horseback, if there be not justice in what the officers and men demand; I shall not say a word more."

The General went away fully as angry as I was cool; and in about four hours afterwards, I received a polite note from him, wishing to see me, commencing "my dear Colonel," and signed "sincere friend, Valdez." I went, and he told me, that the Government was in great want of troops, and they really did not know how they could manage without the regiment. I said, he well knew how often, and how egregiously both officers and men had been deceived; but, if he, as Adjutant-General, would write a letter to me, pledging the honour of the Government, I would do my best. He then wrote to me the following letter:

"Head-Quarters, Imperial Palace,
22nd June, 1834.

"SIR,

"You will please to inform the regiment under your command, that the Ministers of Her Most Faithful Majesty are making every arrangement for the fulfilment of their claims, which are now adjusting, and will be forthwith settled in the course of the *ensuing month*. This delay being necessarily occasioned by the confusion of the accounts of the different British regiments, and the continued marching and various operations of the war, which is now so happily concluded, and with so much glory.

"I have the honour to be,
"Your most obedient Servant,
"VALDEZ, Adjutant-General."

"To Colonel Charles Shaw, commanding Scotch Fusileers."

I went immediately to Belem, with this letter, called the non-commissioned officers from whom I had received a letter refusing to march, and managed to get them to agree to do so next morning; but on the morning of the 22nd, not one of the men would fall in. I read this letter of Valdez to them, which was received with shouts of "deceit, deceit; the old story." I then gave them my word of honour, that I should only take what was due to myself, in the same proportion as they themselves were paid, which offer was at once received with shouts of "fall in, fall in;" and in less than half an hour I had every man on board the boats for Moeta, except one who would not move, but who went up to Lisbon, and became the groom of the Paymaster, who was now a member of the commission for settling accounts of foreigners. This person did not understand a single word of French, German, or even Portuguese, although the accounts were made out in the latter language; but yet this groom (his name is Ebrell) has been most liberally settled with, getting upwards of 30*l.*, while others, who did not refuse to do duty for six months after him, were made prisoners on board the hulks for six weeks, and sent out of the country by this commission with only 2*l.* So much for impartial justice.

Before leaving Lisbon, all the senior officers of the brigade, which marched from Estremoz, went to the Palace of Queluz to pay their respects to Don Pedro. Death was already depicted in his countenance. All the native Portuguese officers made a point of kneeling and kissing his hand, which he not only allowed, but it was clear by his manner he expected it. As he was only my Commander-in-Chief, and as I had nothing do with his royalty, I thought I should not be acting properly if I likewise knelt and kissed his hand, and I made up my mind not to do it. Don Pedro, with his rapid eye, often guessed well at the thoughts of others. Whether he remarked this in me, I know not; but as I approached, he moved forward his hand in such a manner and seized mine to shake it, that if even I had been inclined to kneel and kiss it, he prevented me. He asked me many questions about the regiment; and shaking my hand, said, "Vous avez bien servi la Reine; je vous en suis obligé." I never saw Don Pedro afterwards. Now that he is dead, his value is known. I do believe him to have been a just man, but often deceived by those around him. That he was a brave man and a good officer, there is not the least doubt;

and as a husband, he was kind, attentive, and most affectionate; and by his acts, showed he well understood the duty of a father. For the sake of Portugal, I regret his death; and I shall ever respect his memory. To myself, in all personal interviews, I found the ex-Emperor a polite and an attentive listener. In September, 1832, I was obliged to make a personal report to him, and made some complaints, on which he referred me to the Minister of War. He was pleased, and granted what I asked, when I said, "Non mon Empereur, si un Empereur, me refuse quelque chose, jamais je ne la demanderai d'un Ministre de Guerre."

One day, during the siege of Oporto, the enemy kept up a heavy fire on the Gloria battery. The Duke of Terceira recommended a few shots to be sent in return; indeed, got quite excited on account of the enemy having their own way. At last the Emperor quietly, and with a smile said, "Are you aware that we have only one more round of ammunition for this battery?" Don Pedro was most deeply and sincerely regretted by the soldiers, who, with all their apparent thoughtlessness, are by no means bad judges of character; and at this day every well-wisher of Portugal must lament his death.

From the month of July, 1834, to February, 1835, my whole time was occupied in attempting to get the officers and men settled with; but I deeply regret to say, that from that day to this my attempts have only been attended with partial success; although I have little doubt but, if the truth ever reaches the Queen, justice, though tardy, will be done to all. The attempts which I have made, have not only been attended with great personal expense to myself, but with personal annoyances.

Our days were now passed pretty much in the fashion of men lodged in any foreign garrison town. General Zagallo was sent to inspect the regiment in October; and it is but justice both to the officers and men to state, that their movements and appearance would have done credit to any regiment in the British service. Discovering that the body of the regiment had determined on stating all their grievances to the General, I was obliged to make a merit of necessity, and by a double quick manœuvre, getting the General and myself into the centre of a square, I addressed him in the hearing of the men in plain and distinct language, which he ordered me to reduce to writing, promising in the name of Her Majesty's Most Serene Government, that the just claims of officers and men should be granted. The following is a copy of my letter:

"Setubal, 29th October, 1834.

"SIR,

"In obedience to your Excellency's orders, I put in writing the complaints which the men of the regiment made in your presence through me their commanding officer after the inspection.

"The men who served at Porto demand their arrears of pay and gratuity; the fulfilment of the contract, and their discharge.

"The men who came out from Scotland in November last demand their arrears of pay, their discharge, and the gratuity of land or its value in money.

"All state they have been serving for months while entitled to their discharge, and that not one of them will continue to do duty, nor enter into any contract whatever, until the promises made to them are first fulfilled.

"Such of the men as are pensioners of the British army, request to know how they are to be reimbursed for their loss of British pension, owing to their discharge from the service not being granted to them according to the contract.

"The men of Captain ——— company request that he be *forthwith* ordered to refund to them their money, which he embezzled at Lisbon before he joined the regiment.

"The men who arrived in the Leeds steamer complain that at Val de Perera, Captain ——— stopped from each a crusada nova for two old hats, two old swords, and twelve pounds of tobacco, a sum amounting to nearly 40*l*. sterling.

"All the Scotch before disembarking were promised 2*l.* 5*s.* a part only of which sum they say they have received.

"The soldiers request your Excellency will have the goodness to lay these their demands and requests before his Excellency the Minister of War.

"Your obedient Servant,
"CHARLES SHAW,
"Colonel Fuzileiros Escoseses."

"To General Zagallo."

Before the regiment was disbanded, I found the annexed letter in my quarters; and, although it may appear like vanity, I do not hesitate to say, that I place great value on it, because it proves that a straightforward course will in the long run meet with its just reward, and raise the man actuated by a stern sense of duty and a strict regard to principle, above the machinations of weak, malevolent, or ill disposed persons.

"SIR,

"We, the undersigned, beg to return in the name and behalf of ourselves, the old hands of Oporto, our heartfelt thanks for the honest, upright, and straightforward manner with which, at the review, you addressed the General for us. Whatever prejudices some of us might have entertained, we are now perfectly satisfied that your utmost exertions have been made for us, and take this opportunity to acknowledge it."

[Here follows a List of the Names attached.]

I now prepared to embark for England, and putting myself on board the Scorpion packet, arrived at Falmouth in the beginning of July 1835.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

London, 7th November, 1831.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq.

DEAR PATRICK,

I DARE say you are astonished at my not having said more about my plans as referred to in a former letter; but the fact is, I have expected every day to be able to say, that every thing was fixed; but still I foresee great delay and many difficulties to be overcome.

You know I have been much in communication with the Doyles, and, fortunately, had it in my power to make myself useful to them, both actively and in giving hints. As soon as the Marquess of Palmella came over, Sir John Milley Doyle waited on him, and it was arranged that two battalions should be raised. Sir John sent for me, and, having made me many fine speeches, begged me to understand that, upon consideration, it was determined that I should have the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the command of one of the regiments. You may suppose how gratified I was at such a communication; as all the footing I had made was on my own ground and without friends; and since I am now in that situation, I have got Colonel Napier to write, to say that he has long known me. All this is producing an effect; I am made quite confidential; and, in short, even if this affair should end in nothing, I think I have, by my own exertions, shown that I have something in me.

If I were to attempt to explain our plans, I should only be confusing you, because, until all is fixed, and the money for the use of the emigrants (*i. e.* soldiers) paid into the Bank of England, we shall not move one step. In this way, much after confusion may be avoided. Our allowances are to be English. To B----e, just say that I have not been able to fix matters as to the Highlanders; but I wish to know if there are many Catholics, as *they* would be preferred. *We* shall not want them at present, but I have every hope that this affair is to finish with grants of crown lands, when the Catholics would be invaluable. However, as soon as things are settled, you shall hear from me; only take care that nothing of this expedition, which is much talked of, may appear to come through me. I will not finish this letter until I have been with the parties.

My letter has been lying by me for some days, but still I can say no more, as it was only yesterday we got our plan sent in. An answer is to be given in three days.

LETTER II.

London, 19*th November*, 1831.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq.

DEAR PATRICK,

YOU will be gratified to learn that the Doyles have behaved most handsomely throughout; and, luckily, I have been of infinite service; and they have frankly acknowledged it. My suspicions, and former doings and troubles with bad ones, were of service. I feared there was a sad plan of deceit practising towards Sir J. Milley Doyle; and as he intrusted me with the management, I would not be put off with any other answer but Yes or No; and then the knaves were brought to their bearing, and I advised him to have nothing to do with them; which advice he followed.

I think there will be some great exposure in the papers; but depend upon it, the party with whom I have been acting, has been behaving honourably. I fear the others may be trying to fix it on Sir J. M. Doyle; but it will not do; although I must confess, he has been a little imprudent.

So determined am I against Miguel, that I offered myself as a simple volunteer: so, at least, I have taken all steps not to be idle.

LETTER III.

Richmond, 30th November, 1831.
(Most private and confidential.)

To Lieutenant John Shipp, Liverpool.

SIR,

HAVING embarked in a cause which must have the good wishes of every noble-minded man in Europe, I consider it my duty to promote its success by all the means in my power. I therefore apply to you; as *your* joining us, would, in my opinion, be of great service. I allude to the expedition fitting out (*under the rose*) to expel Don Miguel from Portugal. To speak of honour and glory, to one whose name in that career is so well known, were superfluous.

The worldly advantages of the expedition are these:—English pay as an Adjutant while employed, and, if successful, three years' pay as a reward. Three months' pay will be given to you on going on board, and *I aver solemnly* we cannot fail.

You may be astonished at me, a total stranger, writing to you on this subject, and the more so from your present position. I am quite aware that, with any other person than yourself, I should be running great risk; but knowing your character so well, I feel assured you will not commit me, the more especially as I know you have stated that a military life was most to your taste.

At the same time I beg you to recollect that if you join us, you do it by your own act, not by any influence of mine. I risk my half-pay by going, therefore I ask no one to do that which I myself would not attempt.

It is quite natural to suppose you are anxious to know who is the writer of this. You can easily find out from my old friend and brother-sub. in the 52nd, Mr. ———, who lives in one of the chief squares in Liverpool; or from —— ——, on the staff at Manchester; but of course, in referring to them, you will not refer to the Expedition.

Your answer must be immediate. If you say *you go*, I think it probable you may be put on the same footing as our Militia; I mean, rank and pay as a Captain-Adjutant; but *this* is only *my* idea. I have not told any one that I have written to you, nor shall I do so. I consider this letter private and confidential, between two men of honour. If you *do not* go, and your old feelings prompt you to *lend a lift* to a *dash*, can you tell me where I may lay my hands on some smart old non-commissioned officers? Your name shall never appear.

Address to me at —— —— ———, and lose no time, as we should like to make a move.

LETTER IV.

Off Flushing, and sailing with a fair wind for Quiberon Bay, 27th December, 1831.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

Dear Patrick,

I hope some one explained to you the state in which I was kept before leaving London, with recruiting, &c. My mind was bent on one object, and on that alone. I dare say, George would tell you the scenes we went through until he saw me on board. He came to the river side with me, to report to Hodges that all was right. We have about 200 men on board, of whom 160 are fine fellows, and the others the greatest scoundrels on the face of the earth. We have every trade and calling, not even forgetting lawyers, who keep us, by the way, in an eternal riot and approach to mutiny. We have no military authority, and are obliged to rule by force of opinion. I wish you could see us. Some fellows there are both able and willing to face the devil; but all of them are unshaven these nine days, and without a change of clothes of any description,—having embarked in secret, and in the expectation of being at our destination in three days. As for me, I am nearly as badly off as any of them, distinguished as I am by a tremendous black eye (now green) caused by a fall down the hold.

In going down the river we were obliged to land some jail-birds, and at Margate roads we nearly came to an open mutiny. Figure to yourself your humble servant addressing these fellows, not without fear, but with a devil-may-care look, expecting to be collared, and having a pistol in his pocket *to prevent accidents!* A reform meeting is a joke to it. Every night, going to bed, I examine the priming of my companion. Yet I must needs say the fellows are good fellows, and famously adapted for the purpose; bnt they are excited by a designing crew.

From Margate we were ordered off in a hurry, I suppose from fear of seizure: next morning we entered the Scheldt.

I got on shore at Flushing for tobacco: the whole town was in a ferment; a guard turned out, and I was accompanied by a policeman. I luckily got on board just in time,—as the Admiral not only issued an order to prevent any person from landing, but even placed a gun-boat with cannon pointed against us. The moment this was done, our fellows at once burst out with a full chorus of "Rule Britannia," and then "God save the King." Although not right, I could not resist joining them. Such is the style of our people.

On Christmas day, a Dutchman smuggled some gin on board, and we had some dreadful scenes in consequence; but all is now settled, and the fair wind has put them all in good humour; so I hope my next letter will be more comfortable.

I am happy, and feel absolutely heart and soul in the cause, and I shall not abandon it until we have success. We shall have a great deal to do.

The noise in the cabin, and the chattering, are so intense, I can write no more. I have no idea what we are to do, or rather what is to be done with me. I prophecy luck.

We are now passing Calais. Some of the young ones are wishing to return. As for me, the fair wind puts me in great spirits. I have a suspicion I am to be a marine; *cela m'est egal.* I have not tasted bread since I came on board. I breakfasted on warm potatoes, pork, and tea without milk, and am now fond of it: such is my nature.

LETTER V.

Terceira, 30th March, 1832.

To Lord —— ———,

My Dear Lord,

I have been, since my arrival in this island, daily determined on writing a quiet letter to my mother, but my mind has been and still is so wrapped up in drilling our fellows who are engaged in this glorious cause, that all my ideas (except on soldiering) are completely gone.

After being more than two months at sea, we landed February 23rd at Angra; the men without uniforms, and in dirty, ragged clothes, and unfortunately with pockets full of money, where the brandy and wine are so cheap. Of course, the scenes which occur in the regular service occurred with us: I mean scenes of riot and drunkenness, which continued, alas! for five days. When all the money was gone, we became a little better. The men, however, kept on good terms with the inhabitants, who were completely astonished and half frightened.

With all their faults, I am quite delighted with the fellows; they will do their work. As an instance: one fellow was very drunk in the square, and a Portuguese guard was sent to seize him. He went quietly till one of the guard hit him with the butt end of the musket; when he snatched the firelock from the soldier, and in a few moments dispersed and routed the whole guard, cleared the square, put his cap on the firelock, waved it, gave three cheers for Old England, and walked quietly home. We have many such; and as I had the picking of the light company, you may suppose a very full proportion have fallen to my lot.

The Portuguese troops, whom I have seen, are fine-looking men, excellently equipped, and in the very highest state of discipline; and if they only fight as well as they look, I shall be content. As far as I can ferret out, they are all for the young

Queen, and lose no fair opportunity of showing that such are their sentiments, even to Don Pedro; who must be perfectly well aware that he will be obliged to fulfil his promise of only being regent. I have no doubt he wishes and may attempt more; but as for me, unless he give or pass a Portuguese *Reform Bill*, I am none of his.

Whether it be the circumstances in which I have been placed, or having myself suffered from and seen the bad effects of power being left in the hands of a few, I know not—but I now certainly feel myself devoted to the cause of liberty; and I am resolved not to return to England, if an attempt be made to put Spain to rights.

Our friend Colonel Hodges is tremendously zealous; I can use no other word. I hardly think he knows how deeply I feel; but the day is not far off when I hope to be able to prove it. He is a most excellent fellow, in every sense of the word, and, I think, peculiarly well adapted for the situation he holds, of Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the marine battalion. He has many and great difficulties to contend with; but he gets over them well, and I like him for his resolution at not being thwarted in any thing. I suspect he troubles the Portuguese diplomatists much; as he is not a man of much mystery, and speaks his mind freely, no matter to or of whom. I go all lengths with him as to reform, liberty, &c.; but I am not sure that every one of the officers does so.

The Admiral is going to Madeira, others say to the coast of Portugal, and Don Pedro says we shall leave this the end of the month. By that time we shall be a very smart set of fellows. We are to have a battalion of French, one of Poles, one of gentlemen volunteers, one of Portuguese dressed in scarlet, and a light regiment, in one division. As *we* are best paid, of course they will put us in front, to get as many as they can out of the way, to save money; and, as I have the Light Company, I fervently hope I shall be the first to land in Portugal. Even though I be a Marine, I hate the sea. I shall therefore do my best to remain on shore.

If anything should occur worth mentioning, I shall not fail to write a few lines, hoping you will let my Mother know. It is said, and indeed I believe, we shall have much opposition. I understand there are transports provided for 10,000 men, of whom 6,000 should be chosen troops, if they stick to the cause. The officers are decidedly Constitutional; but what is of greater consequence, they know they will be hanged if caught by Miguel.

LETTER VI.

Terceira, Villa de Prai, 1st April, 1832.

To Mrs. Shaw.

DEAR MOTHER,

THOUGH I have not written anything like a letter to you since I left *Nantes*, depend upon it you have all been in my recollection; and though my mind and body are too actively employed to sit down to write, yet I can refresh myself with thinking of those who are dear to me. I mentally grasp the hand of those I feel care for me. Here, I suspect that I am only *respected;* perhaps by *some* esteemed; but as to love, that is out of the question. All desire for the love of strangers has been thoroughly extracted from my mind, and my only ambition is to *force* respect and esteem from my equals, and regard from those who are under my command. This can only be gained by the strictest adherence to all those rules to which some give the name of religious duties, others those of honour. I know that by some *we* are viewed suspiciously, as adventurers broken down in mind and morals, as well as in fortune; I am therefore always upholding the necessity of acting in a manner to put us *above* being suspected; and I am proud to say the greater proportion of the officers not only express themselves of my opinion, but act so as to prove their conviction of its truth. I know your opinion of the people cannot be very high, by supposing I would sit down at the same mess table with —— ——. Prudence kept me from speaking until the subject was discussed and known; but I then pronounced myself as distinctly and strongly as you may expect I would; and I was gratified to find Colonel Hodges was even more distinct than myself. With blackguard gentlemen I shall have no mercy; but those who have had no opportunity of knowing better, my own sufferings teach me to pardon, to excuse. As far as lies in me, I shall do every thing to give imprudent young fellows a fresh start in the world. My attention is very much called to this among all classes here.

I have the Light Company, about eighty men. I was allowed to pick them from the battalion, and I chose handsome, smart little fellows—none taller than myself, and all about the age of eighteen or twenty. When I saw a wild-looking, active, mischievous young fellow, *he* was my chosen man. So you may suppose, if improperly managed, what a riotous school they may be. I resolved to follow a system of reasoning and kindness, leaving misbehaviour to be punished among themselves; but if they neglected that self-discipline, I punished the whole, both good and bad. They are as much my hobby as your school of industry could be; and my exertions and attention have been rewarded. They now drill like old soldiers,—to the astonishment of myself and others; although the only old soldier I have in the company is a fellow I took out of kind feelings to Colonel Fullarton, in whose company I knew him in the rifles in Holland in 1813. I have had none in the guard-room, nor punished; and to-morrow I have my company on the guard of honour to Count Villa Flor, who comes to review us.

I fervently hope that my exertions to keep others right may tend to make me a better man; although, in spite of your objections to comparison, I know *many* worse. This is Sunday; you are this moment at church; and to-morrow is the 2nd of April, poor John's birthday. I feel inclined to be very serious; but it is of no use, and only unmans me. This very day and hour fortnight, I said to a fine fellow who was with me, "If I fall, tell them to write to my Mother." But Providence carried me through; and the deep impression on my mind is, that *I am protected:* this feeling produces gratitude.

Much did I meditate on old stories, while carrying home the mangled body of poor Captain Ramus. On Saturday he went out to shoot, but did not return to dinner. Still I was not alarmed. However, a party of officers started about eight o'clock, and returned at twelve, without finding him. From the description of the place where he had been last seen, I suspected something. I thought he might have been either robbed or murdered on his way home, or that some of the loose stone walls might have tumbled on and disabled him. I went instantly to the barracks and called for volunteers, when the whole of my company turned out in a few minutes. I took two buglers with me, and left the town. We scattered the men, and scrambled up a high, steep hill, with loose stones and stone walls. This made it a service of some danger. I halted every now and then, and made the bugler sound. We scoured the country, searching all the poor, frightened inhabitants' houses for three miles, and then came to the precipices which overhang the sea for some miles at a height of 400 feet perpendicular. These rocks are of a soft, crumbling, lava matter, but full of pigeons, starlings, and gulls.

I was shewn the path by which Ramus had descended. In expectation that it led to the bottom, I followed it. For ten yards it was a very fair path, but on turning, suddenly it became precipitous, and of a crumbling soil—so much so that I had to crawl down on my back for yards. The path then took a sloping turn and became good. I followed it and came to a sort of platform, with a fine spring, but where there was danger of falling over the precipices. I crept up to the top and was convinced Ramus must have slipped over at the turn. My only hope was that he was not dead. To let him know that assistance was at hand, I extended the men at 100 yards' distance, desiring them to continue calling to each other, while I placed the buglers at each flank to sound the officers' call.

We continued this till daybreak, every now and then imagining in our keenness that we heard him call; but the scream and dash of the white gull in the dark, the noise of the pigeons, the chattering of the starlings, and the roar of the tremendous surf below, soon taught us to know we were de-ceiving ourselves. I was much pleased with the men; I value them more than many of those called gentlemen. I returned to the path at daylight, and then saw the danger; but hoping that my climbing propensities as a boy would be of service, and prevent me from being giddy, I went down with a soldier who had been a sailor, and we thought we saw the trace of some heavy weight tumbling, but it was too perpendicular to look down. We then clambered up, and I went to the point where I imagined I saw the body lying, determined to descend at all hazards.

At this moment we were joined by some fishermen, who told us that to descend *there* was impossible, but that there was another path by which some of them could get down with their bare feet and poles; but that no *senhor* could go down. I, having seen the spot, was of their opinion, so I sent them down directing the signal to be given of taking off the hat if they found him dead. They took about half an hour to descend; and below the path, at the very spot I suspected, they took off their hats. I could not, however, see the body, and at this moment they began to make signals, which I interpreted to be that he was wounded. Having some brandy in my pocket, I resolved to descend with it, after giving strict orders for no one to follow me.

A peasant led the way: (they wear no shoes and their feet are like hands). I took off my shoes, and after getting down about fifty yards, I looked up and saw a favourite soldier of mine close above me, and an intimate friend of Ramus, the assistant-surgeon Alcock, (a nice young fellow) following. I ordered the soldier to halt; but his answer of "I'll follow your honour to death, Captain"—made me silent. I tried military authority with young Alcock, as I saw he was much excited; but no, his professional services were, he thought, required, and follow he would. Every moment expecting he would roll down, I clasped my toes and fingers close to the precipice, that he might fall without sweeping me with him: such is selfish nature! Two or three times I determined to return, but the soldier's speech forced me on. We reached the bottom in about half an hour, and, believe me, I returned thanks.

I proceeded along the rocky beach, and there found poor Ramus lying on a rock, in a sleeping position, with all his clothes torn, and a dreadful gash in his head; his body all broken; but with an expression of countenance indicating he had suffered no pain. I was astonished to see him without his shoes; but in ascending a sharp rock I found them, with the marks where his heels had caught as he tumbled backwards head foremost. Finding that our descent had been useless, I told those who had come down that I would not allow them to risk their lives in ascending, and sent off a peasant to get a boat: but he failed both in this and in getting ropes to pull us up. Self again stepped in, and as senior I led the way; one great reason being that no one could tumble back on me! I reached the top—hands torn and feet bruised; and to my joy young Alcock made his appearance, but so faint that I was obliged to supply him liberally with my brandy.

After some hours the body was got up by the peasantry. I carried it into the town. He was buried in a battery, with military honours. This over, we played a merry march home.

Again another scene: I cannot go to bed. By chance I was tempted to go into the hospital, and have got another lesson on the benefit of having a good conscience, and the shocking effects of crime. I have been listening to the dying confession of a murderer; the murderer of a poor girl in November last. The scene was awful. They have taken down the confession, and I suppose it will be sent in regular form to England. I shall now stop, and not go into particulars, as you must be tired.

But you may ask what sort of voyage had I from *Belleisle?* The fleet could not sail till my return with some stores from *Nantes.* The moment I arrived we set sail, on the 10th of February. For the first seven days, we had a fair wind, and were all in great hopes of a quick voyage; but a tremendous swell got up, such as I even could not believe, and severe squalls, with such pitching and rolling, that the very thoughts of it make me sick now, though it did not then. This continued for some days; but on the morning of the 22nd the island of Terceira made its appearance. Our landing at Angra, and the drunken scenes I described, made me glad to leave it, although this has been the cause of our being quite deprived of Portuguese society.

I have made very little progress in the language, which is caused as much by having no time as by having no opportunity. The bugle sounds for drill at daybreak; it is ten o'clock before drill and breakfast are finished; we have then to arrange for the men's dinners, and see barracks,—that makes it two o'clock before all is done; we then fall in for drill at three; get to dinner at six; and by nine o'clock we are all in our rooms, not able to keep our eyes open. I speak for myself, as I do not take it coolly.

I have got my fellows in such trim order, that I was sent with them as a guard of honor to *Count Villa Flor*, who was no less astonished than I was gratified. They would have done credit to any regiment in the British service. He flattered me a good deal; but blame and praise are now alike to me, when I know I have done right. He saw us at Angra as a riotous rabble, and I am glad our review to-day was such as not to disgrace England: we were few, but so much the better,—the more honour.

I have got an invitation to be present at a grand review and ball that the Emperor gives this evening in honor of the Queen's birthday, but regimental duty prevents me. I am sorry for it, but I suppose my next chance will be better.

I forgot to tell you what, I suppose, you have suspected, that Sir John Milley Doyle has been humbugging himself *at least.* I never allow it to be a subject of conversation that I was engaged in the business with him; not that I am ashamed of it, but I keep well wrapt up within myself; which can only be done by being particularly interested in some particular object; and that object with me is the regiment.

What is James about? I wish I heard from him. I sometimes think how useful the practice here would be for him, and the great opportunities a fellow of his activity would have of shewing what he was made of. As to remuneration I know nothing: but even as an amateur, I do not think he would be spending more than at home. As to getting him appointed an assistant-surgeon, with allowance, I am sure neither the Admiral nor Colonel would break a promise to serve him; but I flatter myself that a request of mine would be granted if possible. If that cannot be done, he has me always at hand; but his mind must be made up instanter, as the 10th of May won't find us here. I do not advise; every thing has its disagreeables and difficulties. But if *he* does not think of coming, do not, out of kindness, send any other, as I cannot afford to answer for other people.

LETTER VII.

Terceira, Villa da Praia, 10*th May,* 1832.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

Dear Patrick,

I do not know why I have not addressed a letter to you, but I believe it was from the certainty I felt that you would have a perusal of all my letters. I never allow my mind to think on the kindness of all of you to me; indeed it makes me feel and act like a child, while harshness puts me on my mettle. You know how complete a stranger I entered into this matter, and certainly with fewer letters than any one. I confess I feel highly proud of what has occurred to me, because I think I have earned it without having even expressed a wish. I am to be detached from the battalion with my company, to go on board the Admiral's ship, at the particular request of himself and the Emperor. I certainly have got a splendid company: so, after all, I find myself the Commander of the King's Body Guard! I have all my baggage packed, and only want the appearance of the Admiral in the offing, to march for Angra and embark. I leave the rest of the regiment here, who will sail with the fleet direct to Portugal, I should think, about the end of the month.

Taking every thing into consideration, I have been very happy since I joined this expedition. I make it a point not to think what to-morrow may produce, and to amuse myself by *seeing* what comes next. It is a capital receipt for happiness.

This is a horrid place, although we have oranges, lemons, and figs. The climate is not so good as that of England. The people are dirty, every one itched, and superstitious to an incredible degree; and not fond of the English.

Nothing like a lady is to be seen; so we amuse ourselves with the nuns, who keep open house when it is dark, but are quite correct during the day. We have astonished them by our band, and four of us danced a Scotch reel in the *Parloir*. Such doings were never heard of. They are very ugly, dirty, and slipshod; and spit about abominably.

I go among the *people* more than the others. My plan is, to get a lot of farthings, give them to the weans, and then all is right. I got an invitation to the feast and ball of the Holy Ghost! Away I went. On entering, I found a lot of ruffian-looking peasants, and women, on their knees, before a type of the Holy Ghost, at prayers. When these were over, a dance began, to the sound of the guitar. The men eyed me rather queerly; however, I resolved to see it out, and said I would give drink to the party. I went home and brought two bottles of gin, put my pistol in my pocket, and then danced with it knocking against my legs,—having the fear of a knife before me all the while. The peasants here use knives as we do fists; my pistol is therefore always with me. They are a most demoralised race in all points of view, and I shall not be sorry to be off.

As to political news, I can give you none. The transports are daily arriving, and I believe as soon as the flat-bottomed boats for landing are ready, the whole expedition (about ten or twelve thousand,) will sail for Portugal from St. Michael's, where they are all assembling. I have seen a great many of the troops, and can only say that, if Don Miguel's are only half as good, they must be excellent: I only speak of outward appearance and drill. We are between four or five hundred strong; as smart a set of looking fellows as you would wish to see, and the officers really a fair average of any corps in the British army. We are capitally equipped, and a private has two pounds five shillings a month, as yet regularly paid. I am the only Scotchman in the expedition, with the exception of a private from Campbleton. The wine is so cheap that we have been obliged to flog a good deal, but I hope that is over.

21st May.

The weather has been so boisterous that the plans have been altered. It was only yesterday we had communication, so I have again got orders to embark on board the Tyrian, to be conveyed to Fayal, where the Admiral is refitting, to be ready for Don Miguel's small fleet, which is now at sea. The Emperor does not go with the fighting ship; so we shall have more room on board; and now I am certain, if any fighting does take place, I shall have it both by sea and land.

I am very anxious to see a sea-fight. The celebrated Captain Crosbie, Lord Cochrane's right-hand man, is to command the landing of the sailors; and I know he will, the moment we jump on shore, leave my company to myself: he is a great friend of mine. The regiment is attached to the second division of the liberating army. After we are on board, the Admiral will cover the landing. I suppose I shall join them; but my great ambition is to be detached with Crosbie, as he will make work wherever he goes. I should like to tack my name to his, rather than * * * * * * * * * *.

At a dinner where all the chief Portuguese were present, I got up and said I was the only Scotchman there, and that I would have kept my own secret, were I not convinced that Scotland had now resolved to free herself from a more tyrannical aristocracy than ever followed Don Miguel: I spoke feelingly, and therefore, perhaps, well.

I shall write when I can. Do not be anxious about me. I am happy; and come what may, do not regret me. Kindest and warmest love to all.

&c. &c.

LETTER VIII.

On board the Rainha da Portugal, 3d June, 1832.

To Mrs. Shaw.

My dear Mother,

Here I am at last, a jolly marine, on board the Admiral's ship, with my nice company. Nothing now can put me out of sorts. I believe I am easily contented, and I find that almost every one behaves well and kindly to me. My mind is busy, my body strong; I have no heart-burnings, and I have a great object in view; I have, besides, a desire to shame those who did me injustice, and a determination to show those who stuck by me in good and bad report that I am not unworthy of their support. Do not think that my mind is not at rest on the old subject. Little did I imagine that I should have reason to bless my folly and imprudence: but so it is. If I had never seen what I have seen, I never should be the happy and contented person I am. I feel prepared for the worst, and always grateful when I escape. The only point on which I feel anxious, is, lest any thing may happen to those to whom I am attached: —I mean all of you at home. I have written often; but I now fear that many of my letters have never reached you. I got the bundle of newspapers, &c. by Mr. King, on one of which I found written, " Newspapers for Charles." I cannot tell you how I felt these few words.

I suppose you wish to know where I am, and what I have been doing. After passing some weary weeks at Praia, I got an order to proceed with my company on board this ship, the Admiral's. The regiment marched into Angra in a manner that would have done credit to any British regiment. The town was crowded with Portuguese, one regiment being composed of 550 officers, all dressed in scarlet. They are a motley crew, and put me in mind of the Coylton Volunteers: scarlet only does for Englishmen.

I was invited to take up my quarters in the house of the richest man in the island; which I most gladly did. He gave us a splendid dinner; and if all rich Portuguese live as he does, I think we have the prospect of living well. I slept there only one night, as my company were ordered on board a transport for Fayal. I marched them through the crowded town in grand style to the pier: they leapt on board the boats, the rest of the regiment giving them three cheers, which they returned. An English cheer is quite different from a Portuguese one; the latter do not understand it.

I had a very pleasant voyage, passing St. George's, and coming in sight of the celebrated Pico, a conical mountain, about 8000 feet high. There was a little snow to be seen on the summit. I landed at Fayal, and attended a splendid ball given by the American Consul. The situation and the views round this town are beautiful; fully realising all the ideas of orange groves, which I had formed as a boy.

I started on a donkey, with three midshipmen, to make an excursion to the celebrated cauldron, or crater. I find I am as great a boy as the youngest, and laughed most heartily at the falls we got in scrambling up the mountains. On arriving at the highest point of land, we were astonished at finding a bowl, about a mile in diameter, and one mile deep, with a beautiful clear lake at the bottom, having in the middle a high cone, but hollow in the centre. It is the most extraordinary sight possible. Nothing can give you an idea of the rich verdure and vegetation in these islands. Were they in the hands of Englishmen, they would be superior to the descriptions of Paradise; but the people here are idle and demoralised, as every thing grows too easily.

After being at Fayal for five days, we sailed for St. Michael's; our passage was as through a freshwater lake. I have been on shore, but not out of town. The place is all crowded with troops. I do not like the shore; all the discontented and black sheep congregate there; I mean our own countrymen. I associate with none, and am contented with those I have on board. I not only continue on terms of friendship with Captain Crosbie, but we are getting more intimate every day. He is very quiet, but likes fun. It is wonderful how well we all pull together.

You may probably see something in the papers about our battalion being on bad terms. One man behaved ill, and I think he has talent enough to make a story; but it will be a story not founded on fact. It is possible he may try to bring in my name; but the old rule, of never saying in secret what I would not repeat in public keeps me at ease in every respect. I somehow think I am becoming a better man, from always trying to shew a good example.

I dare not speak of what is going on in the political world. I am at present madly in favour of liberty. Two days ago we heard the Wellingtons were in power; we all spoke out. Many fellows feel and think as I do; so you may suppose how delighted we were to find, on boarding a schooner yesterday, that our prophecies with regard to England had been correct. It is not only down with Miguel, but it is now down with Ferdinand.

We are here about fifty sail, and the troops embark on the 10th, and sail for Portugal. As to personal comforts and contentedness of mind, no one in the fleet can be better off than I am. I have a good cabin, a good ship, and a company left entirely to myself, which I know won't disgrace me; moreover, we are certain of seeing what is going on.

22d June.

The day I finished the former part of this letter an embargo was put on, and the day after I went on board the old Edward to breakfast; when a severe gale came on, and drove the whole fleet out to sea, where I was separated for a week from the frigate, which picked me up at sea, and we came to anchor again on the 19th; and this day the troops are busy embarking, there being already upwards of 3000 on board. I suppose the remaining 5000 will be on board by the 24th, and then we shall sail direct for Portugal, and this letter will depart for England. I am in high glee at the prospect: I think we shall be successful.

On the 7th we had a review of the army, and they look fit for work. The Emperor was very complimentary to our battalion. My company was the last to march past; there were a great many English on the ground, and I heard the frequent remark, "Aye, these are smart fellows." You see my weakness, but do not laugh; I hope to use the young fellows as an honourable stepping-stone before some weeks are over.

Do write, and be bold, and address to Lisbon
Again, kind love to all. &c. &c.

LETTER IX.

St. Michael's, Delgada.
On board the Rainha de Portugal, 22nd June, 1832.

Captain Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq. 16, Woburn Place,
Russell Square.

DEAR GEORGE,

THE troops are now embarking, and we shall sail without delay. The crisis approaches, and I am happy, because I have hopes of having an opportunity of acting in a manner of which my friends will not be ashamed. Something in my own mind tells me this will not be my last letter; but, if it be, I shall only be sorry on account of the pain it may give to those who are so dear to me, and of whose kindness to me I cannot think without being overpowered. God knows I am grateful, thankful, happy, contented, and not troubled in my conscience in any way; therefore do not regret me. I came naked into the world, and, I suppose, I shall go naked enough out of it; as liberty hunting, I should think, is not a money-making trade. I assure you it is a comfort to have no will to make: only let my mother and sisters never part with my plate or snuff-box; and a small seal which opens, with B. and J.'s hair, keep yourself. The love I have for you all is greater than I ever showed or could show; and I am sure you will be glad to hear how completely I am in my element, no matter what occurs.

I have no news to give you. There have been some disagreeable squabbles in the battalion, but I have nothing to do with them. I am now senior captain, and I suppose I shall, before long, be a major. The embarked army will be about 9,000, and the fleet about fifty sail; so we shall make a good appearance. I suppose my company will land with the sailors, and keep the whole coast ont the alert. Depend on it we shall make a dash.

You may imagine my astonishment, when a French officer of the French battalion told me an Englishman had deserted that day from them, to find it was—.Some queer hands have come out, certain of being admitted into our battalion; but they are all disappointed. I am prudishly particular, and no favourite among *the* crew.

Best love to all, &c.

LETTER X.

In the Rainha da Portugal, 30th June, 1832.

To J. B.——e, Esq.

DEAR B——E,

I FIND the packet does not come along side for an hour; I therefore seize the opportunity of telling you we are bringing up the rear of the fleet of forty-two sail, with a fine breeze. We hope to be on shore in less than a week. I am on board the Admiral's ship, commanding as fine a set of fellows as are to be seen anywhere.

Yesterday I commanded the Emperor's body-guard, which I always do when he comes on board. He is an active fine fellow, and quite different from the accounts I had heard of him.

Sir Thomas Troubridge was at dinner. He commands the Stag frigate, which is now in company with us. We have upwards of 8,000 troops on board, as well equipped as any I have seen in Europe. Depend upon it, the red and blue jackets will not disgrace themselves. I am resolved to be a major, but I wish nothing without work; and by all accounts we are certain of that; and, if so, I shall not be contented with a major's rank.

Thank the Edinburgh people for making me a friend of liberty, or rather an enemy of oppression.

We were like madmen when we heard of Earl Grey being turned out. I prophesied the Scottish people would put him *in*, and now I am not ashamed of confessing myself a Scotchman, as I know Scotland will show a proper example, *now* that she knows what she is entitled to. But perhaps you think otherwise: never mind, we shall see who is right.

LETTER XI.

Oporto, Convent of St. Lazarus, 21st July, 1832.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

WHO will sympathise more heartily with me than yourself, when I tell you that the great aim of my ambition, and the great object of my coming out here, has been accomplished, and that entirely by my own exertions?

I think I wrote to you on the 27th of June, the day we left St. Michael's. We had most favourable weather, and nothing could be more splendid than our fleet, sailing quietly under a press of sail, with the bands of the different regiments playing, and the troops amusing themselves by singing national airs. On Sunday the 8th, we approached the shore about fifteen miles to the north of this; and I then found the Admiral was anxious to keep me and my company on board as marines, and that, at all events, I should be the last landed. This annoyed me exceedingly; but as I found that the boats would quit the ship empty, in order to go to the others to receive the Portuguese, I saw my remedy, and quietly warned my fellows to be on the alert.

The moment the boat was hoisted out they all leapt in. There was no help for it; but push to the shore they must; and the boat with the Colonel from *his* transport and mine had a severe pull for the shore, each desirous to be the first to land. He beat me by two minutes; but the first command given on the shores of Portugal was—"Captain Shaw, lead and get possession of that house about a mile off." I double-quicked the company along the beach, in view of the whole fleet, and, in the course of an hour, seized a commanding position, on the top of which I made my bow to my good friends on board the Admiral's ship, who, I knew, would be looking at me with their glasses.

I then advanced, only seeing a few cavalry; and made the best of my way to a church which I saw at a distance, being followed closely by the Colonel with the regiment. We halted there about eight o'clock. At twelve o'clock, my sentries challenged a body of men on foot: this was the Emperor and Count Villa Flor, trudging along, not a little astonished, and rather displeased, to find the British battalion so far in advance of their own troops. We then fell in, and marched in the rear of the army, through a beautiful country and under a scorching sun. We arrived in this splendidly situated town about three in the afternoon, and were received with vivas, and pelted with flowers by the ladies from the windows.

We immediately marched into this convent, and there curious scenes commenced. The friars were taken so much by surprise that they had only time to save themselves, leaving their rooms as usual. Of course we took possession. My room was well filled with fruit, sugar, sweetmeats: in short, everything. The Colonel volunteered this evening to storm the bridge with the British and French battalions; but his request was not granted. The next day I amused myself by looking at the skirmishing and attack of the opposite side: in the evening the troops took possession of the bridge. We had been completely losing our time here till the morning of the 16th, when so many reports came about the movements of the enemy, that the Colonel volunteered to find out where they were.

This morning, seventy men were sent on board the frigates with the Major, leaving the Colonel in command of a brigade, and me in command of the British battalion. We started for Valongo on the Penafiel road. While marching at the head of the regiment, expecting every moment to be engaged, I never for a moment forgot it was the 17th of July—hoping it might be *my* day as it was that of poor John. I felt in an extraordinary state—knowing that you were that moment thinking of him and me, and that I was full of you and him. I experienced a sort of horrid pleasure, or rather, grim resolution, when, with my teeth clenched, I called out, by order, "Attention!—No quarter to officers or guerillas; but save the soldiers if they throw down their arms."

We followed close on the enemy that night, and next day came back to Valongo through a scorching sun. Hearing the enemy was at Penafiel, after taking an hour's rest we started at eleven o'clock, and towards morning got near them about three miles from Penafiel. A few straggling shots began. All were now on the alert, expecting every moment to be shot from the gardens. As we hurried on I saw a fine handsome guerilla lying bleeding on the road, exactly in the position of the dying gladiator. I called out—"Recollect, men, there is no time,—you will get no mercy; let him alone;" and there the wretched creature was passed by and left, by nearly five hundred human beings of the same species, in the broiling sun, gasping! Such is war.

The firing now became sharp; and a pretty sight it was, as you saw the smoke ascending through the groves at the foot of the hills where Penafiel is situated. The heights were crowded with troops, while more in advance were the guerillas and the friars scattered among them. I was ordered to take possession of a commanding hill, and that with all possible speed. I can scarcely bear to think of it: the heat was dreadful; and we knew there was no water at the top. I was in front, calling out—"On! men,—recollect you are Englishmen, and the country for miles round is looking on." They followed me: they had no knapsacks. I got to the top with a few; there I halted for a few minutes, and in that short time eleven of the strongest grenadiers became mad—reeled—and, asking for the enemy, dropped dead!

I was shocked; but an order came for me to take a convent on the opposite hill. The call from the men was—"Oh! Captain Shaw, give us a moment to breathe!" "I cannot, my good fellows; but let those only advance who like it." The poor fellows followed: I did not look back, but they saw I suffered like themselves. I went down the hill, pushed through the groves, fired into the windows of the convent, and rushed in. In the passage I found a Portuguese going to bayonet a wretched old friar. He clung to me for protection; I like a madman hallooed out—"*Agua, agua! vinho, vinho!*" and dragged him along. In a minute he had me in the cellar, followed by many others. I took the spout out of a pipe and gulped a large bowl of wine. This did not cool the burning in my side: I kept hallooing—"*Agua, agua,*" and then dropt down on the floor almost insensible. I recovered in about an hour; but what a scene was round me! the other parts of the division had reached the convent; the friars' rooms were broken open with the muskets; the soldiers loaded themselves with every valuable. I felt gratified by the number of things offered to me by my fellows.

This convent of *Bostello* is, or rather was, one of the richest in Portugal; one near it was burned by the Portuguese. You will *hear* that I shot forty-five of the friars: the truth is that I protected the only one in the convent—who, the moment I left him, was taken into the garden and shot by some of his countrymen. They are a horrid crew; but never suppose I shall allow an unarmed man to be butchered.

We left this spot in the evening, and passed our poor comrades, now totally disfigured by the sun. We halted two hours in Penafiel; but, hearing that a column was going to cut us off, we had to push back here, where we arrived at twelve o'clock on the night of the 19th; every officer knocked up. As for myself, though I had suffered extra fatigue from having the command, and had not crossed the back of one of the many horses my men brought to me, yet I felt both fresh and hungry.

Count Villa Flor met us at the head of the town, and said many complimentary things. I suppose the Colonel's despatch will reach the English newspapers. If so, keep a copy for my sake, and always recollect that I am *now* happy; but indulge me with the only revenge I am capable of, by sending a copy of it to Sir —— ———.

I will not teaze you with public news. My private thoughts turn often homewards. My heart and soul are always with you. It is this which keeps me up, in this extraordinary and varied scene. Do not fear for me: I have the power of doing good, and depend upon my doing it. But why do you not write? &c. &c.

LETTER XII.

Oporto, Convent of St. Lazarus, 29th July, 1832.
To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

My dear Mother,

I think I wrote to you on the 20th, giving an account of our action at Penafiel, and hoping that an opportunity would soon occur when I might do something to give a little satisfaction to you. Little did I think we were so near it.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning we fell in and took the road towards Valongo. We came on the heights above that village, and on the opposite side saw the enemy in great force in position. We immediately advanced to attack him, and then the sight became very interesting. Near was to be seen the smart skirmishing with musketry; and the moment a small body made their appearance, the artillery began to play on them. The day was beautiful; not a breath of wind, and the smoke remained steady — calling our attention to the post. It was like a sham fight; but the wounded who were brought to the rear proved the contrary. We drove the Miguelites before us; but, ammunition failing, we were obliged to retire. I was left in command of the regiment, and had possession of a very strong position; and was not a little annoyed when the order came to abandon it. We then formed the rear guard, and took up a position about three miles in front of Oporto, where we bivouacked for the night. We here got additional ammunition, and, at day-break, advanced. We threaded through many difficult lanes, trying to get round the enemy's right. After nine o'clock we began to ascend the heights; the enemy retiring as we approached. The heat was most overpowering: the French battalion dropping by it, as ours had done at Penafiel. We crossed one line of mountains, from the top of which we saw the whole army skirmishing, supported by artillery. Having crossed a rivulet, we entered a wood, having a river about two miles in front of us with a village on its banks; above this was a bare hill something in the shape of Blackford Hill. We no sooner showed our brigade (about two thousand), than this hill was covered with cavalry, artillery, and columns of infantry. The first view certainly made one feel queerish; but the second thought was, what a fine thing to take that hill in sight of both armies. We were ordered to advance to skirmish, while I received directions to force the village, and clear the hill with my own men and the French *Voltigeurs.*

The firing was most heavy; but to give you an idea of our young fellows,—the balls, as they whistled through the hedges, made numbers of them bow their heads. I immediately called out, "Holloa! why the d——l are you so polite as to bow to these Miguelites!"—The joke took, and they rushed on, like lions, calling out to any one who bobbed, "No politeness." I was obliged to lead, hallooing out—"Forward!" "*en avant!*" "*vamos!*"

The Miguelites fought well, but all would not do; we stormed the village and drove them up the hill; though they made a good stand. At last we got on the level of the top with them, which was covered with little rocks. I must confess the truth and say, that I was thinking all the time, how gratified you would be to hear that I got up, almost alone, with some red coats who were seen for miles around. Still there were twenty fellows who would not retreat: they were under the command of a poor-looking wretch, who had two close shots at me. However, we put them all to flight; but my friend, Captain Staunton, in his great zeal, followed them out of the woods in the plain. I saw the danger, but could not help it, as they were charged by cavalry. It was a splendid but most nervous sight. Our fellows took fairly to their heels, making for a wall which they reached, and, turning round, made about fifteen bite the ground. We then took up our position here; the Portuguese troops coming up and filling the ground we had cut out for them. If the centre and right of the army had advanced at this time, we should have had a splendid victory; but, having about seven thousand opposed to our division of two thousand, we were, after a short time, obliged to retire across the river; taking care to bring away the wounded on muskets.

George may recollect a young fellow, Boulger. I found him lying mortally wounded. But the most melancholy object to me was a gallant young volunteer, of the name of Burgess, who had joined that morning. He was shot through the knee, and begged me to take him to a house to die quietly; but as I was turning him over to take off his ammunition, to make him lighter to carry, a shot hit him in the body, and finished him.

When we got reinforcements, we again advanced and drove the enemy off. We found they had cut our dead in a horrid manner: they are savages.

We bivouacked on the ground all night, and next morning joined the rear guard with the French, and marched into Oporto. There were many compliments paid to *us;* as the story was that the army had been defeated, but that we carried the day at the very last. As for me, I was well off,—having only received a spent ball on the calf of my leg, and a shot through my coat. The firing was so heavy that we were all touched in one way or another.

The monks are greatly against us; the other night they burnt a convent full of troops; but luckily only three were killed. We expect the same thing every night.

This is a confused letter which I have written in noise and trouble; but it will prove to you that I am neither killed nor wounded, as report says. You will see all when the despatches arrive. Do not be anxious about me: only think I am happy; and that the road to honour, not to wealth, is open to me.

LETTER XIII.

Oporto, 3rd August, 1832.

To George Joseph Bell, Esq., Professor of Law in the University of Edinburgh.

DEAR MR. BELL,

I DARE say you have some curiosity to know how the cause of liberty is prospering in this country since we first landed.

You cannot conceive any thing more favourable or more delightful than our voyage from Saint Michael's to the coast, though attended with the extraordinary fact of our not meeting with ships of any sort.

You are aware I was on board the Admiral's ship in command of the Marines. I had there an opportunity of hearing and seeing what was going on; and so little system had we, that I am persuaded no plan had been made as to landing until we reached the coast. In short, we trusted to Providence, who has really done a good deal for us.

The papers mention a great body of cavalry. This is stuff: there were not more than fifteen, and they retreated when I sent three skirmishers to *bother* them. We then took up a position on some high rocks in front of a wood, until joined by the remainder of the regiment. We remained there until about 4,000 of the troops had landed; and I was ordered to feel my way through thick brushwood with my company, towards a village. I cannot tell you how interesting this was. We knew there were some troops there, and I advanced silently, and placed my sentries—giving them particular orders not to fire till sure of their mark. In a short time, I saw one presenting, and trying to get a good aim. I ran up to him, when he told me he had seen a glazed hat creeping and peeping up every now and then within twenty yards of us. We were up to our middle in brushwood; he pointed to the spot. I rushed forward with my drawn sabre, and in a moment had my enemy by the throat. This enemy turned out to be a poor devil of a peasant woman, with a large shining comb, which the sentry thought, from the glancing, had been a soldier's cap. She was in a sad plight from terror; but, as for me, I forgot all silence, and roared and laughed until I was nearly unable to stand. This was my first trophy. We then advanced rapidly,* * * *, &c.*

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* The greater part of this letter is omitted; as it does but repeat the details of the action contained in a previous letter.

After being refreshed, I made the tour of this splendidly rich convent, while the 18th Portuguese regiment had set fire to another in the valley. Every room was sacked. The most splendid offers of money were made to me by the only remaining stupefied old friar, to get the Portuguese battalion out. I could not do it; so your humble servant was perhaps the only one that left the convent as he entered it.

I thought of you when I saw the splendid library destroyed; magnificent clocks, and philosophical instruments. When I tried to stop the volunteers (sons of gentlemen who had been driven from the country by these friars), I could not; as their only answer was, "It is our money they have been spending."

I have had many gratifying compliments paid to me. My luck has been great in commanding the British in two actions. I hear I am to be promoted, and, with others, to receive a decoration. I believe I am handsomely mentioned in two despatches. I am resolved, *coute qui coute*, to make a name, if opportunity occur.

LETTER XIV.

Oporto, August 20th, 1832.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.
Woburn Place, Russell Square, London.

My dear George,

I fear you may all think I am insensible to the feelings of my mother, because I have not written for some time; but if you knew all, I am sure you would not blame me.

You are aware I have the command of the battalion, which, of itself, is sufficient employment for any man in peace-time; but here, while our complement of officers is very small, and few of these are acquainted with the service, it is a more laborious task than can be imagined.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

September 16*th*, 1832.

A column advancing upon us was the cause of the alteration of dates. I see that in the beginning of my letter I complain of work; but since that time it has been greatly increased, and I am almost every day under fire. Three days ago I was seventeen hours out of the forty-eight under a sharp fire, behind a stone in the middle of a field, which stone was just sufficient to cover my head. I am afraid some of my stories may look like travellers' tales; but I state the affair exactly as it occurred. The duty on the men and officers has been so great for a month, that I was obliged to apply to the General to give them three days' rest; which was readily granted, on condition that *I* was answerable for the preservation of the post.

Our support picquet is in a hollow in front of and below all the batteries. In front of us is a hill,

—the *Lugar das Antas*, which is a post of consequence, and where I always have a picquet. This picquet, which is in sight of the whole town, had been relieved by some Caçadores, and I had just told my men they were to have three days' rest, when a sharp firing on the hill above commenced. I took my bugler and ran up to the summit, and found the Caçadores just beginning to give way. I stopped them, made them advance, and placed them well behind stones, taking two of them in front to stop a narrow road leading from a large, handsome house. This was about ten in the morning. I lay down with the fellows. You know I am a tolerable shot; all around there was popping, but the road was my point. There first advanced a little officer, calling out on his men to follow. I did not shoot at him, but at the men behind him, which had the effect of making them recoil. The two Caçadores kept loading for me; which was a work of danger, as one of them let off his ramrod, grazing my cap. This continued for two hours, and was stopped for a time by the officer being hit. However, they entered the adjacent house, the windows of which were opened, and there began to pepper us most confoundedly. While lying on my face, the men made a regular run away to the left, to join some other picquets under shelter of the batteries. At the agreed sign of my holding up my cap, the batteries began to fire at the house, and soon forced the fellows away. I advanced quickly to resume my position, when I found at my heels about 300 Oporto volunteers. There was no stopping their advance; so after we had hunted the Miguelites a good deal to the rear,—I sounded the retreat, to which they had no inclination to attend. But a drunken Frenchman having nearly lost thirty of them, made them more attentive; and I got them away to their picquets, and retired to my own. This was about four o'clock. The enemy then advanced in great numbers, and about six o'clock got possession of the house and gardens, and kept them. They did not get me away; but at this critical moment, Colonel Hodges came up with some Portuguese, and called out, "Shaw, chassez the scoundrels." We drove the enemy into a wood on the hill opposite to us, and you can imagine nothing finer than the effect of the bright flashes of their musketry as it got dark. I sounded "Cease firing," and the Miguelites attended to the order. Next morning my grenadiers came on picquet, when I determined that the *guerillas* should burn the house which annoyed us. I sent a few volunteers for this infernal business, and they lighted a fire in the upper story, and retired. The enemy then advanced; and put the fire out, but were obliged to retire by our artillery. I took thirty men—guarded the doors—ran in and looked for the stable-loft—found plenty of straw; and in a moment the Major was seen running with two immense bundles of straw on his back, followed by his French servant with a lighted candle. I hallooed out, "Where is the bottom of the stair?"—"Here, Sir"—"Bring chairs and tables." In a moment they were there, when a blaze arose that would have pleased Don Diable himself. I had to do the same to another house; but recollect it was not I but the *guerillas* did it.

The Morning Post will have an article headed "Most atrocious conduct." This is very shocking work, when you think of it in cold blood; but the excitement and the absolute necessity is great. To me, who command the battalion, the responsibility, I feel, is tremendous; I therefore consider it my bounden duty to protect the lives of my men as far as possible: and I would much rather set fire to the most splendid building, than put my name of approval to a court-martial sentencing 300 lashes;—which, I am sorry to say, often occurs. I can on service get no cure for flogging.

This picquet duty occurs daily to me; but I can visit my sentries with perfect safety, and I contrive with a good glass to see those of the enemy, and always manage to keep a tree between them and me. These distant single shots are not very dangerous, but the melancholy whiz they give in passing you is disagreeable. Those in front are not more in danger than those in the rear. As an instance,—they treated me with a round shot while alone on the top of the hill; it passed me, and alighted among a group of officers, who had no idea they were within shot.

My quarter is most interesting, commanding a view of the enemy's position; and the moment a group of them appears, they are dispersed by the batteries above my head. Yesterday, at this hour, I sent notice to the Colonel that I saw a working party in the wood; and within these few moments have told him I expect a mortar battery to open upon us from that spot. I have no doubt that, before I finish this, the paper will be dusted, from the shaking of this old house by our own batteries right above, or the explosion of the enemy's shells.

Best and kindest love to all.

&c. &c.

LETTER XV.

Oporto, 3d September, 1832.

To G—. H———, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE keen interest you take in the affairs of Portugal makes me anxious to give you whatever information I can on the situation of that country. I would have done so sooner, had not my time been so completely occupied for this last month by real hard work, that I have scarcely been able to take off my clothes for eighteen or nineteen days. But I flatter myself that neither the cause nor I have suffered from my labours; as we have now put the town in such a state of defence, that an enemy must have at least 30,000 men before he would think of attacking it; and if the garrison allowed themselves to be beaten by so imposing a force, they would deserve the worst treatment that Don Miguel could in his revenge invent.

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This letter is written under many interruptions, and great changes have occurred, much to our advantage, since I began it. Indeed, taking every thing into account, I think we are already more than half victorious.

Again I begin. Many are the changes, and all in our favour, since I wrote the last sentence. When I commenced this, nothing was done to Villa Nova; but we now are so active in fortifying the Serra Convent, by the advice of Colonel Hare, that I am glad to be able to say that we have successfully resisted the repeated attacks of the enemy—attacks conducted with science and bravery. Their loss must have been great.

Above the town the enemy have erected mortar batteries, from which they throw their shells into Oporto with great precision. I cannot move to see them, as I have had my own hands full. We have had sharp and ugly attacks on my posts, which have a Portuguese and English picquet alternately.

About a week since, the 12th Caçadores relieved our fellows; as soon as the English went off, the enemy attacked. I instantly went up with my bugler, (the only red coat we had,) at nine in the morning; we had sharp work till eight at night, losing and regaining our post two or three times, till I gave them a regular *chassé* as a finish before dark. I was obliged to take a firelock in my hand, and had my eyes dusted for two hours. Every day I have the same story, and generally treat them with a run at night. The hill is completely covered with balls. I keep my men always under cover; but the moment an officer appears he has a volley. As I often say, "The Lord forgive me;" but I positively like the sport. It is just the same excitement as trying to nick a roebuck or wild black-cock. The Miguelite officers behave very well.

Don't tell; but the *guerillas* have been burning some splendid houses. It was quite impossible to preserve them; but if it come to the ears of the public that your humble servant was seen running with a bundle of straw on his back, I am afraid it will not be believed that the guerillas are the incendiaries. I make *them* cover a multitude of sins.

The weather is beautiful, and the grapes in the vineyards admirable. I suppose you know I am now Major of the regiment. As the cards are now in my hand, I will make them show me in some way or other in the papers: my true friends stuck to me so closely, I must do it to please them.

LETTER XVI.

Oporto, 5 September, 1832.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq.
Advocate, Edinburgh.

MY DEAR PATRICK,

I GOT your very comfortable and, I must say, at the same time flattering letter of 25th August, two days ago. All the old romantic boyish feelings with regard to liberty are now in full force with me. My own situation as commanding officer of a set of unruly determined dogs, brings all the feelings of the human mind into daily play; and the certainty of being hourly exposed to shot (consequently, to death) in some measure keeps the whole inward man in an exalted state, but still as ready to be merry and childish as to be serious and religious: it is a curious mixture, but still a mixture in which I absolutely delight.

I suppose you know I am now Major of the regiment. The promotion was given to me in a very flattering manner; and I tell you *privately*, that to-morrow or next day I am to have the new decoration of the Tower and Sword; but what titles are attached to it is more than I know. All this is gratifying; but believe me, "*I* value it only as I think it must give pleasure to my mother, sisters, and friends. I feel myself more modest every day, and am inclined to say, "What a shame to make so much work about little."

The life which I have led for more than three weeks has been a strange one. Neither bed nor sleep; and how I stand it astonishes me as well as other people. But my appetite never fails; and I believe that is the only reason which makes me a solitary exception to the sick list.

The dangerous part of the position is intrusted to the division of Colonel Hodges. The right of it he has intrusted to the French battalion under Comte St. Leger, with some Portuguese to defend the St. Cosmo road; while I, with the British battalion, some of the 18th, and volunteers, command the Valongo road, upon which all the Miguelites are encamped. On the top of the hills above this road I have my advanced posts, in a very exposed situation; and as the enemy are always close to them, and continually exchanging shots, you may suppose I am kept on the alert; as I am convinced, if an attack *is* made, it will be there.

The whole of my time is passed in visiting the different picquets, as field officer of the day; while, about three, I have to give orders, answer letters on duty, and punish misdemeanours; which makes it six before I get to dinner. Our rations are then cooked. By eight o'clock, I must again visit the picquets to see that the night sentries are properly placed; and now is the time for the *guerillas* to begin their nightly work, of trying to approach the sentries in the dark. Every night there is sharp firing, and until that ceases a *little* I never quit the picquet. This brings me on to twelve; then I try to lie down, but am either awakened by despatches from the General (wishing to know what is going on), or by soldiers sent in from the different posts to make reports. At two I must be up visiting the quarters, to see the men with their accoutrements before they turn out at daybreak. I proceed to the outposts, and remain standing by them till the day has broken. Then the thick mist comes up from the river, under cover of which the enemy may safely advance. I then double the sentries, and keep the men under arms till the heat disperses the mist,—generally about eight o'clock. I then turn into my quarters and regularly discuss, half asleep, with my servant, whether it is best to breakfast before or after taking a nap; it generally ends in the former, to make sure of it. I then lie down. By this time the *lying* reports of the night have reached the general. As my window looks into the enemy's encampments, and I have my glass always at my eye, I am without mercy awakened, sometimes to sign papers as commanding officer, whilst half asleep.

The other morning I went up to visit my picquet, consisting of twenty men. I had not been long there before a strong body of infantry and cavalry made their appearance, passing away to my left, but leaving about seventy in front of me. The large body went to make a *reconnoissance*, and, in a short time, were smartly engaged. The sounds of their bugle are the same as the British. I saw the Emperor not very far behind me, with all the big wigs, in a battery; so I took care to have my picquet placed in a very scientific way. As soon as the large body sounded the retreat, thinking the seventy fellows in front of me would take the hint to be off, I advanced; but finding they would not stir, I lay down again; but again hearing the retreat sound, followed by the double-quick, I rushed on to a wall with fifteen, gave them a volley, and sent them off helter-skelter. I was glad the manœuvre succeeded.

I got great praise for this bit of humbug; the Emperor being pleased to express his approbation.

He is one of the most active men I have ever seen; saves himself in nothing. He indeed is the life of the whole affair; as without him the Portuguese would fall asleep.

When we first came many deserted from us; which was natural enough, when one considers how many of the army were taken prisoners in the service of Don Miguel in the Azores. This has been the reason why we have been more worked than others, both to keep the enemy *out* and the deserters in. But I believe they are now all staunch. As to the enemy deserting to us, we have hardly had one; but this is owing to many reasons. The line of enemy next us is guerillas; behind them, volunteers, all attached to Don Miguel; next, the militia; and behind them, the line;—making it a difficult matter to get to us. It is said many desert in order to go to their own homes.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am worked hard; but I am contented and happy;—so much so that it is, I believe, this equanimity of mind which makes me risk things with a light heart which I should not think of under other circumstances. I shall never die a better man.

LETTER XVII.

Oporto, 18*th September*, 1832.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

My dear Mother and Sisters,

I hope this may reach you in time to save you from the agitation you would naturally feel at hearing of my death. To me, who am exposed to death hourly by night and by day, thoughts of it cause no agitation; as, if it come, I am in worldly rank tolerably high up the tree, and in a more exalted view I am contented, feeling ill will to no man. The only thing which annoys me is, that my being knocked off would cause uneasiness to you. But if I do fall, try not to regret me. I am led to these observations from thinking how sore the blow must be to the sisters (he has no mother) of my brave and gallant friend Major Staunton, the captain of my grenadiers. Poor fellow! the funeral party is now falling in under my window, to put his mortal remains near to his subaltern, Boulger.

As usual, Sunday was our fighting day. Finding it was the Sabbath, I assembled the men, and read out of my prayer book a few appropriate prayers. It was the first public worship we had performed since our disembarkation. I, alone, knew we should be employed instantly. I selected sixty men, and took the command of my old hill and picquet, having fifty Portuguese under my command, and left Staunton to keep our position, while the other brigade made a sortie of surprise.

At twelve o'clock the firing commenced. The attack succeeded, and they then went back to Oporto, while the enemy came to me, supposing truly that I was weak. I held them at bay from some houses, from two till half-past five, under a heavy fire. The windows were of infinite service to me. The enemy were quiet for a moment, but at length rushed on in tremendous force, and so smartly, that they were within ten yards of me before I got all my fellows out of the house. They then opened a most sharp fire. There were at least 1,500 to my 110, though the cut trees made us ugly customers; but trying to surround us, they made us retire, and we brought them within range of our batteries. They behaved nobly, and would not retire, though the firing was at a few yards distance; but the moment I saw Staunton coming running up the hill, at the head of his men, the advance was sounded, and then there was sharp work. He was on my right; and the last I saw of him was, his going madly bolt into the midst of the enemy. I ran down to the left as hard as I could, to get into their rear, that we might between us catch a lot. I did get a few. We chased them back quicker than we had run away. They again made a stand, and want of ammunition stopped us. I, of course, did not look back, and asked no questions; but the red-coats lying about told me enough: too much, in fact. I found poor Staunton shot through the body; a gallant fellow, Lieutenant Jenkins, badly wounded in the leg; and fifteen killed and wounded;—a large proportion out of one hundred and nine English.

LETTER XVIII.

Oporto, 23*d September*, 1832.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh.

MY DEAR PATRICK,

I FELT inclined to begin this with "My dear Mother;" but I suppose she is among you; and, whether she be or not, she may rest assured my thoughts and feelings are always with her. Indeed, my heart is divided into three parts; one part with all my dear friends: and, of the other two parts, one is in active hatred against the Miguelites, and the other in care for my regiment. It is a strange exciting life, this soldiering, expecting death every hour, and, at the same time, with a feeling that one is to escape. The idea of being killed never enters my mind; or rather I never dwell on such an idea for a second. Whenever I begin to look back on you all, I cock up my cap and say something ill-natured, or crack a joke on some soldier near me, and then I am all right.

The night before our action, as I expected to be employed in making a surprise, I wished to see if a road were passable close to the enemy's sentries. I poked through on my hands and feet, without my cap, until one of the enemy's sentries behind a wall burnt priming at me, close to my very nose. The four fellows behind me, seeing a strong picquet close at hand, let fly at him, with an oath: while I discharged the piece in my hand, with similar feelings to those I experienced, when, from behind a dyke, I fired, out of mischief, at Blackburn Johnnie's tame ducks. I found, next morning, a fellow was reported severely wounded; which I fear did not more excite me than when I have seen the tears roll out of a roebuck's eye.

This is a war like no other war; all right, serious, downright work; if you don't kill them, they will kill you. All the old prejudices, as to their being fellow-creatures, evaporates. You see to what the perpetual exposure to shot brings a man, when placed in peculiar circumstances. I cannot read a kind expression in any of your letters, nor take a child in my arms, without almost weeping. I hope, therefore, my heart is not callous. But, whenever a shot is fired, or when I see a man in the rank of a gentleman acting like a blackguard, I become hardened, and, to outward appearance, am a savage. When I knew my poor friend Staunton was mortally wounded, and I saw others about me, the adjutant came to let me know our loss, and he was weeping. He is a fine soldier; but I attacked him with, "Hold your tongue—your weeping—tell me nothing about the dead—look after the living." I could have wept myself, if the truth were known; but I, as commanding officer, felt myself personally responsible for every fine fellow who fell, and there was then no time for indulging in tears; but, when the excitement is over, all comes back with redoubled force. This I have dreadfully experienced, for this last week, since the loss of my romantic friend. I sometimes think I am a little romantically inclined myself. He was just the man for me. He kept my mind always looking towards noble objects; and, like me, he hated shabby gentlemen.

From the day I wrote to you, till last Sunday morning, the 16th, six hours have never passed without my being engaged in some way or other. I don't refer to shell or round shot-work, as that is always going on; but I refer to good, whistling, smart musket-work. The weakest part of our line is the *Lugar das Antas*, where there is always an outlying picquet, and of this spot I have the especial care, no matter what troops are on picquet. This is *my* hill, and I think I told you it can be seen from the town in safety by amateurs, and by all the troops in the batteries. With that behind me, I know it is easy to do duty.

On the morning of the 16th a sortie was agreed on, and, as I had planned one, I hoped to be employed. It was fixed for a spot more to the left; but, as I felt convinced we should come in for a little, I took advantage of the two idle hours of our first Sunday, to select a few appropriate prayers to read to the men. But I did not tell them we had a chance of being engaged. About eleven o'clock I got an order to take sixty men to the *Lugar das Antas*. About one, the sortie took place to our left, and within view. The thing was done smartly, and they returned to town about two. I then saw I was to get it; but I arranged my men in such a troublesome way for the enemy, that, till nearly five o'clock, I gave them no opportunity of forming; and, when just ready to form, I took possession of the windows of a house, which again annoyed them. They disappeared for a little, and then I was convinced a storm was gathering behind the wall, one hundred yards in front. I ordered my fellows in the house to be ready to run out when I told them. I had hardly time to say so, when upwards of 400 or 500 of the enemy came running over the road and field at full speed, in a gallant way. I thought we (thirty-six) were all taken. I hallooed to my fellows; " out of the house, run and jump behind the stones." Of course I was obliged to be the last, and, after I had run ten yards, I recollected I had forgotten a poor fellow, a sentry. I think I did not behave well to him on board ship; so a qualm of conscience came across me, and again I turned, but got such a volley about ten yards' distance, that I saw all was over with my poor sentry; but, thank God, I saw him shoved out of the house by a favourite little Portuguese boy of mine. The road by which we retired was covered on purpose with big stones, and it is wonderful how we escaped.

The enemy continued moving about in force close to us the whole forenoon; when about two o'clock, while in the house to shelter us from the sun, two Portuguese soldiers rushed in pale as death, to tell us the Miguelites were on us through the next house. The men started to their arms, and I ran into the next house with my sabre drawn, followed by a sergeant and two men. Within two or three yards behind the wall, I saw a Miguelite cockade move, then the cap. There was no time for consideration, and in a minute I found myself holding a great big fellow (a rifleman) by the throat, with my sword pointed at his neck. He had dropt his musket, but I would hold no parley with him till I had deprived him of his bayonet; when I dragged him over the wall, and pulled him through the door,—to the astonishment of our own fellows and the *Caçadores*, who were expecting the enemy. I suppose this had frightened the dogs; for they did not approach closer, but fired away, whenever our sentries were relieved, or any of us showed our faces. At night we were relieved: but since that we (or rather *I*) have had three attacks on this position. Indeed, last night was the only night I have not stood to arms. From this spot I see all the attacks from the enemy on the different parts of the town.

If we do our duty, Oporto is ours; and if we get a few more men, the cause is gained. Of this we are now certain. From the documents I have seen I know you will be glad to hear that, at all events, I am sure of the command of a battalion. It has been promised in a most flattering manner.

Our soldiers are now equal to the best British. Upon an average they are three hours out of the twenty-four under musket fire. *I* have that likewise; but I have had two shares, twenty-three out of forty-eight and seventeen out of forty-eight; with balls round and in every direction during that time.

LETTER XIX.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

My dear George,

I hope my mother got the few lines I wrote, telling her of my safety on the evening of our glorious but bloody action, Fortune, or rather say Providence, has protected me so often, and so wonderfully since I have embarked in this affair, that, if I did not humble my mind, and take serious lessons from the daily occurrences here, I should perhaps be apt to consider my protection as a right; but far from it.

You know the 29th was St. Michael's day. We were told by all the peasants that an attack would take place on that delightful saint's day. I hardly believed it, but on looking out of my window about four in the morning I saw so many lights flitting about the enemy's encampment, that I sent to visit our picquets, and word was brought that all was quiet. I lay down again, but about half past five, having the men accoutred and ready, I heard a shot a little in front, and on looking out saw all the market women running across the fields, and the picquets about a quarter of a mile on my right running in. I should tell you my quarters are in the outposts. I bundled on my clothes instantly, in the hurry forgetting my watch, but putting the gold I had in my pocket, being obliged to leave about one hundred and eighty Crusadas Novas on account of their weight; and my bible, into the cover of which, between the pasteboard, I had put twelve doubloons for safety. I arranged the men about a quarter before six, and told them I hated distant firing, and that the bayonet must be the day's work; and I practised them at the charge, and finished just as the first bullets were beginning to tumble. Seeing the enemy advancing on my right in tremendous force, I moved a company up under my own windows, sent my horse and baggage into town, and then saw every one out of the house. This was scarcely done when a heavy firing began on the spot which I had left. I doubled quick back, dropping men to line the walls along the road, and found the advanced picquets warmly engaged, whilst the heights above us were darkened with the enemy's *tirailleurs*. I asked my friend, Col. Burrell, who was for the time attached to me, and who handsomely volunteered to put himself under my orders, to take possession of the house which we made our barracks, to fill the windows, and defend it to the last, and then to retreat up the high garden,—which would put him on a level with the enemy's sharpshooters. I placed Lieutenant Vanzeller with eighteen men at the ditch and barrier, to stick there till I ordered him to retire; while I superintended the whole in the open space. The firing down upon us was excessive. We began the action with less than 300 men. I saw the advanced picquet attacked by masses, about 400 yards in front of us. I sounded to them to retreat, and, while I left Walsh to line the road, I took possession of a garden, from which I fired over his head; and thus the picquet ran in, covered by a double fire. I got them beside me, and, Walsh being now wounded, I brought in his men, leaving four inside of the door to defend the entrance with the bayonet. At this time, that is to say in a quarter of an hour, we had a brigade of 2000 men upon us all regulars.

They advanced splendidly, and got over the ditch and barrier, driving our fellows before them into the house where Col. Burrell was. My position now was—Col. B. on my left in the house, while on the right I had possession of the steep garden in his rear and on his right, having communication with his house. The enemy ran right at us, especially at the point where I was; while from the heights and the hedges around they were peppering us most terribly. I told our fellows to reserve their fire until they got into a clear field about 100 yards off, when I hallooed, "Now blaze at them." They fell very thick, and all retired out of the field, annoying us much. The house, with its fire, prevented them getting farther than the barrier.

They now began to break into the neighbouring houses: and all the shots were directed against us, as we plagued them much. Men were falling in all directions, and I was convinced they must have rifles. I was busy sheltering the men and they in turn calling out "Oh Major, protect yourself,—mind yourself." I generally keep a sharp look out in that way of my own accord, and I had a thin pillar, which supported the vines in some measure before me, but the eternal spurting of the lead from it gave me a hint I was rather unsafe. I saw two fellows advancing through the open space, and called out "Maul them!" They instantly fell. I was clapping my hands, calling out "well done my good fellows, that's the way!" when I was knocked right over. I got up, and saw the men did not half like it; so I called out, "Oh, it's nothing, here is the adjutant for you—keep at it." I again reeled down, when I was taken to Alcock, who relieved both men and me, with a "thank God, Major." However, I was carried to the rear, to a battery, and when I came to myself found a person bathing my temples and breast. The shot had cut the strap of my glass, smashed a large hussar-barrel-button, gone through my well padded coat, and driven my flannel shirt deep into the nipple of the breast. It was much swelled and very ugly; but the firing was now so hot that I felt certain the enemy would force their way in; so I set off to crawl back to the garden. I found that I was weaker than I thought, and scarcely able to go down to my old place; but luckily I met Captain Mitchell, who, from another part, had been driven into the battery above the garden, after getting three wounds.

That brave young fellow, Wooldridge, of whom I have so often spoken, volunteered to go down, although knowing it almost certain death, and I remained to take charge of this Yellow House battery. I found the whole front of my position covered with advancing troops; and at this moment the enemy's columns, in overwhelming force, drove in the French on our right, and brought up artillery in front of me, which annoyed us, and protected the advance of their men. Although I had the walls well lined, I really thought the day lost; especially on seeing a reinforcement of about 3000 coming down to the enemy,—who were now fighting hand to hand in the house and garden below. I had my left arm in a sling; when at this moment a spent ball gave me a sharp blow on the shoulder, which was followed by a round shot banging the stones of the dike, behind which we were firing against my side. I got sickish, which relieved me; or rather the excitement of the advance of the 3000 men put me in good spirits. My whole attention was at this moment turned to making the men fire at them, when I saw our poor fellows coming in wounded, and Wooldridge, the last of all, dragging his leg, broken by a musket ball, but not retiring until his ammunition was expended.

Colonel Burrell was now killed, Captains Chinnock and Mitchell badly wounded, and our two volunteers regularly smashed; and I now found myself with Mr. Burton with the colours, having despatched the adjutant to a battery, where he instantly got four wounds. I was about fifty yards to the left of the gun, when I saw our Portuguese artillery flying, crying "the enemy were in the battery." This caused two or three of our wounded to follow them, and we nearly had a panic. This made me forget all pain; and on running into the battery, followed by some of my young fellows, I found an immense Miguelite crawling or rather putting his knee on the wall to get over. I recollect just saying, "You d——d scoundrel you!" and gave him such a blow in the face with a big stone as whirled him down. Poor Burton ran after me, laughing at my expression, and was leaning over to smash a fellow with a big stone in his right hand, and the colours in his left, when another of the enemy put his musquet to his heart and shot him instantly dead.

While I was dragging the colours from under him, a Portuguese serjeant kept shoving the wall down upon the enemy. They got out of shot by keeping close below the wall; but we pitched stones to make them show themselves; and when they did so they were instantly shot dead. Seventeen of them bit the dust in this little spot. Every man of ours was either killed, wounded, or had his cap or clothes torn with shot. I myself got a very slight scratch on the left eye brow.

The artillery again began to play, and I at this time directed three rockets against the advancing column. The 3000 men made a complete runaway over the hills, in despite of their officers; but the regulars would not move.

Colonel Hodges here came up, and told me (it was now about three or four) that he was going to attack on the right of the line, and that I was to advance down the garden in front as soon as he began to turn them. I waited until he began his attack with the French, some Portuguese, and a few red coats. He did it most nobly; but all the French officers got killed or wounded, he himself shot through the arm, and poor Souper killed, and a lot of our men sadly mauled. It was a complete *set to*. The enemy were shaken by a gallant charge of fifty Portuguese mounted officers. As they had now filled the garden, I fixed bayonets, and led the way, under cover, close under our own guns, through a jagged footpath. The enemy fired so smartly from the opposite heights, that to get out of it I ran sharply down the hill; when, about twenty yards down, I found myself among a party of about thirteen of them, sheltering themselves from our shot. One of them grasped at me, and wheeling to run back, I lent a back stroke with my sabre across the fellow's mouth, and ran as quick as you know I can do. They discharged; but I ducked, and they missed me, though they knocked down the only ten soldiers that followed me. We were obliged to take to our old places, and remain there for a quarter of an hour. Again perceiving the Miguelites forcing down the peasantry with ammunition, I directed all our fire on these poor devils, who threw down the barrels and ran for it, leaving however five dead. Seeing a move on the left, I called for volunteers to descend the hill. I got a lot; and then, leaving the regimental colour, which I had been carrying since Burton's death, in the hands of Lieutenant Vanzeller, ran down the garden, which was a scene of desperate slaughter. We drove the enemy out, and at five I found myself on the same spot where I had been knocked down at seven. I was now in some measure maddened at the atrocities of the Miguelites, and made such of them as we had taken prisoners get up with my sword and limp (for they were all wounded) to the rear.

The shocking way in which they had cut up some of my young fellows was enough to unhumanize one. I tried twice to charge out of the garden, to get into the road, but without success; at last, the third time, I managed it, getting a spent ball on the stomach, and a sharp graze on the left thumb-nail, which gave great pain. We now crossed the square in front of our barracks, in full chase, and a young favourite of mine and myself were the first to get over our own ditch, followed by the 5th Caçadores, driving the fellows into the houses, to be picked up as prisoners by those who followed. We ran along the Valongo road, and did not halt till I got a red jacket in front of the ground from which we had been driven in the morning.

It was now a complete rout; the excitement was over, and I am ignorant of what occurred, as the next time I came to recollection, I was lying on a bed, with fresh clothes on me, and so well that I wrote a few lines that night. I exerted myself—went down to the barracks—found only one officer not killed or wounded—placed the remnant in their old position—returned to my old quarters—was put to bed—and awakened about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, as from a dream. The stiffness of my wounds convinced me of the reality. I got up, went down to the barracks, and arranged the poor fellows for prayers.

I began, but my feelings overpowered me. How different from yesterday morning! then so clean and more than double the number—now, their faces covered with powder, and their clothes or belts bespattered either with their own blood, or that of their comrades—my own arm in a sling, and my voice shaking from nervousness! I ordered a large hole to be dug in the garden, the seat of their glory; and there the dead were put in as we found them, covering their faces with vine leaves. Their career was thus finished. There were forty-three killed and seventy-five in hospital, out of about 300 who entered in the morning, but not counting men who could dress their own wounds.

I sometimes fear I lead them too much into it. But going forward is safer than going back. Staunton was to me a sad loss; I felt desolate. Burrell came, and we took to each other; he too is gone. I have no one to open my mind to, except Hodges, and he, like myself, has much to suffer. There is a *wee* brute of a pug-dog comes to the bed and licks my hand so kindly as almost to make me cry. I am told all this weakness arises after a gunshot wound; but it is not so with me, as my wound is now a mere trifle. It looks worse than it is.

Colonel Burrell's baggage and mine were sorely plundered, both being reported killed. I lost my watch, epaulettes, money, &c. It is very hard.

Ever your affectionate Brother,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XX.

Oporto, 12th October, 1812.

To Alexander Shaw, Esq.
Surgeon, Middlesex Hospital, London.

DEAR ALIC.

As I have been in the doctor's hands, I suppose I must now tell you that I am completely out of them; much to the surprise of both medicals and others. I said that I knew my body could take a good knock with tolerable impunity; but the true state was, that having got some credit on the 29th, and having lost all my useful officers, (and even the useless, being only two,) I was obliged to exert myself to prevent the fellows getting out of discipline. I suffered great pain, as the ball was only stopped by the thickness of the breast-bone. Now that the swelling has gone, I find that the bone has been bruised; but I have no uneasiness, except in sneezing, just where the ball struck. The flesh remains swoln in the shape of an egg cut in two, and my whole left side and chest are of a beautiful mottled colour—quite enough so to let me start as a bleached Indian. In short, it is nonsense to say so much about it, as it gives no pain; and I believe if I could have procured leeches all appearances even would have been gone. My most severe wound has been in the pocket. I have not as yet recovered any article lost, although some of the fellows are still in prison. I told you that Colonel Burrell and I were both supposed dead. My things were accordingly plundered along with his, and the fellows, since I have come alive, do not know how to let me have my goods and chattels without acknowledging the other robbery. It is very hard. Eighty-five pounds will not cover me; besides which I have lost all the memoranda of this concern since the beginning.

You can have no idea of the men with whom I meet, and the scenes and stories I hear and witness as commanding officer. I have five medical men, three officers, five merchants, with young runaways in abundance, all at this moment at their facings in the barracks. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * No one knows of what he is composed, till tried, as I daily see exemplified among the scamps hanging about here for employment. A fellow came out here as a cavalry officer; Colonel Hodges and I would have nothing to do with him. However, he swaggered himself into the confidence of the Portuguese, and yesterday he and some others of his stamp were taken up for stealing: it is a capital handle against the British.

I am very anxious to drive the enemy from Villa Nova: I know we could do it. Last night, they opened three mortar batteries on Oporto; and to-day I expect they will give us a royal salute of shells at Don Pedro's palace, where we field officers go at twelve o'clock, to pay our respects to him on his birth-day. To save their honour, they must make another attack; but they got such a sickening, they never will again behave in such a bold manner. They were much more numerous than *we*, but still they came on like devils,—especially the officers. My firm opinion is, if they had attacked the Portuguese instead of the French and ourselves, they would have taken the town. Indeed they annoyed us sadly; as you will allow it is not every day that soldiers use stones.

Why do not some of you write; there is a post every day. Best and kindest love to all. Should I fall I shall not be sorry, as I am sure I can never die more happy or contented.

LETTER XXI.

Oporto, October 27th, 1832.

To Major Shaw.

MY DEAR MAJOR SHAW,

I HAVE received and read, with the greatest interest, your letter of yesterday, and will seize the first opportunity of acquainting his Majesty the Duke of Bragança with its contents. At the same time I must, in justice to his Majesty, assure you upon my honour, that far from having against you the smallest prejudice, I have often heard him mention your name with every expression of esteem, and even of special affection, and that he fully values your services in the field, as well as your conduct and your praiseworthy qualities. Should you be at liberty to-morrow morning about eleven to come to breakfast with me, I shall feel great pleasure in further conversing with you about the subject, and thanking you for the opinion which you have formed of my sincere desire of contributing, as far as lies in my power, to anything which may be agreeable to you, and prove the regard with which I am, my dear Major Shaw, yours very faithfully, PALMELLA.

LETTER XXII.

Porto, November 13th, 1832.

To Major Shaw.

My Dear Major Shaw,

I write in haste these few lines only to tell you that I read to the Emperor, this morning, your memorandums, with which he was very much pleased, and I am confident the greatest part of your suggestions will be carried immediately into effect. General Doyle has been removed from the command of the English battalions. I think you will do well to call upon the Emperor, who will always be glad of seeing you. Believe me very faithfully yours, Palmella.

LETTER XXIII.

Oporto, November 4th, 1832.

To ——,
Lower Brook Street, London.

Dear M——,

I seize a few moments spared from the fag of duty, to inform you that I am in good health and spirits, though looking very thin :—my red beard however covers a multitude of sins in that way. I have not had leisure to go into the town since the action, to read the newspapers, my time being completely occupied with the organization of the troops, and seeing that the sick are properly fed. My wound has threatened to suppurate; but hard work and little time to think of it, has reduced it much. It gives me uneasiness when I get cold; however, it will not prevent me doing as much as ever, but will now and then give me a twinge to remind me of my luck on the 29th. We were this day divided into three battalions, of one of which I am to have the command.

We had a complete row yesterday, which I helped to upset. Upwards of 200 men came out, under the assumed command of ———, with rank of colonel. He had appointed some rather curious officers; as for instance, a deserted Corporal of Lancers as a Captain; and the Emperor ordered Sartorius, Hodges, Williams, and myself, to act as judges on their capabilities, and it finished with all being dismissed, with the exception of two.

On another subject I had been with the Emperor, telling him some truths; he was pleased. I think him an honest man, but badly advised. He has always been, and still is, very civil to me. You would laugh to see how much influence I have; but it arises from asking no favours, and being rigidly correct. Pray let me have no letters in favour of young men. There are an immense number of young volunteers, who will all be disappointed. I make my officers of non-commissioned officers.

I cannot tell you what a delight a letter is to me. My friends have all been carried off from around me, and the only method I have of keeping up my good feelings is, by communication with home.

We have been left in tolerable quiet by the enemy. I have now shifted my quarters into a house overhanging the river; with the most splendid scenery, in which the sentries and picquets are constantly engaged. The marks of their stray shots are to be seen in the shutters; and I sometimes get on my chair to look out and see whether it is the forty-two or eighteen pounder which was fired last. Every night we have bombs, but none come near us. I am ashamed of the insensibility of my mind to the danger. Be assured that Don Pedro will succeed. It is impossible to take the town. I hear they begin to night to bombard the Serra, to please Don Miguel, who is at Valongo. I wish to sleep, and shall be disturbed:—that is all.

Any one would pity me, to see what I have to do. But I like to contend with difficulties. I believe I am fighting more *against* tyranny, than *for* liberty. I never mind the public; I feel kindly to you all, and will try to do something to gratify you.

LETTER XXIV.

London, November 14th, 1832.

To the Marquis Palmella.

MY LORD MARQUIS,

I TRUST your Excellency will permit me to avail myself of the short acquaintance I had the honour to make with your Excellency, during my late visit to Oporto, to address your Excellency on a subject of some degree of moment.

I lately received a commission from the Board here, to raise a corps of volunteers (to the number of 600 men) in Scotland, my native country. This I have accomplished, mainly through the great exertions and well laid plans of my brother, Mr. James S. Bell, residing in the city of Glasgow, who succeeded in collecting together nearly 800 men, many of them formerly soldiers in the British army. Out of this number, he selected the 600 required, according to the same rules as to stature, health, &c. as in the British service; and I will venture to say, that they may compete with, if they do not surpass, any body of men yet sent to Oporto. However, as my brother has made great efforts to send out such a corps as would gain us credit after the confidence reposed in us, I consider that the best service I can render the cause, is to inform your Excellency of the most likely plans of insuring the zealous and enthusiastic efforts of these men. Your Excellency has probably often heard of the strong national feeling which binds all bodies of Scotchmen together, and that they are doubly effective in warfare when led on by officers of their own nation. I therefore beg leave to request that your Excellency will be pleased to express to his Imperial Majesty, Don Pedro, and to the commander-in-chief, the great advantages likely to arise by keeping these 600 men in one entire and separate corps, and by giving, if possible, a Scotch colonel and other officers to command them; and, if it be not presuming too much, I would venture to suggest the appointment of Major Shaw for the former honour, as being, in every respect, well fitted to turn their ardour to good account, especially from his being a native of the same district from whence all these men come. Further, I would beg leave to request *(in conformity with a promise made to these men that such request should be made)* that this corps may, if possible, be especially distinguished from others by the name of "The Glasgow Volunteer Corps,"—after their native place. If I may add one further request, it is that the officers who go out in charge of these men, may meet with your Excellency's good offices in the proper quarter; as they are all gentlemen who have been selected for their established high character, and fitness and zeal for the cause they embark in.

Having mentioned the subject of this letter to his Excellency, the Chevalier de Lima, he has been kind enough to promise to use his influence with your Excellency, to obtain compliance with my requests. I trust, that soon after the receipt of this, the fast-sailing schooner Lusitania will arrive at Oporto with about 180 of the men, to be followed immediately by the Rivals, a very large brig, with upwards of 420 men. I hope that, whenever opportunity is afforded them, they will do honour to their country, in advancing the success of a cause which meets with so much sympathy here.

I have the honour to be, my Lord Marquis, your faithful Servant, GEORGE BELL.

LETTER XXV.

Oporto, November 25th, 1832.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

DEAR MOTHER,

HERE I have been lying on my back for a week, badly wounded, but without one unfavourable symptom. The doctor tells me this is owing to my quiet state of mind, and never having indulged in wine or spirits; so that you see, proofs are far better than talking. Many people would like to be placed as I am, if they were vain; as the interest the Major causes is at least enough to gratify any one. But as for myself, praise or dispraise are alike to me, only as far as either gratify or cause annoyance to those to whom I am attached. My fortune is an extraordinary one, and difficult for mere lookers-on to understand. I myself see how it works; but how it is to end is another matter. If certain causes are followed by certain effects, I must succeed in the line I have traced out to myself, if I *live;* but the path I have chosen is a difficult one. I was first led into it by thoughtlessness, and am now retained in it by principle, by circumstances, and a decided liking for this adventurous career. My fortune was told me when I first went to Edinburgh: it was to be one with many ups and downs. I hope the ups are coming. On the 17th, when I got my first blow on the old place, it shook me like the blow of a fist, and warmed my blood. The second ball went just far enough into my left thigh to be extracted without difficulty; but the third went through my right thigh, knocking me down. From the spout of blood, I thought the large artery was cut—therefore that it was mortal. I took out my handkerchief, bound it tightly round, and hopped to the rear under cover. Faint from pain and loss of blood, the French surgeon came to bandage me,—when the two strong feelings of my mind would be uppermost: and it was to the officer next me I said, "Tell my mother I am happy, and take care of the handkerchief stained with my blood."

This may all seem strange to you, who perhaps cannot fathom the depth of my wounded spirit; but so deeply did I at that time (not now) feel the misery which a few insignificant tyrants could inflict, that I think with double sympathy of the poor creatures in this country. My sufferings have done me great and essential good, both as a man and as a christian. I feel for the misfortunes of others, and I think I can now bring my mind to follow all the christian rules, except forgiveness to certain people. I believe that providence encourages me in it, in order to make me capable of going through the dangerous and difficult duty here allotted to me.

I am aware that I have made a certain character here; but the difficulty is to keep it. Who do you think tried to take it from me? Why no other but my old friend Sir J. M. D——. From what I saw, latterly, of him in London, I perceived my name would be lost, if I joined him. He was appointed to the command, on Hodges' resignation. How to act as a soldier was the difficulty. Of the two evils I chose the least. I told him that, unless he brought me a decree signed by the Emperor and minister of war, giving the British allowance to wounded and widows, he had me on parade for the last time. He promised it me, signed by the Emperor and minister of war, that night: he sent it *signed by himself!* I had not forgotten the lieutenant-colonelcy, and the 12,000 acres he gave me in London; so I laughed, and said nothing, but did not go on parade He assembled the regiment, and addressed them—saying he would have me tried and shot for desertion before the enemy; and he ordered me under arrest in the most public manner. I was dining with the Duke of Terceira and the Marquis of Palmella when the arrest was put into my hands. I showed it to them. The Duke was half angry, and half laughed at him. Next morning Sir John sent for my sword,—which I begged might not be touched by any of the unworthy hands he had brought out with him.

During the time I was under arrest, I was employed *officially* to prevent him doing any more mischief. In the evening he sent me my sword by a different hand. My room was full of people, all strangers to me, but mostly his friends, among whom was the tall fellow I had unsashed on the field on the 16th September, come out a second time, having heard I was killed. I got up, and, with as much dignity as possible, said—" I regret it is out of my power to receive that sword back from any other hands than those which took it away. But I beg you will make my compliments to Sir J. M. D——, and tell him I have had that sword in my possession since 1812, which is 20 years; and I am proud to say that no taint of dishonour has ever been attached to it except during the time it has been in Sir John's possession." My answer has made a great noise.

Next morning the Emperor sent me my sword, with his best wishes, and Sir John was deprived of all command over the English. He is a queer mixture of —— and ——, but has done an infinity of harm among our soldiers. I have been obliged to show him up in his true colours, in a comparison between him and my friend Hodges. It has completely floored Sir John; but there was no help for it. I understand he sails to-morrow for England, with twenty-nine would-be officers—but deceived young and old men. I am told the whole of the English newspapers are to be opened against me.

I can give you no news. I only advise you to listen with caution to the accounts brought home by the people who have left: i. e. been obliged to quit. Recollect, I do not include Hodges or Jenkins; they are both gentlemen; and that is as scarce an article in the Oporto market as Port wine is at present. Hodges is a fine fellow badly used by his own countrymen; and Jenkins is a very fine, gentleman-like, gallant young soldier.

I have a great mind to give in a petition to Donna Maria for a new coat and trousers, a new pair of which were destroyed on the 17th; my coat now having five balls through it, and my best trousers three large ones.

Need I tell you all how obliged I have been for the many letters you have sent. It is a great treat; but besides that, it does me good,—it gives my mind a turn from blood and wounds, and refreshes me morally and physically for days.

LETTER XXVI.

Oporto, November 27th, 1832.

To T. G. Shaw,
Woburn Place, Russell Square, London.

DEAR GEORGE,

As I understand we are on British allowances, I intend to be very bold, and see if I cannot get a year's pay for this wound, which has thrown me on my back at the very time my services are most wanted. If I get nothing for the holes in my skin, they should mend my clothes; at least stop them up with *paper.* It is a regular Portuguese method of payment; but I suppose it will be all right in the end.

It requires a good deal of determination, to take a proper view of public affairs at present: Hodges going home—the erection of batteries at the mouth of the river, which is nearly shut up—the mutiny of all the British battalions except mine, for their pay and clothing—the return to England of many disappointed, unprincipled adventurers: — these things altogether conspire to render our prospects somewhat dismal. The apathy of the higher departments in command is disgusting. But still, taking an impartial view, and reflecting on the enemy's situation, I see no reason for despair: indeed, quite the contrary.

I suppose you saw my letter to the Marquis of Palmella, about the order of the Tower and Sword. I have carried my point, by getting it transferred for my services on the 23rd July:—thus placing the government in a most awkward position, as *I* have got nothing for the 29th September, while others have; whilst my name is very highly mentioned even in the Portuguese despatch for that day.

I am now lying on my oars. They wished to have made me a Lieutenant-Colonel; but as there are now *four* battalions, that would bring them into too many Lieutenant-Colonels.—So as soon as all the appointments are fixed, I shall push for the 29th, which must be either another order or a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. I have no doubt I shall carry my point, because I have done at least as much duty as any one, and I can show at the present moment six marks of Miguelite balls on my body, which is more than any one can yet show.

I could give you a long history of the skirmish in which I was wounded; but I have no doubt, as it took place within sight of the walls, that the papers will be full of it. It was very sharp while it lasted, and I thought it very hard to be the only officer wounded, and even to get three hits while others got none.

LETTER XXVII.

Oporto, December 2nd, 1832.

To G. J. Shaw, Esq.
Woburn Place, Russell Square, London.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I AM glad, for all your sakes, to tell you that my wounds have healed in an extraordinary manner; principally, I believe, from my being in a good state of health; and not a little from being so close that the ball cut like a razor. I consider myself greatly indebted to Alcock, both for his skill and attention. I yesterday contrived, when I heard some firing, to get upon my crutches to the batteries, and to-day I hope I may even go further with a stick and one crutch. The hole in the left leg is quite healed up; on the right, where the ball came out, the wound is but slightly open; and as to my breast, it is completely well. It was only a bruise, as if with the powerful blow of a fist. The wound of the 29th still annoys me a little when I use the crutches; but with all my trouble I hope to be able to work any of you, either at fishing or shooting. I feel happy and contented in my mind, and a very little kindness goes a long way with me. I have a great many acquaintances here, but as to having one whom I can consult in difficulty—such a person is not to be found.

I have not the least recollection of the contents of my letter of the 2nd October. Of course, I feel gratified that it seems to have pleased; but the truth is, I do not like figuring away in the papers as if I were pushed there. I have a great ambition to command the "Glasgow Volunteers." I wish Bell to call on the Marquis Palmella to impress on him the benefit to the service that would accrue from sending out the Highland dress to them. It would instil an *esprit de corps* into them which would make them invincible. This I think of consequence in every way.

December 4.

I have been with crutches on the batteries. Don Miguel reviews his troops to-day, and attacks to-morrow, when I trust I shall have the honour of meeting him. I am in capital health and spirits. Our success is certain. I cannot walk, but I shall have a mule.

LETTER XXVIII.

Oporto, December 4th, 1832.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

DEAR PATRICK,

MANY thanks to you for your nice letter of the 17th, which I received yesterday. Return in a warm manner my thanks for all inquiries. I do not deny that such inquiries gratify me, because I know it must be a source of pleasure to you all to find that I have been able to get an opportunity to show what I really am. That is and has been my whole ambition, mixed up with the most venomous and active hatred to oppression and tyranny, under whatever form they make their appearance. I fear none of you can fathom my disposition: if you can, it is more than I can myself. It is a curious mixture of love and hatred; but surely the hatred is not a shabby, sneaking hatred, but a public one on a public principle. Whenever the shots begin to fly, I feel the devil enter me; I think of my mother, my sisters, and all of you, and of the annoyances you might have received from that contemptible crew in Edinburgh, and of the harm such people may do to other mothers and sisters; and I rush on, with a sort of feeling that I shall either shame them by my actions, or cause them eternal remorse by my death. They may thus be prevented in future from assembling in *secret*, to eat away the characters of people much their superiors in every quality which a free-minded man ought to possess.

You know I thought my wound mortal; I believe I was considered delirious when I handed my bloody handkerchief, as a trophy to be presented to ——————. I am a queer fellow. The excitement of the fight makes words come out of my mouth which, after hearing, *I* even think eloquent; but where the deuce I picked them up, is more than I know. I assure you I am not a bad hand at a speech, when a military harangue is needed.

LETTER XXIX.

Oporto, 24 *Dec.* 1832.

To ———

Dear M.

The first thing I have to say is that I am quite well, as far as walking goes; I hardly even limp, and only by the contraction (temporary) of the muscles. I have not yet taken the command of the regiment on parade because I cannot, or rather do not, ride; but I am well enough for walking duty in the field. At this moment (4 o'clock in the morning) I am writing in bed, in strong hopes to hear the picquets begin to *chatter*, preparatory to their long-threatened attack. My own opinion is, they wont begin till night, and that they intend to spend a merry Christmas with us. For myself I have a yearning for this attack, because it must be decisive. I know we shall thrash them, and if we had a General we could go out and fight them in the fair field. If I were left to myself, I would not make much opposition to letting one of the enemy's regiments in to the town and then coming to close quarters, and thus gratify feelings excited by the cruel and infamous manner in which they have been battering and murdering the poor women, children, and wounded. I have a nice plan behind my house with a trap to catch them.

Yesterday I could not go to church; and wishing to see the changes on our old lines of 29th September, I got my little dog, and round we walked from the Seminario to the Congregados battery. I was alone, as I always am. On the St. Cosmo road were still to be seen the scarlet and blue rags which belonged to the British and French, who fell on this spot fighting together as friends, and laid together as such in the same graves; but I cannot express to you what I felt as I came to the graves of my poor fellows; and when I arrived at the garden of the house where poor Burrell was killed, and saw the thick grass over the spot where I myself had put in seventeen, I was completely overpowered. Not a soul was near me. The houses all burned, and only some wretches prowling about, tearing the little bits of ceiling for firewood. As one of them walked over the grass I could not stand it, and hit him a blow. The only mark of there being or having been British here, is their melancholy tomb-stone, a large white slab, on which some of the soldier's wit is written. There did I sit, and think that all those under that grass were happier than those who remain above it. As for me, if I fall, few of my countrymen would regret me, although I do think some of the soldiers would miss me. I cannot tell you how lonely and desolate I should have felt, if my long and solitary pedestrian journey had not made me an independent man. Colonel Napier's letters to me have done me good. It is such a comfort to know that a person can understand your feelings. Thank him kindly from me, and say, that I do deserve a little credit for not coming home. The temptation has been and still is very great; but it is running away not from the enemy but from the poor fellows (now but few) who came out with us.

5th January, 1834. First, I wish all of you a happy new year, and that you all may be as well and happy as I am, taking all the troubles of this world with great *sang froid:*—although the loss of these 400 poor Scotchmen in the Rivals plagues me sorely. About 150 have landed from the Lusitania. I am put in command of the Scotch, but still only with the rank of Major. This is owing I suppose to some dirty jealousy. I am said to be in bad health, and that I am to return home on that account; but I will show them that as I was first here I shall be the last out. The enemy are trying to hem us in every day; but we have got a battery at the light house which allows us to disembark things. I was there yesterday when Solignac landed. They certainly intended to attack us; but when he got on shore, he went up to the French battalion, who received him with such enthusiastic cries of "Vive la Liberté," that the enemy retired. I suppose we shall now have effective measures. I should like to have one fight before we finish.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXX.

Oporto, 30 *January*, 1833.

To G. H. Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have got your many letters, and I have not answered them because I know you are so interested in this cause, that I feared to express an opinion which is wrong. But if I am wrong I see that I have many to bear me company. Things are managed in a queer manner here, and nothing amused me more than your giving an account of what our first movement under General Solignac was to be. Your letter was dated 16th January, and we made your movement on the 24th. Thus much for the secrecy of our operations! I got your letter just on my return-home from the fight, and really it struck me. You will hear many accounts of the action, but I think I can give you the true one. However, I shall be just as well pleased not to be known as the author of it, as my "true accounts" are attended with many inconveniences.

We took the road to Foz with about 3000 troops, including French, English, and Scotch. As soon as we got on the ground I saw we were in a scrape. The fleet, which had promised to be opposite Matozinhos, was still at anchor; therefore our left flank was exposed. However, we moved on and shoved in the enemy's picquets on Pasteleiro, a woody hill half way between Villar and the Foz. The enemy being driven in on their supports, held their ground; and we were obliged to retain our ground, as we saw the fleet getting under weigh, and bearing down upon the castle of Queijo. The fleet took two hours to come down; and just as they had done so the enemy's columns had formed *en masse* on our right and attacked our positions, which we with difficulty held. Indeed, if they had shewn any dash they must have cut us off from Oporto; as General Brito's division towards the town, which received orders to attack them in flank and place them between two fires, did not move. As the Marshal in his order of the day says, "by extraordinary circumstances, not depending on him, the troops by their bravery held their positions, and did not suffer a severe reverse." The whole story is, we laid a beautiful trap to catch 2000; the fleet not coming up floored us; they tried to catch us; but their folly and fear lost them a fine opportunity. We then had them in return, and lost it by General Brito's division not moving.

The "extraordinary circumstances" are just what I expected, and feared would happen. Sartorius was too late, having a mutiny on board at the moment which prevented him. General Brito says, the Emperor told him not to move; which was in fact brought out by the threat of a court martial. I am glad the Marshal's eyes are opened, and that he now sees he must depend on himself. It has made a great sensation; but never mind what the papers say—the Marshal was right.

Tell Colonel Hare that the enemy were within fifty yards of that part of the Foz road where I turned off with him one day when he was riding with the Emperor's physician; and that the batteries from the opposite side were pitching shell and shot into us. I was much pleased with the Marshal and most especially his staff, and I should not hesitate to risk a good deal with them. The English and French lost a great many men, I believe, foolishly; that is to say, I think I could have kept the ground with less loss. I might have got twenty or thirty in my list; but as we could not fire I kept my young Scotchmen lying on their backs the whole day, but in rank, ready to be a *bonne bouche* to the enemy. I was much pleased with them—as I believe was the case with all who saw them.

My idea is that such is the public feeling against the Admiral that he must come on shore. General Brito lost us our advantage at Ponta Ferreira. I think he will be sent to the right about, and I almost think and hope that the duke of Terceira will come again into service, as *he* in my opinion would not take the responsibility of *not* executing an order of the Marshal.

The two Generals arrived to day and were well received; and I suspect we shall have now many deserters, as the peasants tell me the Miguelites are very anxious to know if Saldanha is arrived. Every man in town is forced to carry arms, I suppose to protect their lives, while we go out to scour the country. But I hope we shall think of clearing the north, before we take the Lisbon road further than Villa Nova.

That is a capital glass George sent me; and now that I can see the ground completely, I am convinced with 5000 troops we can force their lines on any point most to our own convenience. Every half mile has a weak point, and I would most willingly undertake to force a passage for the whole army, with 400 volunteers. I am getting very keen on this point, and have said that I am ready.

LETTER XXXI.

Oporto, 31 *January*, 1833

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I MAKE a point of making every one here do as I order them, and I was therefore disappointed at my order for the Highland bonnets not being executed; as it has been only by nationality that I have been able to instil into and practise such strict discipline with the Scotch. If the thing can be managed, always execute what I ask, as there is generally a method in my folly. If Mendizabal could be prevailed upon to send out tartans and pipes, I could do any thing with the fellows, and might tempt the government to behave well to us when we get to Lisbon.

I have my men well taken care of, and the envy of others, and all by moral means. When they first arrived, I let some of them visit the hospital. The sights made them willingly fall into my wish, of making an hospital fund; so that *my* sick have their own beds, and two pair of sheets a week. I pointed out the others without shoes, and retained the price of a pair until I saw them purchase an extra pair nailed, with their pay. I let them go into the barracks, where they saw no beds. I said nothing, but got a pattern made, and left it in the guard room,—saying I *thought* I could get such a one for all, if they chose to put down their names before two o'clock. They all did so. Instead of pay, I took from government, in part payment, tobacco, soap, and shirts, and a pipe of wine, which is given to them at a certain price, to tempt them to drink their wine at home instead of at the cabarets. I retained ten shillings for breakfast and vegetables, and every morning a coffee-house keeper sends in a large can of coffee with bread, for which they are charged threepence. Drunken men, as a punishment, are charged three shares of home wine, which goes to the hospital fund, and all prisoner's forfeits go to the same fund. All this requires plan and management.

This is a queer world! I had difficulty at first, especially about stopping their money; so I got hold of Sterne's sermons. I have every sunday regular Presbyterian service, and psalm singing; I act the clergyman. In their turmoil I gave them "set a bound to your desires,"—with as much emphasis as Irving. My first address to them was, "Now, my lads, I am not up to theology, but I know that if one comrade behaves to another improperly, or gets drunk, I must send him to the provost marshal." I warn them against associating with the other regiments. I found one of them terribly drunk in the most public street, with two English soldiers, with a great crowd round them.

I walked in, borrowed a knife, took the fellow's bonnet off, cut away the tartan,—put it in my pocket, and threw the cap in his face, telling him he might go be d——d, as they would not now take him for a Scotchman. I have got the command of the gentlemen English volunteer riflemen, at their own request. They are composed of gentlemen, with very few exceptions; and I foresee no great difficulty in gaining their favour, as I shall place them in front in the first affair, and give them enough to do.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXII.

Lordello, 15 *February*, 1833.

DEAR GEORGE,

HERE I am once more, put on the post of honour, that is, of danger and responsibility. This village is situated on the bank of the river, and on the road from St. João da Foz (the landing place) to Oporto; so that if we are cut off from this communication, we shall be forced to go out at the point of the bayonet. If this should happen I am close in upon the enemy: yesterday my Irish servant came in, leading a fine greyhound, "Your Honour, I have got a Miguelite dog. See how sleek and fat he is! oh! sure he is a Miguelite—our dogs are all so lane."

The crisis is approaching, and I am now as confident of success as ever, as I see we can beat them on a fair field, and force their lines on any point we choose for ourselves.

You would perhaps laugh to hear me speak of success, if you saw the position in which I am now sitting, writing to you. About 600 yards from the house, on this side of the river, is a battery of five guns looking into me, with tents for 2,500 men about two hundred yards in its rear. About half a mile to the right of this, is another battery just erecting; but, from the thickness of the day, I cannot rightly see the number of *embrasures*. Behind it there are about 3000 men. In front of Matozinhos, towards the castle of Quejo, is a third battery, with perhaps the same number of men. All these bodies are so placed that they can be on my position, in from ten minutes to half an hour. To defend myself, I have 100 Scotchmen, and 200 of the 12th Caçadores and some Lancers, the Rifle gentlemen, and some Oporto volunteers. Every movement of my people is impeded by the guns of the Seralves battery, and two others on the opposite side of the river.

You will say I may be annihilated. That is not so easy. I have prepared this quarter (the padre's house) in such a manner, that it commands the church-yard. I shall fight to the last, then retire into the church-yard, which has got a good wall, and the padre's chairs and furniture are all ready to be brought there, so that my fellows may defend it by mounting on them; while the tombs in the inside of the church will be used in blocking up all the doors, to make them, like the walls, proof against cannon balls. I have promised to the general, that at all hazards I shall be found in the church till he brings me assistance; and he promises that I shall not be sacrificed. I hope he will keep his word. Before I finish this letter, the crisis and the fight must take place.

23d. Here have I been every moment in expectation of being attacked. I have had no time for writing. The sentries are within a hundred yards of each other, continually firing. I have been obliged to use my rifle three times with effect, to give the scoundrels a hint to keep their distance. Yesterday being the anniversary of Don Miguel's landing in Portugal, they fired a morning, mid-day, and evening salute at us with shot. It was most ridiculous. It was needless to be alarmed, as there was no getting out of the way. If you got behind one place, you were certain to be on the move from a shell. Each salute lasted for a quarter of an hour, and then we had about 30 or 40 heavy artillery playing upon us. Many of the houses are destroyed, but the whole loss of human life was a Portuguese head being shot away.

Yesterday the Lord of the Isles arrived. I hope my mother has not heard the report that I was killed by a round shot. Believe nothing you hear, though I do not write; for I have no taste for writing. This business will soon be at an end. They are hemming us in on all sides, and we do nothing to prevent them. We are certain of success if we had enterprize; but we attempt nothing. Even I begin to fear it is all up, unless there be interference; and *that* I do not expect. We deserve to be lost: every one is acting in a dirty selfish manner; so much so, that I fear, besides loss we shall have dishonour. As for me, if I get a few staunch fellows, I shall try to make a splutter; as I do not fancy trusting to Miguel's kindness. Nothing like despair ever crosses my mind. I see what can be done, and I am firmly resolved to stick by this to the last, and to be the last to give in.

The foreign officers have been as usual disagreeing among themselves. I got the choice of going back to the town to be comfortable; but I preferred remaining here, exposed to shot, to being exposed to the malevolent, selfish, discontented conversation and actions of others. I see and associate with none but the first class of people. The regimental officers of this army are fine fellows. I think we could fight our way out of this. Such an expedition would be quite to my taste: I like to see people placed in situations in which one can find out their good or bad qualities.

The officers and men of the other regiments had been making such a work about their pay, while money is very scarce, that I got sickened with it, and wrote the following letter to the Minister of War. The Emperor has publicly thanked us for it.

To his Excellency the Minister of War.

"Sir,

"I am requested by the officers of the Scotch Fusileers to beg you will have the goodness to lay before his Imperial Majesty the Duke of Braganza, their request that they may be allowed to continue their services to the cause of liberty, justice, and humanity, without receiving one fraction of pay, from the 1st of January 1833, until her Most Faithful Majesty *Donna Maria* is proclaimed in Lisbon; when, they have no doubt, all their just claims will be instantly settled. For myself, who have been a witness of the sacrifices of the Portuguese officers in the Azores, and of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Oporto, I hope his Imperial Majesty may allow me to serve on the same terms as my brother officers.

"CHARLES SHAW,
"Major commanding Scotch Fusileers."

The weather has been shocking for some time, but I have my men well and in good order. I lost six some days since, while gathering turnips. People will say, to annoy me, that they deserted,—but they did not. The duty and food, however, are quite enough to make them do so; and Sir J. Campbell is trying his best He has made a bet it is said, that he will have them all in a week. However, I shall be up to him. I study the interests of my men. I have got them into the church which nothing but shells can hurt; but they all smell like grave diggers. All the people are buried inside, with a moveable board to cover the graves. I hardly think the fellows are aware that there is not more than two feet between them and the corpses. My prison is in a cell in the tower, among skulls, &c. enough to frighten any one; and if you saw the half skulls of its living inhabitants, you would laugh.

Don Pedro gave an order against permitting any thing eatable leaving town. The order was implicitly obeyed; so I wrote a solemn official letter, hoping that that part which referred to the starvation of the outposts who were defending those who were allowed to eat, might be rescinded. It was so. My sugar and coffee were next stopped. I wrote another official letter, hoping that, as the Marshal had intrusted me with the defence of the most important part of the lines, they (as a great favour) might intrust me with the properties of a little sugar and coffee, if regularly paid for!—Instantly agreed to. My requisition for more ammunition was answered, "it must lie for consideration." I saw the enemy in movement, and sent in a lancer at full gallop, to say that the enemy was advancing, and that I feared my force was too small to make them (like my requisition for ammunition) "lie for consideration." I got three companies and my ammunition with very little delay. They have not the heart to look naked truth in the face; and even when they do, they dim it with the eternal smoke of tobacco. To think of what the poor inhabitants of Oporto must suffer if we are mastered, is terrible, and all because a few men will follow their own shabby feelings. I like to see these fellows placed in danger: they always break down. I make no distinction of nations: all are the same, but with different manners.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lordello, 2 *miles from Oporto*, 3*rd March*, 1833.

To Lady ——

DEAR M——,

I WROTE some days ago to George my ideas of affairs, and although I think they now look better for us, I see the crisis approaching with rapid strides, and wish with all my heart it may come at full gallop. Eternal cannon, shells, and musquetry rattling all day about my ears—very hard work in a most dangerous and responsible situation—bad salt fish and rice to eat—and not a farthing of money,—make me anxious for a regular fight, to get a good feed of beef. My temper was never of the mildest just before dinner; and now it is an eternal before-dinner with me;—which do not think a joke—as the day's rations consist of a little rice and bread, and three salt herrings among four men.

The more misery, the more I laugh at the faces of others. My Irish servant's face caused me a good laugh this morning. He entered while I was lying in bed, and poking two starved herrings in my face, said "Did I ever expect to see your honour and myself reduced to this anatomy?"

Yet I do not despond, and am very ingenious with contrivances. Two of the cooks on board the transport were allowed to sell the 'slush' (the fat scraped off the pots during the voyage) to the chandlers; but I sent in the cooks to Oporto to buy it back again, to make better fare. The French have eaten up the cats. Some say they are good enough. I think I could eat one with a long tail; but the practice here is to cut their tails and ears when young, which makes them look quite 'inhuman.'

Some mornings since, I got the clergyman to address his hearers, and tell them it was my order they should kill, sell, or hide their pigs and poultry, as the temptation is too great for my men, to be responsible for their behaviour.

I had to send up men to burn some houses under the enemy's nose. This party brought away, after doing their work, three pigs they had choked. This was all fair booty, and soup was made. Next night a poor peasant came to tell me the Scotchmen had stolen his three pigs. I asked how he knew in the dark they were Scotchmen. His answer was, that "they are the only nation who can kill pigs without their squeaking." Making inquiry, I found that three pigs were seen to *enter* the church. I commenced a search, but in vain, as every grave had a moveable wooden cover. I then gave orders that no cooking should be allowed until the three pigs were put behind a certain wall, and no questions would be asked. I went in half an hour, and there the three were laid 'cuddling,' but all dead—'*regularly choked*.' I bought the pigs, kept part of one to myself, and let the others be made into soup for the clever fellows.

I suppose the papers may give you a ridiculous account of a very strange scene in which I was occupied the other night, quite in the opposite direction from this; in fact in front of the *locale* of the '29th Sept.' I got orders from the Marshal to seize two priests, brothers, who generally had some of the Miguelite chief officers dining with them in their house, which was in the middle of the enemy's picquets. I kept my own secret, and assembled twelve determined larking fellows, in my old quarters at Bom Fim, and then told them I was going out of the lines a priest-and-officer hunting, and hoped we should catch a few at dinner. I started with a guide to Campanhan, and got, on tip toes, through dark lanes to the priest's house. A fellow looked over the garden wall, who, from the tightness of the collar of his coat, I was convinced must be a military man; and I heard the enemy's sentries pass the signal whistle. As they were not fifty or sixty yards away, I saw despatch was the word, and set two of the strongest fellows to batter in the door with axes. We burst in, as I thought, to the house, but were mistaken, it being only a handsome out-house. I rushed in, ran up a stair which conducted me to a neat portico, where there was no room to ply the axes with effect. I saw a window, broke a pane with my sword, and then seized a firelock, with which I shoved up the window. Finding the shutters too strong, I began to batter them with the butt end of the musket, in accomplishing which a broken part of the wood drew the trigger, and the musket went bang off, singeing my beard, bruising my hand, and cutting the shoulder of the serjeant in whose arms I was. The shot alarmed the enemy, but brought the two priests to the door. I swore I would shoot them dead, if they did not instantly open. The moment they did, I sprang upon them naked as they were, and taking the biggest by the collar of his shirt, I said to him, in a gentle quiet tone, "If your Senhoria does not run before me like the devil, along the road to Oporto, I shall be very sorry to blow your Senhoria's brains out with this pistol,—run my Senhor, run." At this moment, my guide got a shot through the arm; we had to drag the other old one with us through the wet roads without shoes or stockings. The poor old fellow (by the bye a great scoundrel) seemed so astonished and so happy when he saw me. We are great friends! "*Sta bon, meo bom amigo, Major Shaw.*" My answer was "*Corre conmigo, meo amigo, corre,* d——me run, *corre,* or we shall be caught." When I got him away, I said to him, "Now if you will write to the Brigadier-General on the Valongo road, who dined with you yesterday, that you wish to see him immediately, I shall set you both at liberty."

I could not help shaking the old fellow's hand with delight, when he drew himself up with dignity, saying, "*nao, senhor, nao, senhor.*" I sent the Marshal's order, which he had given me in the forenoon, with the two priests to him at ten that night, and now I believe the two are in prison, and will be shot.

Ever the same affectionate, shooting, pig-and-priest stealing,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXIV.

Lordello, Mattau Sept. Picquet house, 7 March, 1833.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I CONFESS I am happy again to write these words, and long may I be spared to do so. I have a providence always looking over me, I believe,—from no merit of my own, but in reward to my mother for all her good actions, and that she may, for a time at least, be spared the pain which I know my death would cause her.

Well—we have had another fight, and I was not out of it. It was delightfully interesting, and as my time has been taken up until this moment, I will try and tell you everything as it really happened, of course mentioning myself pretty often, as I saw more of that person than of any other.

On the 1st of March, General Saldanha sent word to me that he thought the key of his position was weak, and as he knew, from the length of time I had been here, that I was acquainted with the country, he would let the Scotchmen take the key. I assure you I saw the responsibility, and as I had but few Scotchmen, I saw the danger; but I just asked the fellows if they would promise not to allow themselves to be pushed across the road, and I would try and give them a name. They were quite delighted, and I took advantage of their keenness, and made them work for two nights in throwing up a field work in front of the farm house of Matta Sept, on the north side of the St. João da Foz road. It was not finished, when I received a dispatch from head quarters at 3 o'clock in the morning of the fourth, that the position would be attacked that day. I got up instantly, warned the officers and men, and taking a long pole like a peasant, went in close to the enemy's sentries, to make myself master of the whole ground. I crossed over to Pasteleiro, where I found General Saldanha in the middle of the unfinished battery. He said he had seen no movements, and therefore doubted the truth of the information. I went back to Lordello to the top of the church tower, with my glass, having the same fantastic dress; but exchanging my pole for a switch, for the benefit of my mule, which was below.

On going to the tower, I saw enough to convince me that mischief was brewing; and a slight chattering of musketry in the opposite direction of the town, convinced me that we should have warm work at our post. I galloped to my post, and divided my small command into three parties; telling each that I held the officers responsible not to let the men expose themselves. I had only 111 Scotch bayonets, but I knew that I could depend on them, and the roads being narrow, we could always shew as good a front as the enemy; but when I saw a body of about 3000 moving down in column on my post, I tell you I felt quaking and desperate.

The firing was tremendous for some time, when I saw a move made towards my left, where I had Cameron with 25 men. Knowing that they would have a sharp fire on them, though a hollow road unknown to the enemy might prevent them from being forced back, I galloped to the point, tied my mule to a tree, and ran up to them across a field. The fire upon my red night-cap was hot, and before I got up I was literally covered with dirt from the splatter of the balls on the wet ground. I got up just in time to rake the head of the column at about 100 yards distance. We killed a number of the boldest, and the others not knowing how weak we were, returned to the attack of the picquet house which I had left. I gallopped back, and to be sure it was hot work. None of us could shew our heads, and it was with difficulty I could keep in the young chaps, unaware of their danger, from looking over. The officers were most active. I have, or rather had two brothers as officers—the one brother so proud of the other. As one of them was putting down the men's heads beside his brother, his brains were scattered about us. The brother saw it, but never said a word, and was only the more active. I carried the fine comely fellow behind the house, where he died in a few minutes, without a change in his handsome countenance. I returned and shook hands with the elder brother, who understood me. At this moment he bounded up in the air, and fell back on the ground screaming, with his hand at his breast. I saw he was not killed; but when I was getting him behind the house, I recollected his dead brother was there. I tried to throw some branches over his body, but could not cover him. The sight seemed to nerve the brother, and you may imagine my delight to find the ball had broken his large knife, but had not penetrated far. I was so happy! He went back to the fire, still tremendous, when we gave three cheers for his return. At this time poor Laurie was bravely running about, giving flints out of a mess tin. I thought he would catch it, as he was thinking more of the men than himself, and he did so through the neck, and was carried off, leaving me nearly, as on the 29th, without an officer. Poor —— got a second shot through the shoulder, but still he would not leave the field.

At this time the fire was tremendous; the batteries busily playing on the house, and covering us with stones and lime. You never saw such a row. It was now about half past nine, and my ammunition was failing, when my old favourite companies of the 12th Caçadores came to help us. I knew the officer with them to be a safe one, so away I posted back to Cameron's party. The fire of the Caçadores convinced the enemy that our picquet was re-inforced, and when I got up I found their whole attention turned that way. I resolved to play them a trick; my only fear being that we should be shot by our own fellows at the picquet. But I resolved to trust to their knowing my red cap and blue tassel, and my Nantes dreadnought sailor jacket. Making signals to the 3rd infantry, a little to my left, not to fire upon me, I got the 25 fellows to creep up behind me; I leading them without a sword, and with only the mule switch in my right hand. I formed them in a hollow, and fixed bayonets. I seized one of their firelocks, and told them to follow me. The moment I got to the brow of the hill, I put my red cap on the top of the bayonet, holding the firelock in my left hand, and whirling the switch round my head hurrahing. The grass was long, and the astonishment of both parties was great. At our feet were two companies, in extended order, lying on the ground. Their eyes opened when they saw us, and ours at seeing two columns of about 800 each at twenty paces distance, busy firing at the picquet house. I saw there was no time to be lost. I switched at a Caçador as he was running away, and held out to fire at him; but even at that moment (I laugh when I think of it,) I thought it a pity to burn my cap; so I took it off and fired, calling out, "Fire away, and hurrah like the d—l."

The manœuvre had the desired effect. The columns broke in terrible confusion, and ran off, scrambling over the walls. As soon as their backs were turned I retired, lying down behind the hill. I immediately ran down to the road, where I found a regiment in reserve, and in an excited state begged for troops to take prisoners; but the commanding officer would not move without superior orders. I then galloped up to General

Saldanha, who was sharply attacked. I told him if he would give me a few troops or a piece of artillery, I could destroy two columns. The troops he could not give me, but he placed a gun at my disposal, with injunctions not to lose it. I took it in front of the Pasteleiro, broke down the wall, and pointed it over the heads of my own fellows, at the spot where I thought the column was. At this moment I saw a mass of caps coming through the long grass on the very spot. I called for grape, and planged it right in their teeth, at about 150 paces distance. The effect was tremendous. I repeated the dose three times, on the ground I knew they must retreat by. I then directed the gun where the other column was still firing on the Scotch position. I gave them two rounds of grape, and immediately the woods were covered with fellows running and limping away. I directed two round shot through the tops of the pines, to make a frightening noise to increase their speed. It had the desired effect, and in a quarter of an hour the musketry ceased on my position.

I feared to examine how many I had lost. I hoped but few, from the precautions I had taken; but imagine the height of my ambition at last fulfilled. I had kept my post with immense loss to the enemy, and had only one officer killed, three wounded severely, and twelve privates, two only dangerously. As for myself, my only trouble is an inflamed eye from the powder, and a slap my mule got.

The other positions towards Foz and Pasteleiro I examined. The thing appears incredible, but still it is true. I do not believe we lost in all above 80 killed and wounded. This was in a very great measure owing to the excellent arrangements of General Saldanha. The enemy's loss, by the most moderate computation, I cannot estimate at less than 1500. Judging from my own spot, the ground being covered with dead, and from the number of the wounded, I am inclined to think the Miguelite account (3000) the true one. From the number of dead in front of the Scotch it has been named the *Flecha dos Mortos*. Our fire was under cover, cool, sure, and deliberate, continued for five hours on heavy exposed columns.

General Saldanha has saved Oporto, but I fear intrigue won't give him credit.

You may tell my mother and sisters it has been a glorious day for me as a soldier. You would laugh at the compliments I have already had paid me. The Emperor, and the Marshal, and all the staff were witnesses, at a short distance, of the charge. Every one calls me so and so;—but I tell you the secret; I had studied the ground; and if I had died for it, I was resolved to separate myself at all hazards from the general herd here.

The scene at the funeral of my fine young fellow, with his brave brother, has lifted me up beyond common feelings. It is a lesson to value things in this world as dirt.

LETTER XL.

Lordelo, 24th March, 1833.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

ALTHOUGH it is long since I said on paper these words, I knew that every letter I wrote was forwarded to you. * * * * Two days ago I had just got to the top of a hill, when instantly I saw a 24-pounder coming whistling, like a pigeon in a rapid flight, direct towards me. I perceived it would pass about a yard to my left, so I thought I was safe; my calculation was correct, but I forgot a big stone at my left, which was shivered to pieces, and I am sure the people in the battery must have been gratified with the nimble way in which I danced on my left leg holding my right foot between my two hands: a large splinter of the stone came against the lower part of my foot as I sprung, that made the knee and hip joint smart confoundedly. I always wear very strong shoes, and this saved my foot. It gave me most excruciating pain, but a Portuguese serjeant applied a bottle of aguaardiente, which relieved me much, and I then sat down with it in a running stream until it was numbed with cold, so that next day I could shew myself. My foot is now of a beautiful mahogany colour.* Last night, after they went to bed, I gave them tit for tat. They had advanced their sentries to within thirty yards of ours, and had taken possession of a house about 100 yards from us, having the street barricadoed. General Saldanha told me to try and burn this house. I did the thing completely, alarming the whole army of Don Miguel. I formed the rifle volunteers at nine o'clock at night, secretly, behind a house about a hundred yards from the enemy; to the left I had some Scotchmen; and nearly to the rear, and close to the battery, the rest of the Scotch were hidden. In front of the village of Lordelo, facing Seralves and the battery, I placed the Congreve rockets. I then went down to the riflemen, placing a party of Portuguese with straw and tar barrels. When all was ready I whistled through my fingers. The night was beautifully calm and dark: in a moment the Congreve rockets shewed the whole village, going right among the enemy. The riflemen rushed on with cheers to the barricade, and took it. The Scotchmen then darted forward cheering. In one moment, the whole horizon was illuminated from the musketry, and the bright flame of the rockets. In this bustle, the fire party advanced, broke open the doors of the house with axes, and as soon as I saw the flames burst forth, I whistled again as a signal to retire. We all got safely to our quarters again, rejoicing that by management I had not lost a man. You may tell Patrick, that Mr. Mackie was the first at the barricade. Young Hamilton was with me as a volunteer; they are both in good health. I got the General's thanks this morning, for the *neat* manner in which it was done. I am allowed to act very much as I like, no one interfering with my plans.

I was stopped in the middle of this, by an attack of the enemy. We have licked them and I am well. All going on famously.

Ever your affectionate son,
CHARLES SHAW.

Sunday night, 24th March, 1833.

LETTER XLI.

Lordelo, April 1, 1833.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

How sorry I was that my old battalion did not do on the 24th, as they used to do with me. The truth is, there was mismanagement although plenty of bravery. We had sharp work of it down here with artillery, but I know the ground so well that I can shelter my men completely. Two of them got their heads shaved with cannon balls, and I got my cap knocked off by one while at full gallop. I would not have been on horseback, but the slap I got with the round shot on the 20th disabled me from walking. I am now almost well, but from its being on the severely wounded leg, all the muscles are stiff. There is now real soldiering going on. I should like much to have more Scotchmen; if you can manage to get Mendizabal to send them out, *do* it. Letters of introduction are a sad annoyance to me, and I feel for you. I could, without remorse, shoot the author of the report of the taking of Oporto, as I know it must have fidgeted my mother. Don't think me cold-hearted, but unless a man is determined, he is not my instrument; a number have come out to talk of the matter afterwards to young ladies in the forenoon calls, and after dinner in the drawing room, but they have found out their mistake, and that it is no joke, and are looking out for excuses to go home —such as bad treatment and no pay, when in fact it is—*no pluck.*

Tell Hodges that our fellows gave way just where poor Staunton was killed, but it was not their fault; a poor creature, a Portuguese, who was on Hodges' staff, was placed as Major, and I believe that helped: the Duke of Terceira not only behaved bravely but magnanimously, and old de Sa, as usual, was wounded, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLII.

Lordelo, April 28, 1833.

To T. C. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

The old story still continues, only that I begin to suspect that the French Marshal Solignac has been sent out more as a diplomatist than as a General. We have had the ball at our feet only waiting till we kicked it, and he stays in town mixing himself up with and listening to all the dirty intrigues which are going on, while he could be, at least, more usefully employed in going round the lines. I begin to suspect that France wants to have the upper hand here. If the Marshal does not do something dashing before ten days are over, the army will not stand it, and Saldanha will be at its head. He is famously adapted for it, and is decidedly British.

As to me things go on as usual. Nothing but all day and night, bang! bang! and tit tat; no variety. The other night, hearing them working in front of their battery, I patroled close up with three men. They heard me but could not see me, and commenced a heavy fire. I placed myself behind a tree with my fellows on the ground. I called to them that they might fire as long as they liked, but I would not return it, so they had better give over. They obeyed, but they are not to be trusted.

I never enter Oporto, as there are such intrigues with the English about who are to be commanding officers, &c. They are to be put into one battalion, and if all are on parade, I am sure they won't muster 400 bayonets, but they have *sixty-eight officers!* I am trying to walk the high and strait path, never offering an opinion until asked, and then speaking the truth at all hazards; I thus make many enemies of bad and weak people. My great associates are Lord George Paulet of the Nautilus, Colonels Badcock and Sorrell, and some nice Portuguese officers. Captain Belcher and I also take to each other.

Bernardo de Sa, formerly Minister of Marine, sent for me the other day to tell me that he has a large property on the Tagus near to Santarem; that he has been so much pleased with the conduct of my battalion, that, if we are successful, he has made up his mind to make a colony of Scotchmen, whom I am to choose as to good character. By the bye, what a useful work the Mechanic's Magazine would be to me here, or books of practical science. I am a great engineer now. I have my whole position covered with bridges of communication across roads, ditches, walls, &c. and this without tools and *out* of my own head, so I think I could now read to advantage. If I can get a good *humane* man-trap, I shall positively set it to catch a blackguard who comes in the dark to fire into my window.

As to public news, I can supply you with none, except that the Minister of Justice and some others have been convicted of bribing the Marshal's secretary to steal his papers.

I had been looking out for a good opportunity to get *rid of a* young man, whom I weakly got appointed, but he turned out careless, and associated with the privates. As my system is to *give plenty of rope*, he did not suspect me, and as there were many sick and few officers, he took that opportunity of thinking he was of value, and tendered his resignation, never supposing I would accept it.

Lord F. Somerset says, we shall not succeed in this unfortunate enterprize; my delight is to disappoint people in a handsome way, and I say, *we will*, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXIX.

Lordelo, May 11, 1833.

To Col. Hodges, Upper Seymour-street, London.

MY DEAR HODGES,

I got my brother's letter of the 1st of May, communicating to me what you informed him of. The *affair* (Napier's expedition) is to me quite indifferent. I like the *lark*, provided it can be done with honour, or rather without loss of honour, as Oporto is such a *sink* of vice and low intrigue, that

I would dare any thing to get out of it; but I must not, nor will not abandon the cause. There is a great deal of difficulty in the plan of getting 500 men, even embarked from this place; and I tell you, that if ——— or many of the English officers were to suspect me, there would be a host on me, as they know I should (with some famous exceptions,) turn many to the right about.

I think I could pick out from fifteen to twenty REAL officers, who would not hesitate to follow my fortunes. Of Scotchmen, I would have every one in Oporto—no matter the regiment—say 150. Of volunteer gentlemen *(aspirantes officiales)* thirty. Of English and Irish, if not opposed by intrigue, 200. I think I could with safety say, in all, 400 men ready to do any work. I know I could have at least 100 splendid Germans. If permission were obtained for me there would be no difficulty.

I wish this old Solignac was sent to his Adjutant-General's duty in Italy. Every one is in a great state of discontent with him. I think he is sent here for some French purpose, and not for fighting. He knows as much about the lines as my Portuguese boy, only having been three times on the Foz line since the 3d of February, and twice absolutely forced there by me. His chief aide-de-camp, Colonel Duvergier, is a fine fellow, and a most active excellent soldier, but he cannot get his way.

But the men of all men—the officer of Portuguese officers, is Saldanha. He has every proper quality, and is thorough British, thorough Constitutional, and thorough Donna Maria; but I believe the present Ministers would rather see the cause lost, than that he should save it. I prophesy that, before long, he commands here in spite of every thing. He knows the plan; I keep nothing secret from him. He thoroughly approves and wishes me to go. He has been trying to get an expedition from this. Would *your* chief like him to be of the party. You must have a *Portuguese* with you, and, if possible, a very few troops.

My reasons for this are, that the conduct of some of the British here has not been good, and I think they have for a time hurt the English name in Portugal, but they have been badly treated, and have suffered much. We are supposed a set of adventurers, and the scenes which have lately taken place among some of the officers here, have taken all character away. Both officers and men in a state of mutiny. —— with a Portuguese sentry over him. Officers and men divided into two parties. Such is their state that the Marshal would be glad to get rid of them, for *being* English; and the Portuguese, on account of the *quantity* in hospital, and your humble servant, would be glad *to have them*, because, with a little management and care they would be splendid fellows. They muster about 270 on parade and sixty-eight officers !!! a large staff! About seventy fine fellows wander the streets. Good men reduced; and cowards and blackguards with sweet talk made non-commissioned officers. I never enter Oporto, and never join in conversation.

Sir ———— took me the other day in his clutches, but I scratched a bit. He is busy with me about having me brought to a court-martial. He is an absolute pest. He is in great glee at having caught

——, and thinks that if I were floored, he would command the British. You would be astonished how quietly the Irish are going on. They are not well officered, with the exception of Colonel Cotter and a few others.

If I knew the whole of your intended plans and views I think I could be of some use in hints. Nothing can be landed here except in dark nights. You must have the fleet of your party. Recollect, I cannot live on board ship.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLIV.

Porto, 2d July, 1833.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I AM sure you will all be blaming me for my silence. It has not been right, but still the fault is not altogether mine.

I cannot tell you how disappointed I have been at not going with the expedition. Captain Napier made an application for me, and so did the Duke of Terceira twice; but, as first lieutenants of ships are often treated, Don Pedro would not let me go, because my presence, in the scarcity of troops, was absolutely necessary at Lordelo. The compliment was great and dangerous; however, I cheated his Majesty, because they would give me no more troops. I was kept so much on the alert (not to lose my hard-earned fame!!! that I had no time to take regular rest, and in consequence got quite upset.

Had I been in the place of the enemy I could have mauled our troops with fifty men, but the only answer I got for more men, was—"Oh! we have no fear but you will hold the post." In short, to tell you the truth, the disappointment, excitement, and bad conduct of some of the protégés, threw me into a fever, of which I am now recovered. I shall be able to return to Lordelo in a few days. This comes, you see, of having the mind always on the alert.

Send me plenty of letters. If it were not for the corrective of being reminded that there is such a place as home, I believe I should turn a savage. Every day here increases my contempt for human nature. In six days I shall have been a year on shore. I believe I am tired of compliments and round shot, of which there are plenty going. I am sorry to say the money is scarce; but there is some due to me—I should say somewhere about £300 or £500. Every thing is very dear;—fowls for sick £1. 4*s*. 6*d*. per head, and so on; and one, like me, obliged to work hard must try to live well. &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

P. S. If you meet with any old tough fowls make them drunk with aguaardiente, and they will be as tender as chickens. Such is the progress of science!

LETTER XLV.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

Foz, 26 July 1833.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

WHEN I last wrote to you, I had just got out of bed from a fever. Two days afterwards I went to call at the War Office, and found that, on account of the state of the British battalions, it was necessary to make a change, and that during my illness I had been fixed on to command, and ——— was ordered on board the squadron with as many officers as he choose to take and a few of the Light Company, and the remainder, joined to the Scotch, to assume the name of the British Fusileers under me. The first morning, out of thirty-one officers, I had only six on parade; I made a dreadful row, and nine volunteered for the squadron, and eight I was ordered to send to the depôt; as for the men they were in a sad state from want of shoes and shirts, but, as usual, all most willing; I have been very busy, and famously supported by Godfrey; already have put them to rights, and they look well; but what a business I have had with the officers: yet I have acted rightly and conscientiously, and the men are now quite happy and contented. I work the officers, who now give me the greatest support. I have been obliged to devote every moment of my time and every movement of my mind to the men, and to their discipline. One day is a picture of all; at two in the morning get up, and go to visit trenches and picquets; remain there till six; listen to complaints till seven; go to bed till nine; see the men looked after from ten to eleven; make out returns, and answer official letters till twelve; visit hospital in town and go to arsenal; dine at three; sleep at four; parade at five; listen to complaints at seven, and order punishments; tea at nine; then go to the lines and visit picquets, and go to bed at half-past ten to eleven. I have settled, since the 5th July, the day I took the command, 153 money claims of nine months' standing, arranged hospital, introduced a system, and I look forward to a little recreation in dining now and then with my friends.

Marshal Solignac is not so active as he might be. He speaks soldiering famously, but what has he done?

As to my being a follower of Saldanha, it is all stuff; I follow no man. While Solignac slept, Saldanha worked; while Solignac galloped before the troops under a cannonade, Saldanha *walked;* he is an independent brave soldier, and it was only through *him* that Foz was saved. ——— can only *know Saldanha* through party prejudice, as likewise ———, but every one says that his misfortunes or follies of 1826 have done him good. For my part I say, on all discussions of character,—" actions,—actions,—facts,—facts, no blarney."

I am glad this business is now nearly at an end,—at least we are certain Lisbon is ours.

Yesterday was the only day on which I was thoroughly satisfied with myself, and that in a great measure brought about my increasing contempt for human nature.

We had a regular fight; we were hand to hand three different times, and firing for hours behind the walls and vines at the distance of fifteen yards. It was a rare row, for all the enemy's batteries were open. I was a dozen times nearly choked by dust of shot and shells, but I was not much annoyed with musketry; as we were so near, the balls made no more noise than spiz, spiz. I shall tell you all as far as I saw.

You should know my head quarters are at Foz. As soon as the alarm was given, I moved up to the lines in front of Monte Castro, with the four companies, having still two at Lordello. This was about five o'clock. When the mist cleared up I saw a large body of cavalry, followed by heavy columns of infantry, all with fascines and ladders, moving towards where the men were. As usual, such a sight stopped my breath, and if I had not such an immense big beard, a looker-on might have seen I was pale. I ran down, arranged my men, and was all ready. At six the firing began at Vanzellars Quinta very sharply, gradually coming towards Lordello. I got into a most agitated state, sent to Colonel Cotter to say I had left the four companies with Major Godfrey, and off I ran with my long pole to Lordello. I just arrived as the enemy's columns were forming for the attack. I arranged the men properly, lining the walls in front of my barracks, and took up my position as usual at Matta Sept. No sooner there than I saw the enemy advance most boldly to the ditches, showering big stones upon my fellows, and by their numbers forcing them to retire. By breaking down the walls, thus taking them in flank, my fellows were actually driven into the Oporto road. I ran down from the picquet house, rallied them, fixed bayonets, and went through the barracks up into the garden. I had about fifty men; in coming up to the little garden gate I saw about 500 *Voluntarios Realistas* mixed with non-commissioned officers of the line, within twenty yards of us, having scattered themselves in the different unfinished ditches which we had been making to prevent their advance. They did not like to enter the little gate, not knowing our force, and we did not like to go out, the firing on this point being so heavy. I saw something must be done, and getting thirty determined fellows, asked them to follow me to the ditch about thirty yards from us, which was full of them—there were some bushes which hid us from one party—so off Wyatt and I started, hurrahing, followed by our fellows. Wyatt and Russell were both hit, and I gave one of the enemy a blow with my pole, he not knowing where it came from, as he was busy firing in another direction. In one moment a young Scotchman plunged his bayonet in him, and we all jumped helter skelter into the ditch, and there we dealt it out. No speaking. We had been hid from the enemy by the bushes; but they, taking advantage of them, tried to come down unseen upon us, while we were busy with their comrades in the ditch; but I had time to get out and form a party, which held them at bay till we ran back into the garden. Having given the gentlemen a hint not to advance any further in that direction, away I started to the old picquet-house of Matta Sept. We were here sharply engaged. To my left I saw beautiful charges of cavalry, which, of course, I thought was ours; but you may imagine my astonishment when I saw the fellows charge our *flèches* (fortifications), leap into the ditches, and send our Portuguese to the right about. They were followed by heavy columns of infantry, who now made themselves masters of our lines, excepting the two redoubts of Pasteleiro and Saldanha. At this time an officer came to ask me how he was to retreat; I just looked him steadily in the face, and then said, "Bah!"

as much as to let him know there was to be no retreat. We were now, in my opinion, cut off. The *flêches* which had been taken by the enemy had been occupied by the tenth, our most famous Portuguese regiment. I had asked as a right to have this *flêche* for my men, but the Chief of the Staff, Colonel Gil Guedes, did not like to trust the *drunken English ! ! !* I said, "Well, I will not let you have the credit, for I shall say I held Lordello when unfortified, and perhaps you will find it no such easy business when even fortified." We had a good deal of quizzing; and, when standing alone with my bugler, all this came across me, and I exclaimed in an excited state, "If I die for it, I shall show them that I was right." I was standing above on the ruins of the picquet-house, looking through a cannon-shot hole below on the men doing their duty. I called out "Cease firing. Who wants the Tower and Sword." An officer and thirty *Scotch* volunteered (at this time English and Irish detachments had been sent to me). A Mr. Morgan called out, "There are thirty of us all ready." "Then do you see that unoccupied *flêche* in the centre of the enemy's present advanced line; dash forward and seize it, and fire away so as to make noise and show the red coats." They dashed forward splendidly, we cheering them. I waited to see the effect produced; the enemy's cavalry first began to retire slowly, and I saw the infantry looking where the firing was coming from. I instantly formed another party (I had now my sabre), and we proceeded up the hollow road leading into the *flêches*, with fixed bayonets, I taking the precaution, while leading, to have a famous serjeant with me, and

Captain Richardson, of Dodgin's regiment, with ten men. Before reaching the large *flèche*, we fell in with four fellows, who were disposed of very quietly. I took one of their great coats on my left arm. I knew every inch of the road, and as our party (23) approached the spot, the enemy began to fire on the rear, thinking they were the front. Now the row began; I hallooed, "Now is your time,—dash among them." We found about 150 in the ditch, terribly crowded, but intent on firing on those who were dilatory in coming up, not seeing us. The serjeant dashed his bayonet through one, and I slashed a fellow to the bone in the back, cutting his belt as with a razor; he roared out, which frightened the others, and then such confusion—huddling over each other, we bayoneting and pricking them. I am ashamed to say the serjeant and I laughed, and I threw the great coat to trip them; we could not follow very well, the ditch being very narrow at bottom, being shaped in this way V. We inflicted about thirty wounds. At this moment I saw a great cocked French hat through an embrasure; I made a dash with one of the men, but he bundled up his heavy great coat, I hallooing "*Corre, corre!*" At this time the tenth were engaged with the Miguelites between us and them at the covert way. Their balls were striking about us; so to let them see that I had retaken the battery, I sprung upon the top, calling to the piper, "Blow, blast you! blow." We then ran towards the tenth, picking up prisoners; and I felt proud when I now said to the tenth, "Hurry back to your post, and let the Chief of the Staff know what the drunken English have done." I thought the fight here was pretty quiet, so with my piper playing, through showers of shot and shell, I went along the covert way as far down as Foz, where I found myself in command of the brigade by the death of Colonel Cotter. I gave some directions, and then hearing the musketry again beginning at Lordello, seized a horse, and galloped back; I arrived just in time. They made a second very bold attack, which we repulsed, but again they advanced upon the *flèche* which had been retaken, with such columns that our Portuguese were obliged to retire. Then Mr. Morgan and the flankers were of service, as they pelted them on their backs as they advanced, climbing over the rocks, thus obliging them to retire; but the columns which were driven back joined two others, and down they came with great boldness and force upon my right, between Dodgin's regiment and my own. At first they drove us in, throwing the dike down upon my lads, but I reinforced them with the fifteenth regiment and volunteers, and after a tussle, we forced them to retire, which they did under cover of a most tremendous fire of shot and shells from upwards of fifty guns. The attack had lasted from six, and it was now two o'clock. Although nearly choked with the dust of exploding shells and of round shot, and hallooing, it was nothing to the pain I suffered in my legs. I had just strength to return to Foz to arrange every thing for the expected attack there. They fired an immense quantity of round shot with the precision of rifles, but I suspect their troops would not advance. So at six o'clock I got washed, dinner (your preserved meat), a bottle of porter, and the same of wine, making me strong enough to visit the lines both at the light-house and Lordello; but until to-day (the 29th) I have hardly been able to walk.

The old shots have begun to tell, or the old age. I suppose it has been the great excitement of that day, or my not yet having got back my strength (although I am as strong as any two) but I am sick —sick of blood, and shot, and fighting. The marks of blood are now away from my sabre, but the smell of the killed sickens me; I have not had heart to go to hospital to see the poor fellows. I lost a favourite lad—volunteer Lacy, son of a Colonel Lacy of the artillery, long quartered at Leith; he was doing the duty of Ensign, and was shot in the very far advance. I got him buried in the Matta Sept picquet-house; beside poor ——, killed on the 4th March. I never knew who was killed or wounded till the evening,—giving orders not to be told, and never looking behind me.

I am a little anxious to know what the despatch and the public say of Lordello. I frankly tell you we did it well, and the attack was very severe here. They came on bolder than on the 29th of September, and I had to use sabre, stick, and bayonet three times in two hours; but I do not believe any one saw us, as the fight was in a hollow, and it was no place for amateurs. As to what the enemy's loss was, I will not speak except of what I saw, and there it was tremendous. I enclose you my two despatches: it seems ridiculous to have two to different persons in one day, the positions being nearly two miles asunder; but still I contrived to be at both places when any thing serious was taking place. I felt annoyed at being thrown out of the naval fight, so I wanted to keep pace with them.

I accomplished the day after the battle, what has long been tried in vain—to get the enemies' confidence sufficiently to permit the burial of the dead. I gave them my word they might advance, and that we would not fire; a sergeant believed me. I sprang over the wall to show him where his officer was lying, and they, seeing this, came down in crowds, bringing fruit to my men. I lent shovels, and we got all good friends—I telling them all the news. No officer dared to come down; but in another place I saw one, and as it was of consequence to let it be known that their fleet was destroyed, and Lisbon ours, I resolved to risk a little; so advanced to their lines with my hands over my head, and got into conversation. He knew of the squadron being taken, but would not believe about Lisbon. They still speak of attacking us again; I hardly believe it.

I gave a *made* message from Saldanha, that each commanding officer of a regiment and battery on each side of the river, would be held personally responsible for life lost, unless Don Pedro returned in five days. We expect the fleet here to-day or next day; until it come they will not retire. I am so taken up with my men and my position, that you know more news than I do. Best and kindest love to all. It is such a queer thing to think that this *bloody* excitement should cause me to cling more warmly to those of whom I am fond. Write always a little; and the Caledonian Mercury is a treat both to men and me. Lawrie, although in the thick of it, has not been shot; he stands shooting at famously."

August 5.—This has been detained. We remain *in statu quo;* except the enemy firing at the boats going out at night, which being close under my windows, prevents my sleeping. A good assemblage of musquitoes, bugs and fleas, add to, rather than diminish, my torments. I am inclined to think the enemy are retiring; but I shall not pretend to give you news, my own regiment giving me plenty to do. The enemy must have suffered dreadfully, as the smell of the dead between the lines is shocking. I have set fire to as many of the bushes as possible, hoping they may thus be consumed.

Ever your affectionate Brother,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLVIII.

Foz, 11th August, 1833.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR PATRICK,

I SUPPOSE my letter, giving an account of the attack of the 25th, has reached London. I am a great man for vows, and I made one, that the Scotch Fusileers would be the first to take possession of an enemy's battery either by force or stratagem, or that they should walk in as the enemy walked out. I have been watching the battery of Seralves, just above Lordello, since the beginning of March, as a cat would a mouse. Although quartered here, I have kept a look-out on Lordello by day and by night. On the night of the 8th, about twelve o'clock, a soldier came up here to tell me a peasant had entered through the wood from the enemy's lines, without being stopped by their sentries. It immediately struck me they must have retired, or be neglectful. I sent word to the General here of what I heard, advising the troops to be put under arms, with a view to advance to Monte Castro. I then went to our batteries, telling them not to fire into the wood, as I was going to patrol there, and if I got possession of Seralves battery I would give three cheers. I galloped down to Lordello, put the troops under arms, fell in with a party of one officer and twenty men, and proceeded to the wood. There I sent the officer, about twenty yards in front, with six men extended, while I followed with the fourteen—bayonets fixed and muskets cocked. It was nervous work. We crept along, when ——— called out, or rather whispered, that he was in the first embrasure of their lines, this being about eighty yards from the great battery. I sent them through, one by one, by the opening, and getting about thirty yards, we discovered the draw-bridge down. We made a run, and in half a minute my vow was accomplished, finding the Scotch Fusileers first of all the army in the enemy's battery.

As soon as we got in we were frightened at our own boldness, as the place was absolutely impregnable if the draw-bridge had been up. I instantly, upon seeing some movement of horses a little in front, ordered the draw-bridge to be pulled up, but found the enemy had destroyed the ropes and pullies. I immediately shut the gate, blocked it up with loose stockades, ammunition boxes, &c., and in five minutes made it field-piece proof.

I breathed freely, called to the piper, got the twenty men on the highest part of the battery, and gave three of the loudest cheers that so many men ever gave. Then the old story, "Piper, blow, d—n you! blow." In five minutes our remaining Scotch in the valley first answered with hurrahs, then followed the *vivas* of the whole line from Lordello to Foz.

My position was still ticklish, in such a large battery, with only twenty men. We tried to destroy the bridge, but had not tools: I got on the nearest point to our Portuguese, calling out, "*Avança, avança!*" Only a few stragglers coming in, and it being difficult to distinguish whether they were enemies or not, I called for thirty more Scotch. They soon arrived, and we let them up from the bridge by long ladders.

To frighten the enemy, and make them suppose us very numerous, I lined the ramparts, scattering the men as distant as possible, placed myself in the centre, and gave the time for three hurrahs. This was answered from our own lines more distant. I now felt easy. It was now about four o'clock in the morning; you may imagine my dismay and astonishment when I received an order from Colonel Fonseca, the commander of the district, telling me to return to the lines instantly, and abandon the battery. I thought it madness, but still had no remedy, and walked out, leaving for the enemy the very battery which had been the cause of all our misery.

When I came down, Colonel Fonseca gave me a reproof for having advanced to take it. He told me he would complain to Saldanha; I believe he did so. Saldanha shook me by the hand; and Colonel Fonseca now commands the castle of Foz, a place better adapted for him than Lordello.

Having got my rowing, I mounted my mule, galloped back to Foz, saluted and greeted by all the Portuguese on the lines, and made the mule use her legs so well, that I got the marines whom I command to enter pell-mell with the Irish into Monte Castro. No one would believe me when I told them where I had been, and gave them a description of the battery of Seralves. I thus made another 25th of July of it, being at both places.

I like truth, and shall tell it now. If Admiral Napier had not destroyed the fleet, we must have been ruined. The strength of the enemy's lines is inconceivable: as a national work, they may be called magnificent. If we had attacked them, we must have been destroyed to a man; and I believe that the cause of their not coming up to our lines, was, that they thought them as well made as their own. I am positive no soldier who has seen them could be brought up to attack them, even if lined with few troops. Although not fired upon, it took a good half-hour before we could get thirty men over the ditch, and through the palisades. On their line of defence, towards Foz, it would have been impossible to surprise them. However, all is well that ends well. We have got more room, plenty to eat, and cheap, and the river I trust will be opened to-morrow.

I hope we shall not be foolish enough to leave Oporto before making the enemy's batteries serve for ours, if we should meet with a temporary reverse, which is far from improbable. From present circumstances, I have no faith in success until Don Pedro sends his advisers to the right-about. There is no foresight, no moral courage, no forgiving of enemies.

I have now a high respect for the Miguelite soldier, and would grant him liberal and honourable terms. He has been very faithful, and I know he can fight. But I have nothing to do with politics; the regiment employs my mind. I do not think this war is to be so soon over as people imagine; I am a little tired of it, though the soldiers do not think so. I was amused with the opinion some of them form of me: my strict orders are, not to fire at the enemy till their eyes can be seen. On the 25th, while we were busy fighting, one of the Scotch, M'Cornish, came up in the middle of the fire, and touching me, said, "Lord, Cornal, ye'll be glaad the day,—you can see their een finely—luk at them!" I took such a fit of laughing, that I believe the Portuguese who were with us, and the Miguelites, who were not forty yards distant, must have thought us mad.

Best and kindest love to all.
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLIX.

Porto, 26th August, 1833.

To Lady ———

DEAR ——,

WE had a famous hunt last Sunday, and a regular blow-up in Villa Nova the Sunday before. "The better day the better deed." I was getting into bed at Foz, to have an hour's rest, after being for three nights out of bed, when I received the order to march the regiment to Oporto—I thought of course to attack Villa Nova. After being formed on the lines, we marched off, about one o'clock, in quite a contrary direction, and, about three o'clock, finding where we were, I told the men that they would find Saldanha always what I called him. I saw at once he had kept a secret, and our movement was now of that sort, that, if we proceeded a little to the left, we should catch the enemy in the rear, and drive them from their batteries on this side of the river.

We moved off, having the Lancers with us. It was the first time they had been in fire in the open field. We marched sharply; the enemy retired; the Lancers charged, or rather, hunted them. The enemy then took up a strong position, from which they fired sharply; I was supporting the 9th regiment, which felt for a moment a difficulty in advancing; but, coming up at the head of their column with a few red-coats, and three cheers, they sent the enemy to the right-about. This was just at daybreak. I would not let a shot be fired, but moved on sharply, and saw the enemy abandoning their batteries and encampments in the greatest confusion. The 10th cavalry and the Lancers were then let loose on them, and you cannot imagine a more exciting hunt.

It was the most beautiful country you can conceive; the most heavenly morning; the encampments all in a blaze; the valleys filled by dropping shots; and the sides of the hills covered with scarlet-jacketed Lancers, hallooing at the black-dressed *Voluntarios Realistas*, who got into the Indian corn fields with a most wonderful rapidity.

We saw nothing of them for fully an hour, when we perceived the heights of Valongo crowned with cavalry, infantry, and field-pieces. The smoke of their artillery looked beautiful, and I liked it the better because I knew it was hurting no one. This was just a day for making boys soldiers. It was the only time I ever saw the romance of a fight. The Lancers thought themselves wonderful fellows, and they behaved famously; but every thing goes by comparison: they thought the musketry heavy, but in reality it was not so. Two or three Portuguese officers were shot beside me, but we did not know from whence the shots came.

It was now mid-day, with a broiling sun; so we made a move to the right, as if we were going to cross the river, towards Villa Nova, and then halted to give the men a little refreshment. About three o'clock we made a quick movement to the left, not stopping to *plunder* the convent of Formiga, where the enemy's sick and wounded were, until we found ourselves crowning the very hill where I had been on the 23rd of July last year. Halting there for a short time, the enemy's *videttes* began to show themselves on the opposite heights (those of Valongo), and I was ordered to crown a height in close column where one of them was. The ascent was difficult; but, on getting up, the sight was worth the trouble. Below me, in my rear, were our own columns in movement, having the cavalry in front, and to my right, on the same line of heights, were the columns of the enemy moving down to Valongo with a rapidity that in a few minutes became confusion, leaving the plain covered with runaways, with the exception of a column of infantry and cavalry, left to protect Valongo, but on the same spot where we saw the enemy when we first came on them on the 22d of July last year.

I asked permission to advance, as I knew the road, that I might keep them in play until the Lancers could get down the road through the village, and take them in the rear. But the commandant of the brigade, Zagallo, did not like the responsibility. We had the amusement of seeing the cavalry galloping about in search of what was not to be found—an enemy; but they caught some baggage.

We halted a little in front of Valongo. Here some shameful excesses were committed by the rest of the troops, for the first time out of town; but I did not let one of *my* fellows enter the town, and I received for the long-neglected, despised, *English* battalion, the thanks of the General, for their sober, steady, and quiet conduct,—a new æra in their history. I have got them now in a state that would not disgrace any corps, and this with sheer hard work, and without flogging, and in some measure without officers, although I have some very excellent ones.

As soon as it got dark we began our march for Oporto. The men were terribly fatigued; but I got them into barracks at Oporto about five in the morning. At ten we started for Foz, went on picquet at night, and got an order to march for Oporto in the morning, with the promise of eight days' rest. But the men had no sooner lain down at night, than I received orders to march them across the river to the Serra convent, there to receive orders. I got there at one in the morning, when a guide was given me to follow. This I did, through the most horribly destroyed roads, over batteries and fosses, and at day-break found myself at the head of a column of troops formed at St. Ouvidio, on the Lisbon road. But the enemy had retired; so back we turned, getting to Oporto about ten o'clock, more asleep than awake. We then went to bed, and took twenty-four hours of it.

I hear I have got a step of promotion in the order of the Tower and Sword; and every one tells me I shall be adorned with a star on my left breast on the finish of the affair.

I go over to see the wine stores to-morrow at Villa Nova. I suspect the English merchants here will make a great work about the blowing up of the wine, *to raise the price.* You ask me if I ever met with a young Mr. Chambers. If it be the fine little fellow who is the sailor, he is a famous fellow. He has often fought on shore by my side, and I helped to get him the decoration of the Tower and Sword.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER L.

Porto, 14th September, 1833.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER.

BY this time I am sure you are back at Richmond, and enjoying your walks by the river side. Here am I absolutely tired of doing nothing; and such is old custom that I get to the window in the middle of the night to listen if I cannot distinguish the sound of shot; but that is for the present all over. We have had two or three runs after them at Pennafiel; but wherever the red coat makes its appearance, the report goes through the country, and no surprises take place.

Our troops have been most fortunate in every attempt they have made. I almost do not regret not being of the party, as a surprise is always a bayoneting business, and I have an idea that neither I nor my men would go cordially to work in that way unless our blood were heated by opposition.

The order is now for a military commission to shoot all found in arms. I believe it is best for the public. I only hope they won't transfer me in any way to the shape of a lawyer.

You can form no idea of the trouble I have had, and the industry I have shown in bringing the battalion to what it is; but I have no friends,—no one in whom I have confidence,—none to whom I can let out the floating ideas of my mind; and, if it would not be comparing small things with great, I feel as if I were a solitary rock in the sea—exposed to all weathers: and, although nearly covered by the tide, yet the wave in its turn recoils and leaves me quite erect.

The race I am running is a difficult one, but I don't care. I hate a milk-and-water life, and my ambition is to force respect, and let liking come afterwards. Think of my being the only officer now here who embarked in London! Those who come in at the fag end are just as sure of reaping similar benefits, if not greater, than those who have done the work; but such is the way the world works, and perhaps it is right it should be so.

You recollect my being robbed on 29th September last, while they were carrying me off the field, of my watch, money, seals, &c. I never forgot the seal for a moment,—watching every body to see if I could recover it. You may imagine my astonishment the other day at seeing it hanging up in a shop. Both watch and it are now in my pocket. I have caught the fellow, and have slight hopes of recovering more; but one Portuguese does not like to hunt another.

You know I have been very little in the city of Oporto, consequently am not personally known. I have been obliged to be through many of the public offices on account of this robbery. I don't dress very gay, and the English are no great favourites, nor any foreigners; and you would laugh as I do when I am asked for my name. I, in a meek mild tone of voice, say, "Carlos Shaw, o Coronel dos Escoseses"—then such bowing and scraping and clearing the way, and as many compliments as would make any other person blush. But as my beard is red, I see no use in the little bit of face that is in sight getting red also, the more especially as the sun has done its duty with the tip of my nose.

I am really an ugly person, as, on account of my fever, I cropped my hair almost as close as a shave, and it is now sticking up at the half inch height as strong and as stiff as bristles. I shall clip or shave when I get to Lisbon, as I am almost the only one who has kept the vow made on landing.

Curious scenes occur here; one has happened this moment. I heard of a poor devil being in distress, and sent for him, having heard he had been a soldier. He came in with clothes hardly sufficient to cover him; I asked his name. "————." Where he came from?—"Worcester." His trade?—"My profession, sir, is medical."—"What brought you here?"—"I was extravagant, and thought it best to be out of sight; I was five years in St. George's Hospital, being a perpetual pupil."

After talking with him, I saw he was a decent sort of fellow. I said to him, "Are you a blackguard?" "No, I am not." "Then you will be an infernal one if you deceive me. Go and make a bargain as cheap as you can for England, and I will give the captain a letter to be answerable for your passage; but I shall *prevent* your tricking me; for if you don't pay, I shall get ——— in London to prevent your being a perpetual pupil in St. George's, and I shall spoil your profession." He told me —— ——— was a fellow student of his at the London University, and assisted in making a medical society there. —— must keep the fellow on board prisoner, until he takes himself out of pound.

This is my system of charity, which I fear does not agree with your notions. I think it does me good to attempt to be useful, or to get a poor young fellow out of a scrape; he came out as a lancer, and he *has seen* life, or rather death.

There is a nephew of ——, a private soldier here; but I am afraid to ask about him, as my means of effecting good must be all treasured up for doing useful things for the great body of the regiment. I want to be of some use to myself, and perhaps I shall find my labour not all thrown away.

I read from your present of sermons to the assembled multitude, and to the astonishment of the Portuguese, "*Be ye diligent.*" I am badly off for a precentor, my first having deserted. He is now hid among the Lisbon priests. Did I tell you all my deserters were caught at Lisbon, and sent back to me, with the exception of him? I was like a madman when I first spoke to them, and lost my clerical character by the venomous way I asked for the other blackguard, "that psalm-singing scoundrel." But this is Sunday; so, with love to all, I am, dear mother, the same,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LI.

Porto, 16th September, 1833.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I SUSPECT that the quantity of powder you blew away upon the hills on 12th August would have ruined you, if you had been charged in the manner I charge my fellows, fourpence a shot; and I strongly suspect that I have hit as many Miguelites with a single shot as you have done grouse with No. 4. But the shooting season is now past, and we are forced to go to another sort of grape, which I assure you sometimes causes as severe pain as that which we had in winter. *This* is the country of fruit, and by all accounts never was there such a crop of grapes as this season.

We can now sail up the river some miles. Such scenery I have never seen. The Quintas are many of them beautiful, and none understand good living better than the Portuguese; but seldom is it that you can get into the inside of their houses. I do not go much among the merchants here; indeed, the heat of the sun is so great that I do not like riding, and at the time of their dinner hour I have my parade. The regiment gives me so much to do that my time never hangs heavy on my hands. Every spare moment I throw myself down and sleep, as there is a long account due to my eyes.

All here say that wine is to be both dear and scarce. Indeed, I heard that some of Kopkes wine had brought a high price. It turns out that the Miguelites have plundered and destroyed nearly double what was at first supposed. It is a matter of speculation what the up-country people are to do, being now without communication here, and all their wine tuns being full, and the new vintage at hand. Some say they will distil it into brandy; but my own opinion is that they will do no such thing, but that it will be found a good marketable wine, though not the old port wine adapted to the present English fashion. Some of the country wines are remarkably nice, and, though resembling in taste, far superior to the French wines. Depend on it there is a change working. This business has forced people to resources they never thought of, and some plans will be found attended with success. I never open my lips here about wine, only to drink it. I have not had time to go into town to know the news. The report to-day is that the enemy are all retiring to the south, towards Coimbra; but nothing is certain. Being in great anxiety to hear of you, and with kind love to all, I am,

Your affectionate brother,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LII.

Porto, 21st September, 1833.

To Mrs. Shaw.

My dear Mother,

Your letter to me of 10th September was a great treat; but at the same time it annoys me, because it excites feelings I wish to indulge, but which cannot give way to, situated as I am. Would that I could return and be among you! Nothing amuses me more than the confidence with which friends give advice, not knowing all the circumstances; and sometimes I think it strange that people listen, except out of politeness. It would be a very ridiculous thing in General Stubbs if, on a march in a country of which he knew nothing, he were to give orders to me, not only to occupy a position, but even to tell me where the sentries were to be placed, while one single unseen ditch might stultify all his orders. Indeed one could hardly expect I would take command *burdened* with such advice. Thus it is with the advice of ———; who, however friendly, does not happen to know in this case what he is speaking so wisely about.

First, do not advise me to come home; I cannot bear the idea of leaving this service, until I see all those poor fellows settled with, who remain, and who embarked on board the Edward, with so many pledges that their officers would never forsake them. I could not move about in England lest some fellow should stop to upbraid me. If you knew how anxious I am to be among you, you would listen to no such stuff as "settling in Portugal." I would go or settle anywhere to be independent; but it will not do for me, while anything like a war lasts, to go home and at one step make myself liable to be classed among all the scapegraces who have been forced to quit this country.

I am trying to play a safe game with the Portuguese authorities, which can only be done by never having anything to do with them, except on duty, and laying all my mind and attention to my regiment, and not disdaining to follow a Portuguese plan if it be good,—thus gratifying their vanity, and bettering the condition of my men. By the bye, will George let Hodges know that neither surgeon Alcock nor myself have ever received his book; and I am sure you yourselves may see that I have little time for writing any letters but to yourselves. Tell George that ——— the medical student sails to-morrow in the Margueretta schooner for London, and that the master, Jordan, has on him (George) an order for ——— passage money. If this ——— cheats me, (which is the usual return to kindness,) I shall do no more. If he repays me, one young fellow's whole course of life *may be* bettered.*

I have a terrible bother with your friend ———; he is such a grumbler. I don't like his disposition; and he has totally mistaken his profession; he has no life, plenty of conceit: in short, I am sick of him.

Young Hamilton is a nice brave lad; but I must be strict with him, as he has the making of a good officer in him. He is very economical. As to Mr. ———, I don't see that I am obliged to have anything to do with him. I got him out of a scrape, and that is enough. I detest having to do with people whose relations I know. Last night Donna Maria with two steamers was seen to pass towards Lisbon.

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* This man deceived the author in the most barefaced manner.

With kindest love to all of you, and with a slight advice not to pay serious attention to the suggestions of people, who probably don't care one farthing whether I sink or swim, I am, and hope shall always remain the same,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LIII.

15th October, 1833.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE begun to think that my long silence may make you suppose I am ill or forgetful; but neither is the case, for here am I in full bodily health, with my mind turned more perhaps homewards than I should be willing to admit.

I have so much to do at night that I must only give you a few lines. I think it was on the 26th of September that we received orders to embark, and on the 27th we got on board a steamer, wet to the skin, to the number of 500, without room to sit down, the vessel being one which had never held more than 300 before. On the 28th we sailed from Oporto, and in getting over the bar, shipped a sea which very nearly finished all our honours. On that evening we came off St. Martinho, and at a signal went into the bay, where we got orders to disembark to protect the property saved from the steamer, which had all the Queen's baggage.

I intended to hold the 29th of September as an anniversary, and I told the men something would occur.

We received orders to march early to Caldas, where we arrived about mid-day, after a fatiguing march through sand exposed to sun. I had just halted the regiment, when a dragoon galloped up to me to say the advanced guard was engaged. I immediately double-quicked two companies, telling the others to follow more leisurely. In about half an hour we reached a wood at the beginning of an extensive plain, over which were seen the imposing high walls and battlements of Oubidos. I should tell you, in the morning I had the choice of a black and of a grey horse. I accepted the first, being the safer colour; but thinking we should not be in fire before we reached Peniche, I dismounted and took the grey. After forming the columns, I found, on account of the ammunition having been spoiled at sea, we must use the bayonets more than powder, and I accordingly formed line to advance along the plain. Just as I got in front of the line, I recollected the colour of my horse; and my servant hallooing, "Oh, your honour, get off the white horse," made me aware I was very conspicuous, but it was now too late. The hissing of the balls soon informed me I was a good mark; but as I got on the plain I found there was low ground in front where cavalry might perhaps be stationed. This forced me to ride in front of the battalion to the brow of the hill about 200 yards in front. The moment I made my appearance, there was a regular discharge at the horse, not at me, for a very few balls passed so high, but the horse's legs were covered with the dust of the balls. A round shot from the town saluted me; but before they could point again, the battalion advanced, driving in the skirmishers, and getting under cover of a church close to the town before they could bring a gun to bear on us. Here we lay till nearly four o'clock, exposed to a warm fire of musketry, and a little artillery, when at this hour we saw them beginning to run out of the town. I was sent with the battalion, and made a *détour* to catch them; but before we could get through the difficult country, and across the aqueduct, a French battalion from Peniche got in, and caught the governor and his wife, and took a few prisoners.

As the inhabitants had been seen to fire on us, and as this was the stronghold of the guerillas, I feared some damage would be done to the town, especially as the French were a little tipsy. They soon began, and before twelve o'clock at night the town was regularly pillaged. It was a sad sight, and sickened me. My fellows pillaged less than any other regiment; but about 4 o'clock in the morning I saw them rifling all the drunk and sleeping soldiers of other regiments. This I did not attempt to prevent, as the smaller evil of the two.

We left this next afternoon, and after a dreary fatiguing march through a curious country got to Peniche. Peniche is called the Gibraltar of Portugal, and it is deserving of the name, although it is not an imposing looking place. Halting here for two days, we got the order to march to Lourinha. Here we halted one night, and moying on about 12 o'clock were saluted with a few straggling shots from the lines of Torres Vedras. The cavalry pushed sharply on, we following into the town. They galloped through, we playing the band. From the other end of the town to a league on the other side, we had a regular chace, with only a few straggling shots.

21st October.

I was obliged in a hurry to stop. At Torres Vedras we halted for some days making excursions. At Alanquer we received the order to march in a hurry, and passing the miserable village of Alconteira, arrived here. From my quarters I see the enemy busy at work at Santarem, which I suppose we are to attack, and from which they will retire, as their valuable baggage has already left the town.

What a miserable place this is, and how little I care for any one! Indeed, if the enemy were not before me, my interest would subside at once.

I luckily got George's letters this day. Do write. Many thanks for all your letters. Don't fear for me, because, if I do not come soon among you, my heart, whether above or below ground, is with you, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LIV.

Secoria, a small village about a league west of Santarem.—14th November, 1833.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq. London.

DEAR GEORGE,

MANY thanks to all of you for being such good correspondents. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me. Indeed, it makes me the envy of every one. At present there is no convenience for writing,—no paper—no ink—no table—no house—no quiet. We are always on the move, and without baggage; in short, it is miserable work.

The other night at twelve we got the order to march. The march was very slow, and the weather very cold. We arrived at Pernes about four o'clock, and the next day had a very pretty little fight, and took about forty prisoners. We bivouacked on the top of the hill, and marched back here next morning, coming a little closer to Santarem, and now our picquets and theirs are a good musket's distance the one from the other.

I cannot get an answer from the Minister of War. I go to-day to Saldanha to insist on one thing or another.

On the 5th of November I was in Lisbon for four hours. I am now entitled to cut my beard, but I assure you it is a comfort in sleeping in the open fields.

I have been obliged to part with ———. I passed over two serious scrapes; but absence from his guard, and then quarrelling and fisticuffing with the other officer of the guard, forced me to send both away. I could not help it, and only regret it for his family's sake. I fear he is very badly off, but so are better people.

I have heard of the arrival of the parcel at Lisbon, and hope soon to get there to see it. I think it is certain that before ten days are over, we must attack Santarem, or go to the rear into winter quarters, as it is not possible to stay out during the rains.

When I was at Lisbon, I was most shabbily dressed. I was in the Minister of War's Office among a great many big-wigs, unknown. One gentleman made the remark that all the foreign officers in the service were Scotch; I said "No." "Then," said he, "I know that Colonel Shaw is a Scotchman." I said that I did not deny being a Scotchman. You would have been amused at the look of them all. It turned out that this gentleman had just come from Paris, where Lady ———, formerly ———, said I was her oldest and most intimate friend. So you see friends turn up. It is a good joke.

I find an opportunity this morning to Lisbon, so be contented with this scrawl. Give my love to all, and continue to write.

Lisbon, 7th December.

I have brought this here with me. I was sent down from the army to settle the accounts and fulfil the promises to those who came out with Hodges; but the fact is this is, a duty of Sartorius, Hodges, or Williams, though I suppose I shall have to bear the brunt of it. The Scotch are all here, but are as yet most infamously treated in spite of what was promised to me. They played the devil yesterday; but it was to be expected. As yet I have nothing to do with them, nor shall I, unless I get them on my own terms, and thus they may have some justice. If the liberating army does not immediately do something, we shall go down hill.

Your affectionate brother,
C. Shaw.

LETTER LV.

Villa Nova da Coito, 3 miles from Almoster
Cartaxo, 20th Dec. 1833.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

Dear George,

You heard of my being at Lisbon, and the extraordinary way in which I was sent out of it. As I fear it may reach the newspapers, you have my full authority to tell the circumstances, if made public.

A General Zagallo, who quarrels with every one, is put in command of the recruits in depôt. He has been treating the Scotch most infamously, and I, fearing there might be a mutiny among them, did not go near them, and had nothing to do with them; but the Emperor, meeting me in the street, told me I must go and see my countrymen, but to go first to Zagallo. As he is the well-known enemy of the British, and as I had told him after the 4th of March, had I obeyed his orders, Porto would have been taken, you may suppose he is my deadly enemy. However, I went there to call on him. He began telling me how he treated them. I said "*Mark me;* I am up to those fellows; they can read, write, and think as well as we; so if you treat them that way, you will have a row." I had hardly said these words, when a Major ——— entered to say a row was just taking place. Hearing this, off I went to my lodgings, never having seen or spoken to one of them, leaving the General to make the best of it.

He instantly went to the Emperor, stated that I, Major Godfrey, and Dr. Alcock, had come down from the army, and excited the British troops to mutiny; upon which, the Emperor orders all three out of Lisbon *instantly*. I obeyed at once; but wrote to the Adjutant-General Valdez, saying I had been a week in Lisbon working for Government, without having done anything for myself, and directly accused General Zagallo of giving a false report. On joining General Saldanha, I reported the affair to him, and called for a Court of Inquiry, but said, "as General Zagallo's blame was a compliment to every good and brave officer, I should continue to do my duty till the affair was settled." Saldanha wrote a very handsome letter to me, and three days afterwards, when the Emperor came to review us, he overpowered me with compliments, and in front of my regiment made me a Colonel. So there is the finish of the matter.

All these things are difficult to stand, but I have been well-drilled. If mentioned in the papers, this is the story.

I had very little opportunity of seeing anything in Lisbon except a grand ball at the Duke of Terceira's, which was very splendid.

You can form no idea of how little time I have to myself. I have been as kind as I could be to those to whom you gave letters, but they are not here. I fear Bell has got into a scrape with his promises, but like myself he has been deceived by others. Tell my mother to write to me.

With kind love to all, I am, &c. &c.

C. SHAW.

The Spaniards (6000, 800 cavalry, and six pieces of artillery) are now in Portugal in rear of the enemy; so the business is up with Miguel.

LETTER LVI.

Imperial Head Quarters, Necessidades, 7th Dec. 1833.

To Lieut.-Colonel Charles Shaw.

SIR,

HIS Imperial Majesty the Duke of Bragança, Commander-in-chief of the Army, orders you *to start to-day* to join the army under the command of Marshal Count de Saldanha, of which order I apprise you for your prompt compliance.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Adjutant-General VALDEZ.*

LETTER LVII.

Lisbon, 39, Rua das Flores, 7th Dec. 1833.

To General Valdez.

DEAR GENERAL,

GENERAL Saldanha sent me down to settle the accounts of the men who have been here for two years. I refer to the Minister of War, if I have been idle. Knowing that General Zagallo was in command of the recruits, and also that he was very particular, I resolved to keep clear of him and the recruits, as I thought he would give me spare justice—he having, since I came into contact with him, acted in a manner quite different from every other General officer in this service; the other Generals overpowering me with kindness, but he quite the contrary.

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* It may not be unimportant to remark that this letter was written in consequence of the report of Zagallo referred to in the preceding letter.

The first cause of this was my having gone to Lordello by your orders, while in his brigade, and without going through the form of reporting the circumstance to him. This could not be helped, as your orders were peremptory. He indulged in attacks, in his own room, upon the British nation, to which no gentleman should submit. I told him my opinion plainly, and since that day I have never met with civility from him. On leaving the army, all these circumstances determined me not to put myself in his power; but meeting the Emperor in the street, he signified to me that perhaps I should like to see my countrymen, but that I should mention my wish to General Zagallo. *Never having spoken to the men*, and having *no time* till yesterday, I called on him for the first time; I told him distinctly what my orders were with regard to the *two-years' men*, and that *I had nothing to do with the recruits.* He entered into conversation, when I casually observed, I wished to get the men's accoutrements marked—in order that they might not be stolen when they joined the army. He said to me that, provided the men on parade pleased the Emperor before they marched off, he had nothing to do with them *if they were stripped naked at the army.* I begged of him as a favour, to let Major ——— take the trouble of marking them, as he himself had so much to do. This favour he granted; but he told me, the men were discontented about money. We agreed quietly on the subject, when he said, "*if they choose they may go home*, as by the contract they are entitled to nothing." He shewed me the contract, and I think *he is right*, and I said so; but I likewise said that I thought it was better to keep them here till Don Miguel's army was smaller, as the cavalry officers taken prisoners, to whom I had been kind, told me *their army had got new uniform and a month's pay.* I added, that I thought a safe game the surest, and that we must be guided by circumstances; for when at Lordello, *the enemy having the best of it, I coaxed* the Scotchmen, but now as *we* had the best of it I *flogged* them. He then said something else, when I said—depend upon it, if such conduct is pursued to the men, they are fellows who can *read, write,* and *think*, and there will be a *row*. I had *hardly* said these words, when Major ——— (whom I had not *seen* for two days I think) came in to the General, and reported some disputes about money; my warning having been so quickly *proved*, seemed to annoy him, and I went away resolved to let *the men and him settle it as they best might. I never was near the men, had nothing to do directly or indirectly with them*, in fact, *positively refused to go near them*;—so you may imagine my astonishment to be ordered off in a moment, without getting time to provide myself with the comfort of clean linen. I know quite well the Emperor has been deceived; but *I rest contented*, as 'I know the *truth* will *reach him*, and he will do me the justice which I deserve. You have always been my friend, so I hope you will translate this letter literally to His Imperial Majesty, and assure him that no person has a more thorough contempt for intrigue than I have, and that I am above it. Excuse me for troubling you; but I have been ill-treated, but not by the Emperor.

I am, dear General, your faithful Servant,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LVIII.

Villa Nova do Coito, about 3 miles from Almoster,
27th Dec. 1833.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

My dear Mother,

I cannot express to you how glad I was to see your handwriting, for, though I get many letters —which are my only comfort,—still, I seldom hear from *you*. I got your letter yesterday, having spent the greater part of Christmas night awake, thinking of you all and how I should like to be among you.

My merry Christmas was spent in fighting, knocking down, and sending to jail these wonderfully well-behaved Scotchmen. I mastered them; so they are now, to the number of a dozen, safe in limbo ten miles from this, to be fed on bread and water as long as 'tis my pleasure: and my pleasure it will be for some time, as such a set of ungrateful blackguards are no where to be found. And in the midst of this scene of iniquity, sin, and all horrors, I got a letter from my good mother, in praise of human nature! long may you think thus; but of all productions of nature, the most despicable, in my opinion, is this very being, Man. Just let any one see this human nature as I have seen it for the last four years of my life, and he will have the same love and respect for it as I intend to prove I have before an hour passes, by tying up to a tree one of these human beings and giving him 300 good lashes. Mildness and justice have no effect. I practise mildness, justice, charity, and more kindness perhaps than I get credit for; not to please others, but solely because I think it my duty, and have a pleasure in it. Each day of my life shews me more and more the responsible situation I hold, and the difficult position in which I am placed—so many young men looking up, all expecting I am to do or can do something for them.

Very little is in my power; but I have a sort of active content in giving a poor devil like——a second chance in this world; if he come, I shall give him a fair opportunity. As to their *moralities*, unless their pecadillos come before me publicly and officially, I let them go their own way to a certain place if they choose. I have quite enough to do for myself and a parcel of drunken brutes. You cannot imagine how much I am worked; not a moment to myself, and none of the labour for myself. You would hear how I was turned out of Lisbon. The insult has been glossed over by promoting me to the rank of Colonel; nay, it is not impossible but that you may hear of my being a General.

I dare say you wish me well out of this war, and country; I know all your kindly feelings towards me, and would like, if I could, to indulge myself; but how can I? It is not my nature to give up a thing I am once fairly embarked in. No one can understand how deeply some feelings are imprinted on my heart. Life, I consider, as far as I myself am concerned, a very secondary object. With regard to others it is different. I am a regular liberty boy in the gross, though a tyrant in detail. I think Nature has been most bountiful to this country, and your friend, *Human* Nature, most pestilent and pernicious; and I want to drill this same human nature so, that its manœuvres, if they do no good, may at least do no harm.

Then Portugal is not far from you all. If I left it at present, I should be a bit of a lion,—get lots of dinners,—have my health drunk, &c. &c. But that would not last long, and I put a proper value on all these compliments. If I remain here, I may probably be shot; or if not shot, a great deal of what I have been praised for will be forgotten, and probably the Cortes or some intrigue may send me to the right-about: but in that case, it won't be my fault, and I shall not have to reproach myself.

I am very sorry your feelings for "human nature" have made you kind to Corporal Knight. He is a horrid blackguard, and the sooner he is dismissed the better; but that you will find a difficult matter. He has not done a day's duty for fifteen months, though repeatedly told, "*No duty, no pay.*" He should get something for his wound. As to myself, I have given him out of my pocket more money than the pay coming to him. He is a beggar by trade, and a very persevering one. There will be 167 of the regiment home in a few days, and I expect to hear that —— —— and ———— are full of them, and all with the old story of bad treatment. Some of them will attack you on account of my having flogged them. Take care that your "human nature" does not get you into a hobble. Indeed, one great reason of my continuing to wear my beard, is, that it will puzzle any of the blackguards to know me when I am shaved.

31st Dec.

This has been lying by me, without my having the power to finish it; but this being the last day of the year, I have shut myself up to clear away everything to get a clean and fresh start to-morrow. I think you will all dine together,—I am sure you will all be happy,—and I know you will drink my health, and perhaps wish me among you. While you are all round the table, I shall either be by myself in solitary dignity, or have one or two people at my table, perhaps, for whom I do not care one farthing except in as far as each makes himself useful to me in keeping the regiment in order. It does not do for me to be familiar with all. In short, mine is a situation by no means enviable. You may think me unhappy: by no means. I have so much to do that I have not time to be unhappy. My mind is always employed.

Our people are in capital order,—with new great coats,—well shod,—capitally fed,—and paid regularly; and I think we are all anxious to fight. I have the greatest yearning to have a brush in the open field, or even to attack them when fortified, just from curiosity to find out if we really are better troops than they. I think we are, but they have plenty of individual bravery. If we could forget intrigue until their army were smashed, the war would not last long.

Best and kindest love to all of you, &c.

C. SHAW.

LETTER LIX.

Villa Nova do Coito, January 8th, 1834.

To His Excellency Marshal Saldanha.

SIR,

IN consequence of an official letter, dated the 29th of December, 1833, from the paymaster, I have drawn for the part table allowance of the officers of the Scotch Fusileers, and I respectively beg your

Excellency's most serious attention to the extraordinary predicament in which they are and have been placed.

At the time that Oporto was suffering, every British regiment agreed not to put the Government to any trouble, and upon three shillings per day being paid to them as table money, they allowed their arrears to stand over. The Portuguese officers agreed to the same terms. The officers of my Scotch battalion wrote to Government, agreeing not to accept of one farthing from the 1st of January, 1833, until Her Majesty was proclaimed at Lisbon. The offer was accepted, which may be seen in the Chronica of Oporto. As soon as the Queen was proclaimed, I applied at the request of the officers, that they might receive the same table-money, up to the period at which the English officers had received theirs. I was answered that it would be attended to immediately. Upon your Excellency going to Lisbon, I understood that the paymaster-general at Oporto had the cash for the officers. I applied to General Stubbs, who informed me, that of course the officers of the Scotch Fusileers would be paid. It was unfair, he said, that because they had been more generous than the others, they should get nothing. Sir Thomas forwarded the pay-lists to Lisbon. There was no answer for three weeks, and the officers embarked for Peniche. As soon as we had a few days halt, they again begged to me to apply , I did so, but got no answer. I then sent down the list to the paymaster to make inquiries at Lisbon, who sent me up an official letter to say that all claims of the Scotch Fusileer officers were to be instantly settled at Cartaxo. I sent the pay-lists to the Commissary-general there, who is ready to pay on getting an order from your Excellency; and Captain Laurie went this morning, to get your Excellency's order for payment at Cartaxo, and he now informs me that the officers cannot be paid without an order from Lisbon. I have gone into these many particulars, because the officers were so certain of their cash, that they have within the last three or four days got in debt, hoping to have been able to have cleared themselves. Now, I trust your Excellency will take their case into immediate consideration. With regard to drawing pay for the officers in the rear, I think the principal so bad, that I have always refused to sign for them; but the official letter of the paymaster, stating the express order of his Excellency the Minister of War, left me no power but to obey.

As I know many mistakes have occurred by drawing pay for men in the rear, I have always refused to do it, and must still continue to refrain from do so.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LX.

Almoster, January 1834.

To Colonel Hare, British Embassy, Lisbon.

DEAR COLONEL,

I AM very much obliged to you for writing to me about the men sent to the rear for refusing to take up arms. As to their being charged with an intention of deserting to the enemy, I never accused them of such a crime, nor did I even know, till I got your letter, that any one else had. I told the men, when they first refused to turn out, that I feared Government would shoot some of them for refusing to take up arms with an enemy in sight.

I shall give you a history of the business from beginning to end, and then the British Consul can judge for himself. You may rely upon the particulars being correct. I have inclosed the men's names, with characters attached from the defaulters' book.

On the 14th of December, 1829, I engaged men in England, pledging my honour they should be discharged at the end of two years. On my representing to government the promises I had made, they at once agreed to the justice of my request, and the men were discharged,—those who chose to re-enter, receiving a bounty of 2*l*. Almost all have entered, and received the promised bounty. Upon this being given, the whole regiment began to say they were only engaged for one year, and the Scotch said they had only been engaged for one year, and that their time would be out at the end of the month. The day before Christmas a letter was handed to me, signed by six. It was a very excellent letter, written by a discharged clerk of ——, M.P.; but instead of punishing the men, as I said I would, for giving me more than one signature, I called the six together, and told them that I would explain to government their letter, and beg of the executive, if the men could bring proof of their assertions, to grant them their discharge.

On Christmas Day this year, I made a present to each company of two sheep, and an extra ration of wine, out of the Regimental Fund. The Scotch companies would not accept of the sheep, but dispersed themselves in camp when dark, throwing stones at those who were at dinner. At last, when they showed they were about to attack the officers, I interfered, and was struck with stones on the breast. I sent eleven to prison. Every thing was quiet in outward appearance, but I knew the Scotch companies had prevailed on No. 3 and 4 companies to sing the same song, and had entered into a subscription to support the men put in goal on Christmas night. On the morning of the 4th of January they were told to prepare for the Emperor's review. The Scotch would not only not turn out, but the writer and the signers of the letters had bound themselves to *cobb* any of the company who took up arms. All this was done quietly. One half of the regiment turned out for the review. I marched them off with Major Mitchell, and remained behind to reason and explain matters with the mutineers. The Scotch companies said their time was up. Nos. 3 and 4 had no complaint, but when they were anxious to put on their belts, the cheers from the Scotch companies shamed them. I rode off to the review, leaving them behind, telling them that either they or I must be commanding officer. I reported the circumstance to Marshal Saldanha, and said that, unless some steps were taken, soldiering was at an end. On the 5th of January, in the morning, I ordered a review about three miles from quarters. Finding the men who did not turn out on the 4th, were not inclined to turn out now, I went round to them, and told them I was quite indifferent as to their turning out or not; but, as a friend who had known them for a year, advised them for their *own sakes* to fall in as I was sure something dreadful must occur. This friendly speaking had so far an effect, that they all said they would, but without arms. Wishing to avoid bloodshed, I was glad of this; and I let the 110 without arms fall in in rear, marched the regiment off, and waited with the men without arms to hear a communication from Marshal Saldanha. As soon as I saw the Lancers arriving, I formed the men in line, left a Lancer guard over their arms, and came into the field with the Lancers. Out of the 110, I picked 13 ringleaders, and then said, "Those who wish to serve under me as soldiers, step to the rear; those who prefer forfeiture of pay and two years' hard labour for mutiny—stand fast." The English stepped to the rear, where they signed a paper acknowledging their guilt. I begged of many of the Scotch to step to the rear; they would not do so, but said, "We shall go, and the British Consul will send us home." I tried to convince them that, as they got Portuguese pay, they were no longer British. This they would not understand, and the poor devils were walked off. I am sorry in some respects for them; but when I think that the marines were naked, not fed, without beds, and in short, miserable; and that by my management each Scotchman had three shirts, blankets, great coat, three pairs of trowsers, one pair of stockings, two pairs of boots, one mattress, coffee in the morning, and wine twice a day, my sympathy is at an end, and I am inclined to think they are worthless fellows.

If you speak with Williamson, an old 71st man, my own idea is he will tell you the truth. With respect to their engagements and promises, the case is this: —before I had quite recovered from my wounds, I was told a certain number of Scotch had landed, and that I was to command them. I told them I should try to do them justice. I have done so. The greatest blackguard among them will tell you I have risked my life fifty times to save theirs; that on the 4th of March, all my officers were hit, but through my arrangements, they killed nearly 500 of the enemy, only three privates among themselves being wounded. Further, that while the English in hospital were on the ground without beds, the Scotch were in sheets on mattresses, and cured by medicine which I got from England. I am sorry for them; but as soldiers, they deserve to be shot, or officers must resign. See Williamson, or Garrow, or William Graham, and if they are left to themselves, I think you will get the truth out of them. As to any of them deserting, or even thinking of deserting to the Miguelites, it is sheer nonsense; not one of them would do it. I am sorry to connect the words "blackguard" and "soldier;" but, with very few exceptions, all those sent from me are great blackguards, yet, in fire; good soldiers. I shall say no more, except that the whole history is before you, and I know you well enough to be aware that you will as anxiously take their part if unjustly treated, as you will not permit me to be abused for what I have nothing to do with. As a soldier, I have done my duty in not being commanded by the privates of the regiment. As to promises made them, I know nothing of them.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXI.

Cartaxo, 3 March, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.
16, Woburn Place, Russell Square, London.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

BEFORE sitting down to write, I have argued strongly with myself if it would not be much more prudent to go to bed and refresh myself after my dinner, as it is necessary you should know I am an invalid, or rather, a convalescent. I have been quartered at Val for the last three weeks, and it is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful place, or one more unhealthy for troops. My quarters are in the house nearest to the Ponte d'Asseca, just within range of the enemy's battery on the hill at the other end of the bridge. They do not trouble us much with either their shot or shell.

I believe I ought to give you an account of what is called the battle of Almoster, in which the army was engaged the whole day, and for which, by the way, I did not see the least reason. Towards Almoster in the afternoon, the fight with close work was sharp; but there was no need of the burning of so much powder. I had only three wounded, but I must not tell you how many cartridges were burnt—I burnt few in proportion to others. The enemy fought remarkably well, but we got the better of them in every point. They not only left their marks behind them, but made their character to be respected. I tell you frankly that I now think we are no more forward with this war, than we were this time last year. It is true, we every day are getting numerous deserters from them, and that our force in every other way is increasing; but still they not only hold their ground,—but advance and fight with a certainty of being well backed. They can always bring a strong force to bear upon one or many points at the same moment. In short, I do not understand it, so will let it alone; only it is "wondrous strange."

You ask me how I have managed about my pay. I have been treated in a most disgraceful manner about it; not receiving one farthing after their many promises. However, within the last ten days I have taken steps to bring things to a crisis. I hope before ten days more are over to be able to remit to you from 300*l.* to 500*l.* in bills. I have now seriously begun with them, and I shall not halt. I have been quite ashamed of spending so much as I have done; but it was hardly possible to avoid it; now, however, they shall see. I will be put off no longer. In other things I am not well pleased; but I do not like to indulge in discontented thoughts, lest I should be tempted to act improperly, which many wish me to to. I have had a strong *set* made against me about these Scotch prisoners; but even now I believe I am rather admired for the tact with which I managed it and them.

It is impossible for any of you to conceive how anxious I am to get home for a few months. But if I were to get leave at present, my own idea is, I should be shoved aside, even supposing my ground to be tolerably strong.

I got Knight's book. He has a correct memory,—

but what a confusion of dates and places! I rather think, as he must needs have a book, you did as well to keep clear of politics and sentiments; and if you had indulged in geography, you might have told us, as I saw in a soldier's letter, that "Praia was a town at the bottom of a hill on the side of the mountain of Terceira, situated on an island in the middle of the sea, at an equal distance from India, Europe, Africa, Asia, but distance from Quebec not known." I believe Knight knew no more. The book is now going the round of the regiment at Val.

By the bye, I always forget to tell you what a glorious luxury the stockings, and undervests, and drawers have been. I now can wash often, as, to let you into a secret, the fleas are so numerous that, before two days are over, my linen is all red with blood. I wish you had sent the strong linen shirts which were in my trunk; the washing destroys the others in two or three weeks.

7th March.—I feel so well, that I hope I shall be able to go to Val, to join my regiment to-morrow. I have got a tolerable shake. It is when lying ill, that my mind longs to be among you all. I wish it; but am at the same time certain that, if I were once out of sight, I should be out of mind: and I do not like to give them a plausible excuse for treating me badly.

You should take an opportunity of mentioning to Mendizabal, sen. how shamefully I have been treated. In short, of all the officers they have in their service, I am almost the only one who has never at any time left them, and the only commanding officer who has kept his officers clear of quarrels with the government:

—that if he had not insisted on retaining me at Lordello when the expedition went to Algarve, I must have been much better treated: that it is his duty to exert himself with government, to see something done for me, who am now the only officer remaining of those he engaged at first. I consider they are bound in honour to make up to me a sum equal to the two and a half years' half-pay I have lost by being here, without taking into consideration the risk of my British commission.

It is said we are going to have a move; I hope so, as idleness is bad for all.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXII.

Valle de Santarem, 6 April, 1834.

To ———

MY DEAR ———

I GOT your welcome letter, after it had lain some time in Lisbon owing to Colonel Hare's absence.

Our time has been going on regularly, in a public jog-trot manner; I may say individually I have been overwhelmed with business, in getting the battalion into order. I have nearly accomplished my object, and now I hope to have a little more leisure. The battalion is now nearly 600 strong: I have got them newly clothed; and on the 4th, the Queen's birth-day, I was complimented very much as to their being the finest regiment in the column. I only mention this, as a sort of comfort to find that my labour has not been thrown away.

I am exerting myself in every way at present, because I now consider the affair very nearly at an end, and I do not wish to give government an opportunity of throwing us overboard at the last.

From having worked for them, I feel I am every day entering warmly into the views of the best Portuguese; but I am now very prudent, not on any occasion sporting my sentiments, unless when immediately called upon. To avoid temptation, I am hardly ever to be found absent from the men.

I require a little relief from this,—which has been afforded me by a visit of Captain Alexander of the 42nd regiment. He is now sitting beside me, taking a plan of our position, which I have been shewing him for the last few days. He is a highly cultivated man and a good fellow, and we get well on together. He is going to travel alone through Africa. He came up to see a fight, but these amusements are now rather scarce. However, last night, when I went with some lancers to drive an enemy's patrol across the river, I afforded him the honour of getting a good discharge of Miguelite balls, which made much noise but only wounded an officer's horse. He has been quite astonished to see our army in such a perfect state, and when he returns to England (which he does before going to Africa) he will say what he thinks.

I suppose I must now give public news. About a week ago—on the 31st of March, Mr. Grant called on me in my quarters, which is the nearest house of all the lines to the enemy. I was not at home, but followed him to the Ponte d'Asseca, which divides the two sentries. There I saw him advancing with trumpeter and flag of truce. The enemy let him remain on the bridge for a long time, then an officer came to him at full gallop, who made all the others retire, and conducted Mr. Grant up to their battery which commands the bridge. There he was obliged to wait until permission was got from Santarem for him to advance, which arrived in an hour. I dined that day at Marshal Saldanha's, where Lord Howard de Walden was. Mr. Grant arrived, having had an interview with the Miguelite General Lemos; but they would not permit him to see Miguel. Two days afterwards, Admiral Parker and Lord Howard de Walden reviewed the troops, and afterwards went down to the bridge of Asseca to have a conference with General Lemos. It is said, they spoke very plainly with him, telling him the Spaniards only waited his answer to enter in support of Donna Maria. Lemos said Don Miguel's army was strong, and superior to the Constitutional army;—upon which, Lord Howard said—"That is no matter, for if all the army is destroyed, England and France are now irrevocably determined never to permit Miguel to rule in Portugal." This had a great effect, but General Lemos said—"No one dare mention this to Miguel," and the conference ended by their not accepting the terms.

Thus I suppose we shall lie here until all the different corps round the country close in on all sides round Santarem. My calculation is that it should occur in less than fifteen days. Such is the chit-chat.

I think I told you my quarters are the nearest to the enemy. All the bigwigs were very tired, and Admiral Parker and all his captains came in to have a glass of wine. Curiously enough, at that very moment, the Edinburgh currant bun arrived from Lisbon.

You can form no idea what great friends poor Pepper and I are.* She never quits me a moment, and is now a great favourite with all the men, and famous at rats; but she charges and bites any Portuguese soldier who comes near her. She is a privileged character.

Best and kind love to all, &c.
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXIV.

Valle de Santarem, 26 April, 1834.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Do not suppose that I am forgetful of any of you, because I have not been so regular in my correspondence as you wish. You would not believe me if I told you how much I have to do; many days I am writing from five in the morning till two. I am putting every thing into a system, that I may have little to do, and that I may get away for a short time. The weather has been most overpoweringly hot. Every moment I can be alone, I strip and lie down, and read myself asleep. I am in excellent health. My Oporto work has made me old in the face and grey in the head; but I can beat most in the regiment at running: I ought not then to complain. I shall try to give you my portrait some day; but if you wish to see me in reality, look at Don Pedro with his beard—published in Lisbon, and there you will have your son. The likeness is quite ridiculous, and I am not very proud of it. The very soldiers call out as I pass. But I must conclude, as the officer is sitting beside me to carry this to Lisbon.

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* A dog.

Kind and best love to all of you.

Ever your affectionate son,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXV.

Valle de Santarem, 1st May, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I INCLOSE you a sketch of a scene, done by Major Mitchell, of the 29th September, which Alic may work up if he pleases. The gentleman with the beard, with the left arm in the sling and stone in hand, is your humble servant; the officer lying on the colour is Lieutenant Burton. There should be a dead bugler at my left foot. The fellows creeping up are the Miguelites, and the house behind with musketry and round-shot, is the *Casa Amarella;* and where you see the gun and colour is Bom Fim battery. I never saw it till it was finished for some weeks, and it is very near truth. I traced it, which is very difficult. Mitchell is splendid with his pencil.

I am keeping away from every one, having enough to do here; but there are lots of storms blowing and brewing. My own opinion is, that Government have great difficulty with the Foreigners. Sir J. M. Doyle came up to the army without my knowledge, to get Saldanha to bring me to a Court Martial, who, I find, refused. I, yesterday, heard of the circumstance, and reported Sir J., as it would be unbecoming me to have a personal affair with him. But before the report from me reaches Lisbon, he gets into a row with Bacon, and won't fight. The Emperor's staff take it up, and by this day's "Order of the Day" he is dismissed; and thus finishes the poor fellow's career in Portugal. He has done me an immensity of harm. He never crossed my path without doing some mischief. Is the saddle on its way? as I must make a show on getting into Santarem, which is not far distant. I am told, that in London they have established a hospital for the Pedro invalids, and that—— is employed. If so, it is a disgrace. Mendizabal should know that, as I cannot think of the poor fellows being sacrificed.

I am told, some of the papers say the Scotch Fusileers are great gamblers. It may be so; but as for me, I have not seen a card in the regiment, and I doubt the fact. I have foot races for white trowsers which I give among the men, and then, if I can beat the winners, they don't get them.

&c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXVI.

Head Quarters at Cartaxo,
1st May, 1834.

To Col. Shaw.

SIR,

COUNT Marshal Saldanha directs me to tell you, in answer to your letter of the 30th ult. that he has not the least knowledge of the reason why Sir John Doyle warned Captain Smith for a witness in any Court Martial, particularly on the present occasion; that Sir John has been dismissed from the Imperial Staff, as you will observe by the inclosed order of the day; and His Excellency is of opinion that you should give no weight or consideration to such proceedings.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
(Signed,) THOMAS PINTO SAAVÉDRA.
A. A. P.

LETTER LXVII.

Leyria, 11 *May*, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I YESTERDAY got your letter of the 14th and 16th of April, with many others. I was sorry to hear of the death of ——'s boy, but I am much altered in my thoughts in these respects. I consider him lucky, going off at such an early age, as he is saved all the trouble that he was sure to meet had he lived. Here, when a child dies early, it is considered a sort of festival. It is laid out in state in its best clothes, with a wreath of flowers round its head, and its cheeks painted. When you go into a church where dead children are laid out, you see what appears to be so many well-dressed red-cheeked wax dolls; but no appearance of death or sorrow.

We left Valle on the morning of the 5th, and reached Rio Mayor in the afternoon, having suffered much from heat. Very good wine is about a halfpenny a bottle, which makes marching here very difficult, because drunkenness and disease soon become rife. From Rio Mayor to Alcobaça the country is most beautiful; but my time is too much employed to admire it; constant looking after the men being absolutely necessary.

Alcobaça is perhaps one of the prettiest spots, or rather, towns, I ever saw, with a magnificent convent in which the men were quartered. The next day's march to this, was through the finest country in the world, but the heat most dreadful. It was hardly possible to bring on the men and officers; and my nose affords a sad proof of the difficulty. We were received here very cordially, *because* the town was tolerably empty, the troops having moved on towards Coimbra. This is the most delightfully situated town I was ever in, being on the banks of a river, commanded by a strong castle having very much the appearance, at a little distance, of a castle on the Rhine. This place, if the roads to it were good, is more like a place for the English to settle in, than any I have seen on the Continent.

Yesterday, we heard of the taking of Coimbra and Figueira; so I now consider fighting at an end, as all the troops who left those towns, are nearly disbanded in their retreat. I believe there was not a shot fired; I think we shall probably be sent to some town of consequence, such as Coimbra or Porto, until the business is finally settled. I am not very sorry, because really I have not a moment to myself. My own *private* opinion is, that every foreigner will be intrigued out of the service. They pretend great things to me. I shall believe them when they perform them, but not till then.

&c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXVIII.

Estremos, 30th May, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

Dear George,

After I had finished the letter which incloses this, the order to march came, and I had no opportunity of despatching it. I got orders to take the road to Aldea da Cruz (Ourem), there to communicate with the division coming from Coimbra, and to attack on one side, while they did so on the other. They were so long in arriving, that I took upon myself to advance upon the village, from which I drove the enemy into Ourem, the fortress above Aldea da Cruz, which it commands. After being there for two hours, to my astonishment, in marched the Admiral with some sailors and marines, having landed at Figueira. We gave him three cheers and played the bagpipes, which, I saw, gratified him much. Next morning the other troops marched off to join the Duke of Terceira near Thomar, leaving the Admiral and us to take charge of Ourem, which had a garrison of 900 men. This place, Ourem, is very strong, being a sort of Ailsa, from which they kept plunging shot into the village. The Admiral sent in a flag of truce, calling on them to surrender, and that they might go to their homes; but if one of our men was hurt, they would be put to the sword. The Governor sent back an answer, saying, he would defend it to the last; so we began to reconnoitre. I saw quite well the Admiral was determined to attack, and I feared many lives would be lost; but it was not for me to say, No.

I had an idea from a deserter, that the Volunteers were inclined to surrender. I, therefore, thought it possible to cause a sort of mutiny in the garrison. When it got dark, the Admiral and I crept up to their battery, while a great crowd of the garrison were listening to their bugles at tattoo. They were right above us, so they might almost have *spat* on us. I repeated, in a loud voice, the contents of the Admiral's letter, and told them what he would do if they defended themselves. They listened in silence; so away we walked. Next morning, the Admiral put the troops in motion to prevent their escape, and as their firing did not stop us, I saw a white flag coming out of the gate, and told the Admiral; who gave me orders, and immediately galloped up and found an officer, with a guard of cavalry and infantry. He came to ask for twenty-four hours to reflect. I pulled off my hat, and in the mildest, gentlest tone, regretted I could not give him three hours; but added, that perhaps, if he went down to the Admiral, he might give them six. This puzzled him very much; but I contrived to entice him down, accompanied by the guard; but I took care to have our fellows drawn up in the most formidable manner, to frighten them on their arrival. They had an interview with the Admiral, and I was sent up to bring the Governor to settle the terms. All was finished in a very short time, by their laying down their arms.

I felt a little proud on going up alone, to order the whole of the 7th regiment, and the remains of nine volunteer battalions, to pile arms and take off their accoutrements; and to receive the two colours—which I said must be given to the Admiral. Napier is a famous fellow. How he astonished them! I took the best of the arms for my men, gave all the drummers and non-commissioned officers swords, and completed my ammunition. I might have helped myself as some others did; but one feels more independent by keeping one's hands clean.

I worked hard all that night, and was at it by four the next morning, because I knew the Duke of Terceira had written from Thomar for the regiment, in expectation of an engagement. But in spite of all my exertions, we could not begin our march till three in the afternoon, just reaching Thomar as the wounded were coming in. I had the disarming of the 1300 prisoners, who most foolishly were marched into town with arms loaded and bayonets fixed, ready, if they chose, for mischief. Such folly! Next morning we marched for Torres Novas, the Admiral and myself going over to Golegao to meet the Duke of Terceira. I left him there, and had a solitary journey in a most dangerous country, meeting the disbanded garrison of Ourem. I reached Torres Novas about twelve.

Next morning, we heard of the retreat of the enemy from Santarem, and away we marched for Pernes. We halted there one night, and in the morning got orders to march for Santarem. Just as I was within a mile of it, I got orders to cross the river with my regiment. This I managed very well; getting regiment and baggage across before other regiments which had been there for six hours. You never saw such confusion. I got to Almeyrim under heavy rain, and had the men instantly quartered; in consequence, we never entered Santarem. We halted at Almeyrim one day, and then marched for Cruche, where we had a most splendid bivouac under cork trees of immense size. We proceeded by forced marches, as it was necessary to cut off Miguel from Elvas. We were bivouacked in a wood the next night, sleeping in water, from the rain which fell. Next day we halted at Pavia, to ration the men, and continued the march to Vimeiro, where we arrived about eleven at night to a shocking bivouac—no water to be got for 10,000 men, except from one well. We left nearly a thousand in the rear, fighting for the puddles of green dirty water on the road. A good many died; but I only lost one, who was a drunken rascal.

We next morning pushed on for this, arriving in time to catch a great many prisoners. I forgot to say that, when near Pavia, Don Miguel sent a flag of truce, begging a suspension of arms: but the Duke of Terceira would only listen when we should have reached this place. On arriving here we halted; when, to our astonishment, (as Don Miguel was now cut off from Elvas), we got the order to march. The whole division, say 10,000, assembled in the place to move off. The first regiment had started, when a courier from Miguel arrived, saying his army was ready to lay down their arms. This was communicated to the troops, and such a scene took place!—huzzaing, tossing of caps, music, &c. One half of the division marched off to disarm, and here we remain.

This day, Miguel, escorted by a regiment of our

Lancers, along with Don Carlos, start for the Algarves for embarkation, and his army is to be disarmed by battalions, and then marched off to the different provinces to which they belong;—Torres Novas being made the depôt for the Spaniards who were in Portugal with Don Carlos. And so this war is over; and revenge will now come into play.

This is a most interesting town, both from its appearance and from its known attachment to Miguel. It has also attained an unenviable celebrity from its butchery of 130 Constitutional prisoners last July. When we marched in here, about 100 prisoners were marched past us, all in uniform, except one immense big scoundrel-looking fellow, who was discovered to be a Guerilla. A crowd gathered round him, and a Lancer drew his sword, and, to my horror, cut him down. Thinking there was going to be a general massacre, I rushed into the centre trying to defend the wretch; when bayonets innumerable were shoved into him. I stood over him while struggling in agony; and the Lancer who struck him first, called out, "I saw him murder my father and brother." I walked off instantly and took my officers with me (who were all round with swords drawn,) saying, loud enough for the Portuguese to hear—"That he deserved his fate." It appeared that this wretch, a few days before, had cut the throats of six Constitutional officers, and that he was the leader in the murder of the 130 prisoners. A mob when excited is dreadful. Before he was dead, the women were stamping on his hands, and they put a lighted cigar into his mouth.

I suppose we shall be disbanded immediately. Of course, my first wish is to visit home, even if upon leave; but I have a dreadful labour before me, and a most difficult course to steer. I am overwhelmed with compliments and good wishes from great and small, but every one here is for himself. Almost all my own countrymen are jealous of me, and I sport the independent with the Portuguese. Reports against me are numerous, but they do not turn me from the straight path. I should like to put Spain to rights; but that is a castle in the air. I have been so busy that I must not be idle. I hear the Duke of Terceira is arrived, so I shall go to hear news.

Well! the whole army has got orders for the different stations. Dodgin's regiment has already marched for Elvas, and I have orders to be in readiness for Porto, where I think we shall arrive in about twenty days. Rumours have reached this of disturbances at Lisbon.

Now my difficulties commence, and I shall try what open plain honesty can accomplish.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXIX.

Lisbon, June 14, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

ON the 29th of May, I got orders to march to Porto from Estremoz, but immediately after I had despatched your letter, I was put in command of a brigade of nearly 3,000 men to march here. On the 1st of June, we left Estremoz, and after marching six miles, a black cat crossed the head of the brigade in the middle of a moor. I prophesied bad luck, but at Venda do Duque, where we halted, every thing went on well. I marched from thence at ten at night—my poor dog "Pepper" finding great difficulty in following me through the camp fires; I missed her at daybreak, and sent back to my quarters, where I learned that the inhabitants had killed her, supposing her mad.

Passing Arriole, Montimor, and Vendas Novas, I gave up the command, and came on here before the regiment, to get quarters. I suppose the newspapers will give you all public news; as for me, I am so busy settling things for the regiment, that I have not even time to visit my friends. I never heard of the desertion of the regiment; they marched in here to the admiration of every one, of the same strength as they left Valle. Sir J. M. and some other *friends* were the authors of this calumny. Sir J. M. has been very foul-mouthed against me; but I instantly quieted him in a short manner—he is now to be sent out of Portugal—for presuming to speak ill of any commanding officer. He is fairly upset; but I was annoyed at being brought into collision with him. There was, however, no help for it. I understand we shall sail for Porto in a few days, but first there must be some settlement with the men. It is not intended to disband the foreign troops at present, but to propose a new contract for them; but what that is, I do not know, although the Minister of War promised to inform me yesterday. I intend to be very passive, and engage in nothing which is not quite simple and clear, bearing in view the interest of those who are under my command. But altogether there are difficulties, and no one with whom I may consult, or in whom I can place confidence. I cannot explain to you how fidgetty I feel, as I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the government places great confidence in me, but is afraid to show it from a dread of causing jealousy. I am by no means determined on remaining in this service, although every one thinks that is my resolve; I know I shall be a bigger man in Portugal than at home, but I am a creature of circumstances. You may suppose I felt highly flattered by Lord Grey's speech; but I see it has raised a host against me among my own countrymen, and given me a lift among many time-serving Portuguese. I think the Admiral should not have gone home at present, as his presence was necessary. Of course, you will manage to see him. I dine on board the Asia to-morrow with Admiral Parker.

Kind love to all—your affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXX.

Lisbon, June 21, 1834.

To Colonel Hodges, Upper Seymour-street, London.

DEAR HODGES,

IT was only by George's last communication I learned that the only letter you had received from me, was one completely on the business of the late Colonel Burrell. This did not much astonish me, as my suspicions (from your not answering a particular letter of mine written in December,) were raised, that the post office at Cartaxo was not one of the safest for making public remarks; and a letter which Mr. H. received of mine through France, shewed their curiosity was raised. I must confess to you that the men whom I suspected were our own countrymen; and, since my arrival here, I have very nearly proved it. Well! this business is apparently finished; but I think every one will be disappointed if they expect things to go on quietly. Intrigue of all sorts is busily at work; and this last victory of the Duke of Terceira has made a complete split between his party and Saldanha's. There are some famous radicals among their officers, more especially among the regimental officers. I by no means think England a favourite: first, because she was too long in giving assistance; and now, the opponents of Don Miguel think England the cause of the good terms he has obtained.

The amnesty has been granted. As to the small people, they won't be touched; but the great performers will experience the same fate as the two great murderers of the Constitutional prisoners at Estremoz, met in the Black-Horse-square last night.

Since I have been here, I have hardly dined out except on board the Asia, my whole time being spent in these horrid public offices—not one bit improved since you knew them at Terceira.

There is to be a most splendid ball given to the Duke of Terceira, by a subscription among his friends, amounting to ten mœdas each. It will outdo any thing yet seen in Lisbon; but I have no chance to be there, as we march for Setubal, leaving Mitchell with 150 men at Cascaes. I believe Dodgin remains at Elvas, and the Irish go to Peniche. If I were not certain you would see the Admiral, I might give you public news; but if you wish any, let me know *distinctly* what you desire to know. If you write to me, let it be through ——, not the post office. Bacon, in my opinion, will not be brought to a court-martial—at least he ought not to be. I have neither been tried nor put under arrest; but have no doubt that *my* time is coming; nor have my men mutinied, nor deserted, which I fear they will be driven to do. I shall catch the author of these reports to a certainty.

I am blest with friends of a queer sort here—I have no idea what their plans are with regard to me or the regiment. I shall lie by and listen, as I am pretty well tired; but at all hazards, whatever arrangement be made, must be a clear one. Mitchell tells me you took all the books of the regiment home, with nominal returns, &c. and lists of killed and wounded. They are now called for; and of course you know, at one time neither book nor account was kept. I am quite correct with the Scotch, and indeed, since I took the command; but I fear both men and relations will be great sufferers. I think Government is inclined to fulfil all promises; but, oh, what sad work I have before me! I hate writing and accounts, but by a misfortune I am made the general referee in disputes. I hear little of what goes on among our own countrymen in this service, as with few exceptions I never meet them.

Let me hear from you soon, and if you wish information on any point, let me know, as I am not one of those to forget old friends, the more especially as I see no new ones here.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXI.

Lisbon, 21st June, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I THINK I told you I suspected we should not go to Porto, and my suspicion was well founded, as we march for St. Ubes, on Monday, leaving 150 men in garrison at Cascaes. How difficult is my present situation! How I shall get through it is impossible to say. I am doing my best; but so far from seeing an early opportunity of visiting you, what with settling men's and officers' accounts, and then looking after myself, I am certain six months will elapse before I get away. But I am in for it, and must go through with the affair. My present intention is to receive all that is due to me, and retire. Still there are many things against this plan; so that I must be much guided by circumstances.

At last there is a prospect of our arrears being paid, as a decree was yesterday issued to that effect; principally owing to my refusing to listen to any new contract until the terms of the other two were fulfilled. I believe they are serious with regard to colonizing, and, from what I hear, the ground is to be near St. Ubes. Some say they do not wish to disband us, and that they are to propose a new contract; but, as I see great intrigues going on among all parties, I shall be most cautious. Now that I can get my letters put into Mr. ——— hands, I shall write to Colonel Hodges; but I know too well the letters intended for him must have been opened, or how should he have only received the one which I wrote on business. It is fair to make him aware of this. I had a great inclination to return in the Royal Tar, but it would have been the height of imprudence to get out of sight at present. They are overpowering me with fine speeches, but I place no confidence in them, and entertain very moderate notions of the rewards they will offer me. I have this day written to Mendizabal, a letter which he is to give in to the Minister of War. I shall see what effect that will produce. My own private wish is, to remain in the service if I can manage to be clear of all nasty party work and intrigue, into which I would not enter for any promised reward. I think they are manœuvring to put me at the head of this proposed colony; but, unless they arrange that military law is to be the only law, I shall plead incompetency; although I think I see how a good deal of money may be made by it. In short, my whole path is beset with difficulties.

No English resident here has even called on me. But Admiral Parker and all the people for whom I have respect, have been very attentive. I understand all those useless creatures whom I sent away from the army, (officers, I mean) hold me out as a savage and a robber. But all that gives me little uneasiness. I suppose the papers will tell you that an order was issued for the Commercial battalions and Volunteers to give in their arms into the arsenal, and that they refused, assigning as a reason, that they had not sufficient confidence in the present ministry granting them the promised charter. However, they have carried their point, having received permission to keep their arms until the National Guard is formed. I by no means think that things are quiet, and my impression is, that at the elections and meeting of the Cortes, there will be some disturbance.

There are four here,—Don Pedro's party; the Queen's or Constitutional; Duke of Terceira's or Aristocratic Constitutional; and Saldanha's or Republican Constitutional; each party being eaten up with jealousy of the others. How they will all get on when forced to come into collision, it is impossible to say. I intend to be a quiet looker-on.

Many thanks for the nice light coat, as the heat here is tremendous. The fashion is for all military men to go about in plain clothes;—which, with beards, has a strange effect. My troubles as a military man are now so great, that I am almost tired of service. I fear an explosion with both my officers and men about their pay; but this is private. I wish I were out of the hubbub for a short time.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXII.

Setubal, 10th July, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAD, as I told you, trouble with the regiment, but I managed it in a very clever manner, so that it became a regimental secret. I have written most strongly to the Minister of War, and likewise to the Adjutant-General, pointing out distinctly that my men are legally discharged, and that neither they (the military authorities) nor I have power over them, or a right to punish them; and claiming credit for commanding a body of men who are not soldiers. The fact is, *I* do not punish them, but they punish each other by Courts Martial, and thus I keep good discipline, and at the same time keep myself free from responsibility.

I think I have discovered a deep intrigue to try to drive my men to mutiny, and then to turn upon them and me to knock off a few of our claims. But the intrigue (if there be one) will fall to the ground, and they will find me as staunch a supporter of the claims of my men, as I was of the cause when at its worst.

My ambition has taken another turn, that is, to see my officers and men have all their promises religiously fulfilled, and not to let the slightest injustice be done to one of them.

As yet, I do not know what to make of Mendizabal. I suspect he wished to make me a tool, but I opened his eyes; I may be mistaken. We are good friends.

For the last fortnight I have been working like a slave, examining and checking men's accounts, and certifying to the justice of the claim. I have cleared away nearly 600, and hope to have them all in the War office by the end of the week, and then the tug begins. The average amount of what is due to a private, is from 30*l.* to 35*l.*, besides his claim to 40*l.* of land.

I went over to the ground which I have heard whispered is to be allotted to the men. I took some knowing men with me, and if that is the land, then the men may be well off, because any Company would grasp at it. It is called Composta, upon a branch of the sea, being three leagues from this. We landed there in two hours. Good-sized sloops can approach to one end, where there is a sort of quay formed. The ground is a plain about ten miles long, by one and a half broad, with sand hills on each side, and in the centre a tolerable good canal, with two smaller at the bottom of the hills. It is ditched off in square large acres, and the ground is tolerably dry, in spite of the ditches being in a state of dilapidation. In days of old, it must have belonged to some Joint Stock Company; an immensity of money has been laid out upon it. The soil is a dark rich black loom. There are about forty cabins made of cane, with straw worked through, and the people did not look unhealthy, but very lazy and dirty. They have each cultivated, say an acre, and it is incredible what they produce: the most splendid figs, oranges, lemons, grapes, Indian corn; in short, every thing you can imagine, together with the finest potatoes. And the canal, which communicates with the sea, is absolutely swarming with fish; so much so, that I fired two shots at them. I saw from fifty to one hundred horses feeding; but the grass was so rank that it was higher than the horses. There is no stone that we could see, but there is plenty on this side at an hour's sail. My Irish servant says, the clay next the sea is fit for making Irish huts. If 10,000*l.* were laid out, it would pay at first, and any thing afterwards may be done. Immense quantities of salt are made close to the spot. In short, my own opinion is, that the government will never part with it, as it is too good; and I have discovered that six years ago some rich merchants of Lisbon and St. Ubes, were trying to organize a Company to buy part of it from Government. It is a dreary looking spot at first; but if the small sand hills had cottages on them with little gardens, it would be pleasant enough, as the distant view is pretty, and the place is within ten hours' sail of Lisbon.

I had an officer (a decent old Fife farmer,) who is quite happy in the hopes of getting "sax or seeven craps withoot d——d dear dung." I believe this poor man S—— has spoiled his farm with Latin and Greek. Opposite to Setubal, are the ruins of a place called Troy. We visited them on our return; this S—— has an "awfu' concait o' the kornel," whose word is law. I soon proved this was ancient Troy, and that the wooden horse was a decked boat. He said this was "all right, only the water was broader than Homer said;" but I convinced him, as old Homer was blind, that it was natural for him to make a mistake in his description.—"Lord! Kornel, a'll no say but ye're no wrang." Our joke cost us a piece of gold, which we made him find in a ruin. But I sweated it out of him by getting him to carry in the broiling sun a large ancient fire-place. No offence to the learned, but if they are so very classical I think I could make fools of the best of them.

This is a very good quarter, and all the people who are not Miguelites are very civil. I had fifty Lancers and one hundred Infantry, hunting robbers.

We caught a few, but no convictions. It is as good fun as poaching; but only dogs have more sense than men.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXIII.

Setubal, July 30, 1834.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I WON'T tell you how happy I feel when I see your handwriting, and when I can discover you to be in good spirits. I envy your being all met together at Richmond, and if you knew how anxiously I yearn after a little quiet among my own family, you would sympathise with the state of turmoil and exertion in which I am kept. I know it would be of great benefit to my mind, to allow it to be quiet. I fear my sisters would not find me the same gentle, easily-managed creature. The fact is, I think myself a harsh just man, with a great contempt of human nature, but with an actual yearning after something on which to bestow my affections. My poor terrier Pepper did me good, as her looking up kindly in my face drove away many a determined resolution of just harshness. My only comfort is in doing my duty as a man and a soldier, in spite of all the impediments that occur. I was regularly beat for a couple of hours, having written my resignation. But I slept on it, and then saw that it would be a selfish act; as nearly 700 men would be left in difficulties. So I resolved to go on; but the temptation was great to do like * * * * get my accounts settled and go home. Until I see what turns up, I shall not determine what to do. I must not be be idle; it is not good for either mind or body. I have no idea how they are going to treat me, although I have tried to find out. However, as soon as I can get to Lisbon for a few days, I shall have an interview with some of the big people. At present, they are all so taken up with elections for the Chamber of Deputies, that they won't listen; but when I once begin, I shall not be put off. They have said nothing of a new contract for the foreigners, and the Ministry will not do any thing till the Cortes meet in the end of August; so we cannot have an answer till the middle of September. But I have made up my mind to return as soon as I prudently can; as, with exceptions, you must not depend on their words.

I hear Captain Alexander has given you a sketch of me; if it is very unlike Charlie Shaw, you may depend on its being tolerably like the original, for when I get to a house where there is a large mirror, I am tempted to say, "Who the devil is that?"

If you hear any reports against me or the regiment, never mind them; they are Lisbon reports, and not a word of truth in them. Kindest love to all the large party with you.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXIV.

Setubal, August 7, 1834.

To ——

DEAR ——,

YESTERDAY was my birth-day, and I intended to have written to my mother; but during the whole day I was in a turmoil of heat and writing, so I did not suppose that my out-pourings would be of the most agreeable or interesting sort.

I got a sad settler on Sunday afternoon, but it is impossible for me to describe the sensations I experienced, except to those who have been placed in situations to produce such feelings. My Serjeant-Major, my Quarter-Master Sergeant, and first Sergeant went out to sail; the boat upset, and at one blow I found myself deprived of men whom I knew and respected, and, what was more, of men who knew and respected me—fine honourable fellows, who depended on my word, and never hesitated a moment to execute what I ordered! I feel as if I not only had lost friends, but real and sincere ones. The body of the Sergeant-Major only was found. He was buried with all military honours; I, as usual, reading the funeral service.

You are perhaps not aware this is the most Miguelite town in Portugal. A person who had been a Miguelite officer laughed at the ceremony. You know I never liked to be laughed at, nor could I ever tolerate a sneer at a friend; but to see smiles on faces when I was conducting this poor fellow to his grave, was too much: I astonished the gentleman, and he is now no longer here.

This is a very nice place in some respects; but the people are a sad demoralised set, and most particularly active with the knife; however, as you may suppose, I do not expose myself much to their attempts. I have a very great deal to write and arrange; I generally sleep two or three hours during the day, and fish in the evening. My great sport at present is, to go out when dark, in a boat without a sail, to the bow of which is attached a fire of blazing pine, while one stands on each side with a *leister* (spear) about twenty-four feet long. The fire on this clear sea shows you the wonders of the deep to six or eight fathoms depth, and if any of the inhabitants dare to approach, I immediately spear them. I have never seen or imagined such sport,—sometimes ten different sorts of fish within reach at one time, and all round as far as the light shines, the fish springing out and looking like silver. I never enjoyed anything so much; it is a screaming excitement; and so near the shore that there is little or no danger. But, to make sure work, I go with people who understand the business. I am told the shooting is very good in the neighbourhood; but there are bands of robbers that make the place rather insecure: in my rides, however, I have not seen any. The town is beautifully situated, the bay being quite full of American, Swedish, and Norwegian ships getting loaded with salt.

As yet, I am quite in the dark with regard to the intentions of Government as to us. I understand the arrears of officers are to be paid this month; but I hardly expect mine so soon, as they require some consideration. I believe they wish me rather to remain in the service as a Portuguese Lieutenant-

Colonel; but, as I am a full Colonel of foreigners, as well as of Portuguese, it becomes a matter of calculation whether I should remain, or take four years' pay as a Colonel and be quit of them. I must just act according to the circumstances of the case—my present intention being to take the cash: but I am not sure I am right.

Is Captain Alexander gone? I should like to have seen his paper in the United Service Journal. I see he has been complimentary to the regiment:—well, I am pleased at that, because I have worked hard, and he is a good judge. Say to Lord —— I shall write to him. I wish to see flogging done away with: I have nearly finished it—with 600 men, since January, having only punished seven, five of them for stealing.

What a time Parliament takes to pass that weary Bill! Members of Parliament ought to get Swiss diet, and that would do. Swiss diet is my discipline,—plenty to do and little to eat.

I am going to dine with the Consul of the United States, to meet all the conundrums who command the vessels here. I 'guess' they think me a very fine fellow; for, when I visit them on board, they salute me on stepping into the boat with all their big guns. Best regards to —— and her father. How often I think of her dear mother! It is strange the superstition which hangs over me: I have so often comforted myself in danger, with saying to myself—"Well, if I do fall, I shall see —— and ——." But I am getting very foolish, so with kindest and warmest love to all of you, I am, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW

LETTER LXXV.

Setubal, August 19, 1834.

To His Excellency the Governor of the
Province of Estremadura.

SIR,

I TRUST your Excellency will excuse me for troubling you at present, as it is on the score of justice and humanity.

When the regiment under my command was at Villa Nova da Coito, about forty men, led away principally by the intrigues of a villain, of the regiment, refused to do duty, and were therefore sent to prison at Lisbon, on the 1st of January, 1834. Some of them afterwards volunteered into the 21st regiment, among whom was the ringleader, who, as a reward for his blackguard conduct, was appointed a serjeant in the 21st, where he has been enjoying his liberty and pay until he deserted from this about three weeks since; however, leaving those whom he led away, in prison.

By a decree of H. I. Majesty the Duke of Braganza, June 16th, all military crimes were pardoned, except desertion to the enemy. But an exception has been made to these young Scotchmen, who, for seven months defended the importan t post of Lordello, in a manner that called forth the praise of every man of the Liberating Army at Oporto.

It was only yesterday I was made acquainted with the poor fellows still lingering in prison. I hope your Excellency will immediately take their case into consideration, and let them be set at liberty; and not allow it to be said in Scotland, that the defenders of

Lordello in the glorious defence of Oporto, have been made a striking exception to the decree of pardon issued by H. I. Majesty the Commander-in-Chief, when other men who have committed military crimes, and have done comparatively no duty, have been set at liberty.

I have the honour to be,
Your Excellency's
Most obedient Servant,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXVI.

Setubal, August 26, 1834.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR PATRICK,

I HAD hoped, by this time, to have been able to have said what my plans were; but the dilatory manner in which all things are conducted by Government leaves me in the same state of uncertainty as I was when peace was declared. We are now told that all our accounts up to the 31st of December, are to be paid this month. Of course, I cannot speak of what my own plans are, because I am quite in the dark; I have, however, made up my mind not to go home until I see all the claims of the soldiers settled. I shall not only indulge my own feelings in doing so, but shall also fulfil my promises; and there is prudence in it too, as I feel certain that I never should have a moment's quiet in England, if those claims were left unsettled. I am most anxious on many accounts to get home: I wish to see you all; I wish to arrange many things; and, as the devil will show the cloven foot, I wish to show some *old friends*, that I am not the man to be easily floored. They or some of their friends are still at work, and it is incredible the many reports which are circulated against me and the regiment. You know I have many broken-down gentlemen in the ranks, as serjeants: the other day, one of them, whom I had been obliged to punish, told the others he had no idea, as he was the son of a gentleman, knuckling down to a person like me. I took the thing very philosophically, called him before all the non-commissioned officers, and then I astonished him. * * * * * The meeting this in so open a way, put an end to every thing.

Until a new contract be made, I have no right to punish the men; it is only by personal character and moral means that they are kept in order; and I frankly tell you, that I feel more vain of the state of discipline I have had the regiment in for the last two months, than of any thing I have had to do in this service; but it has required constant vigilance and watchfulness.

One great advantage has been—allowing the men to go to work, as the wages here are very high. To load salt on board a ship, a man gets 2s. 3d. and three meals a-day, and all other wages are in the same proportion. The most common labourer gets 15*d.* a day; and the best beef is 2*d.* per lb., with as much vegetables and fruit as four people can eat, for 1*d.* and a bottle of wine for the same price; a good loaf, say nearly two pounds weight, for 1½*d.* The rent of houses ridiculously low: such a house as ——'s, paying 95*l.*, taking all expenses, would be under 15*l.* All these things make me think seriously of future prospects. It is possible to make the ends meet here, with 100*l.* per annum. If I see a feasible and certain opportunity, I shall lay out about one half of what I get, in Portugal. I may be told things are not settled here: I wish to know where they are settled. But these are all visions which may or may not be realities before some months are over. I like a state of uncertainty, even though my hair be quite grey.

Love to —— family, and best regards to those you think I like.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXVII.

Lisbon, October 11, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I AM almost ashamed to write to you again, until I could tell you some of my plans, or if I have been paid; but as yet I am as much in the dark as ever, although I expect an answer every hour, but I do not wish this post to go away without a letter. I have been here for the last week, doing every thing in my power to hasten the payment of the men. As for myself, I have put in a memorial, which I think will not only produce an answer, but likewise an order for payment, as I have told some truths which they cannot pretend to deny. The Duke of Terceira is now Minister of War, and is decidedly my friend, and so is the Duke of Palmella. As to Mr. Mendizabal, he has his own ends to promote; whether he has power or not I do not know, but neither in nor out of power do I consider myself under an iota of obligation to him; indeed, it is the other way, and as soon as I have got all I think I am entitled to, I will take the liberty of telling him a few truths, as on more occasions than one I have done more for his purse than he will ever acknowledge. Perhaps he is not completely to blame, as he has been so accustomed to be flattered by a parcel of needy fellows, that he does not like an independent man, and I believe he thinks that every one values dirty pelf as much as he himself does. He may speechify as he chooses when he goes back to London; but there is not the slightest doubt, but that if he liked he might have got me paid. He goes by the ship which carries this. I think it most probable that they will keep up some of the foreign troops; and from the fine speeches they make me, I suppose I may have the preference. I believe the colonization plan is a regular humbug; but certainly, for a poor man, Portugal is a good enough country to live in. You must not take up your ideas of the people from ——, who has had his vanity a little hurt. He is an excellent well-principled fellow, but he likes big people, and was astonished that they did not find him so great a man as he thought himself; and because he was a gentleman he had many enemies. Some of the soldiers, when I asked them if they were going to remain, excused themselves for going away by saying, there are no more Miguelites in Portugal; my answer to which is, there are no rations and wine in England. I intended to have gone to St. Ubes to day, to return in three days, but I dine with the Admiral to meet all the palace people. He is dining a few, as he has resigned, and, I think, will sail the middle of the week, thus leaving me still more alone. You will thus see how foolish I should be to depend on any one but myself.

I am going to attempt a very good deed, and I hope I may succeed. I only attempt it, because I hear the young fellow has a mother and sisters. I refer to —— ——, who is a regular wild one. But he is young, and he has been led away for a short time by bad society. He is without a farthing, and nearly naked, and I believe given up by his friends in Lisbon, *as he has no money*. I shall either kill or cure him. No one knows the kindly feeling I have to those who are stedfast in adversity.

I am glad Sir C. had so much pleasure. Let me hear of you all, and often, and believe me, that if you do not see by my letters you are still in my remembrance—that a day never passes without my thinking of you all, and once more feeling myself.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Setubal, October 23, 1834.

To Colonel Hodges.

MY DEAR HODGES,

I GOT your letters and read one of them to Mitchell, and gave him his own. From what he has expressed, I feel confident you will have such a letter as you wish from him. I have this day sent down to tell him that the mail for England goes off in two hours; but I fear you won't have an answer by this post—I shall try, but he is not very fond of letter writing.

Regret is of no use, but I am very sorry you placed any confidence in ——. Ask Alcock to show you a letter I wrote, and that will open your eyes. As to gratitude from either Portuguese or my own countrymen here, it is a thing I never expect; but I have found the one as bad as the other. I intend to part with both as soon as I can; with the Portuguese when I get all that is due to me, and with the others when I see them paid. I have got all the officers paid to a certain date, and expect to begin with the men next week. To save myself trouble when I go home, I shall remain here until I see all settled with, which will not be for months.

I shall probably go to Lisbon in a few days, and shall communicate verbally with St. Leger. I think I can manage the matter according to your wishes. The correspondence you had with the Minister of War, is a trifle to my correspondence of the last three months. I have a great deal to do; the battalion is about 600 strong, in very good order, and in manœuvring will beat any Portuguese regiment out and out. I have only flogged three men since January, and have not had a court martial for six months, and have only twenty-six in hospital. As Government is delaying the payment of their arrears, and as they were entitled to their discharge the day the war was declared at an end, I expect them one of these days to refuse to do duty unless a new contract is made with them.

As to Mendizabal, I see what you say about him. You may be right, but no one will ever convince me that he has not behaved in a selfish manner, as far as this regiment and myself are concerned. But I excuse him, because I know he has had a sad set to deal with. To me he has behaved decidedly wrong, when he recalls to his recollection the fine speeches and promises he made to me at Porto, when the case was all but hopeless. When I think of the 25th of July at Lordello,—when I twice left my own position to retake what the Portuguese had lost,—to find the men who followed me not paid and rewarded, rather annoys me, as Mendizabal opposed my going with the Duke of Terceira to Algarves, because I could defend Lordello better than any one else. It is too bad; and I don't care how soon he knows it, as now my books, my accounts, and my regiment, are in such a state, that I am independent of my greatest enemy.

As to the letter which accompanies this, do with it as you like. It is the truth, and I am not afraid of that.

Let George know you have heard from me. He is an excellent honourable warm-hearted fellow.

Ever yours truly,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXX.

Setubal, Nov. 5, 1834.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq.

DEAR PATRICK,

I HAVE been but a bad correspondent lately, because I feel almost ashamed to put my pen to paper without having it in my power to give some idea of what my future prospects are, and likewise to say I have been settled with. Perhaps, before I close this letter I may be able to say something; but I see myself as far on now as I was in the month of July; a crisis is, however, approaching, as I do not believe the men will serve much longer without their arrears being paid. All the officers except myself, have had their arrears and two years' gratuity paid them, This is most unheard-of justice; however, as they would not pay me of their own accord, I have bound myself up with the men, and I won't accept of a farthing until they are likewise paid. They are in such fine order, and conducting themselves so well, that I have a moral irresistible power which I am now bringing into play, and as on the 15th of this month, an order is issued to put every thing on the peace Portuguese system; that is, no rations of beef and wine, while ours say—beef and wine until paid and discharged, I am determined to make a stand at all hazards, and see justice done. I would have done so long before this, if I did not suspect I should have been gratifying some hidden enemy by the regiment making a row; but after the inspection the other day in square, I told the General, in the men's hearing, that unless they were paid they would not continue to do duty.

As to ——, he is a good-hearted, obliging, clever lad, very decidedly improving; quite the gentleman in his thoughts and conduct, and I almost hope to see him with his commission in a few days, of which I shall be very glad. He is a sort of editor of a regimental newspaper which is carried on among the officers; but it is sometimes very severe and personal. They had had me figuring in a list of hunters for sale, as—"capital in the field, queer in the temper. N.B. Dangerous for unruly colts." He himself figures as "flycatcher."

—— is a very nice, brave, gallant lad, not one-hundredth part so soft as he looks, very attentive, quite the gentleman, and most confoundedly careful of his cash; but does nothing shabby, and is always particularly well dressed.

I am sorry these people have found you out. As soon as the men are paid, I intend, if it costs me 20*l.*, to get all the names inserted in the Scotch papers, with the sums each obtains; and from that moment wash my hands clear of them, and refer all to the Portuguese Consul. I have as little to do with them as possible, as they are an ungrateful class of people.

The other day, after the inspection, when I made the General a speech, I found a letter on the floor of my room, signed by all the old hands of Porto, thanking me for having told their complaints in such a manly, straight forward, determined manner. This will shut slanderers' mouths. I expect some of the papers to be filled with abuse of me, as a great number of the bad characters go home immediately; but never mind what assertions they make, or what lies they tell; I have damning documents to show. I confess I feel very strong, and perhaps too determined; as, after all examination, if I were my own enemy, I do not see a point on which I can be attacked either by the Government or by the men.

George was very anxious I should have been at home to have been examined before the military commission as to flogging. I am a great enemy to the system, and so much so, that I labour day and night to keep up discipline without it; and when I tell you I have not had a flogging match nor court-martial in the regiment, upwards of 600 strong, since January, you may say I have succeeded; and I will venture to say that few British regiments are in better order. I wrote to Lord —— inclosing my plan, but I suspect he had started for the continent, and never received my letter.

—— left Lisbon yesterday for London. He is a good honourable fellow. If he goes to Edinburgh, find him out and be kind to him. I know he is sorry he left;—so am I. I was obliged to be very sharp with him, and I suspect he may not have liked me. I believe I am a great Tartar; but, oh! if you knew some of the men I have to deal with, and what I have done, and how I have exerted myself to do good from principle; and to receive ingratitude in return, you would pity me!

A very few days must determine what I am to do, but home I must come. If I had not so much to do, I should die of home-sickness.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXX.

Setubal, 6th November, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I NEED not tell you that there are many robbers here, and that I never go out without arms. The nights are tremendously dark, and it has struck me, it would be a most useful thing to have out a couple of those dark lanterns used by the London police, with straps round the waist, and I believe there is a place for fixing a pistol: you thus leave your hands clear, and I am not afraid when that is the case. If I, by chance, should return soon, never mind, as they will be most useful in the regiment. Send them out, addressed to me—care of Messrs. Torlades and Co., by the very earliest opportunity.

I believe, if I were to apply to the Government for a payment on account, they would perhaps give me 1000*l.*, but it is better not to take payments in part. If they give me all they owe me, I shall probably lay out about 800*l.* in buying national property, to hold for some years and sell again; it strikes me, a good thing might be picked up in that way. The rest shall go home, there to remain snug and fast.

Now that the winter nights are getting long, I suppose you must be at your pen. I think you are quite right to amuse yourself in that way. The weather has now set in for the winter, and such rains you never beheld; but it is killing the musquitoes and flies. As yet, I have put on no flannel nor drawers, and still do not suffer. I sleep in a very small room with both windows open; indeed, I am uncomfortable if I do not feel the air about me. I suppose this comes from being so much in the open air for the last three years, and now I cannot tolerate a night cap. I expect the woodcocks in the course of a few days; but I really have so much regimental and Government correspondence, and no one that I can trust, that every day I am with my pen in hand for five or six hours. As to Lisbon, I hate it. I am now tired of writing; so to save trouble, I shall inclose to you Patrick's letter, which forward without delay.

It is needless to speak of home till the men are paid. I think I must know in a few days; but they are a shuffling set. Best love to all.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXXI.

Lisbon, 23rd November, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HALF intended not to write home until I could say I was settled with, as also my men; but still, with all my exertions, I cannot do it. I have been with the two Dukes, who are quite ashamed; but I have given in two memorials which, I almost think, are irresistible. I shall keep at them to the last, and won't go to the regiment until the affair is closed. The gratuity of land turns out to have been a regular deceit; and I have placed them in such a difficulty, that I think they must come forward with money. The Duke of Palmella never heard of a gratuity of land, until I gave him a copy of the contract. It is quite disgraceful, though it does no good exposing them; but it may open your eyes to the difficulties I have, being the representative of six battalions.

If I were to be as impatient as my good sisters and mother are, I would be off in disgust, and at one blow deprive myself of three years' hard labour. In short, my very soul is sick of them; but I like difficulties, and I know I shall surmount them: but they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

I keep myself employed at something, to drown thought. I inclose you a sketch of an order I gave for a robber-hunt; your humble servant, armed to the heel, going into all the wine-shops ; begging an escort of peasants (robbers) to escort my mule laden with apparently valuable baggage, but in reality, the men's muskets. We lay in the woods all night, nearly eaten up with musquitoes, but caught nothing. But it frightened the covey, and they have not been seen since.

If you like another story, and a good and true one, here it is. About four weeks ago, I got orders from the governor of the province to try and catch some robbers; this I accomplished, but, of course, they were set at liberty. On the 10th, making an arrangement with the Commandant of the National Guard, about twelve o'clock at night I let straggling parties of the men get secretly out of the barracks and come to my garden, from which, passing through vineyards, they formed, thirty on a road out of town with thirty of the National Guard. We broke into two parties, I taking my old ground. Getting a league out of town, we surrounded two houses on opposite sides of the road, broke into them and found no one. It is rather nervous work searching, poking into corners with a sword, having a fellow with an iron and flint to keep a slight flash. Finding nothing, we went on. As soon as we got near the house, the dogs began, and I was amused with the astonishment of the men on seeing me leap into a dark footpath, running through the fields, with my sabre drawn. They could not make out how I knew the road. I placed myself at the door, and kept a dead silence. The men came up and I then went in, when I found seven fellows, but finding all their hands very dirty and blistered, I was kind to them. This pleased a little boy; who whispered to me, he could show me a house in the wood where they sold wine. It was quite dark, he conducted us through some dark paths, and the moment he shewed me a white house, bolted away home. I took the hint, and drawing my sabre, ran with full speed and posted myself at the door, calling to the men to advance. As soon as I got them placed, I ordered the door to be opened, and a light struck. They refused, or rather, answered impertinently. I immediately broke a wooden window, and saw a fellow with a musket ready. I instantly said, I should burn the house if they did not open. I entered. A powerful strong fellow met me. I heard two fellows lying on the ground, whisper "Commandante Escoses," and knew from this they must be deserters. I told the fine-looking fellow to show me his hands; they were better and softer than mine; I told him to go to the corner of the room, and ordered the sentry to shoot him dead if he spoke or looked to his comrades. They pretended to be very sick, and unable to get up, but a slight poke with my sword eradicated all their diseases; and, having likewise clean hands, they were made prisoners. I then searched under some potatoes, and found their muskets loaded. I kept searching, making the whole of the people, consisting of thirteen, prisoners. I brought them out of the house, and gave orders to kill with the bayonet the first who spoke or tried to escape. At this moment, the landlord of the house pulled my sleeve and whispered I had caught three leaders, and that they had murdered one of their comrades ten days ago, one of them being the brother of the murdered man; pointing out at the same time, the wood where he was buried. This made me look sharp, and I saw this strong fellow looking as if he could seize some one. I halted the party, separated these three, and pretending to search the big fellow, took off his sash, and tripping smartly behind him, tied his two elbows. Not believing the story, I marched these three to the spot, where we saw the brother's feet sticking out of the sand. It was with the greatest difficulty I could prevent the soldiers shooting them on the spot; and I believe, although I looked quiet, I was the worst of the whole. I marched them away, but, after a little, I could stand it no longer; I called for spades and ordered the murderers to dig up the murdered man, and carry the body to Setubal. On this I left the one brother digging up the other, and walked off with my men; leaving the National Guard in charge. We saw them following us, the Guard having given a leg and arm to each, and the body and head to the brother. We entered a wood, where we met the peasantry, begging they might be shot, as the civil power would set them at liberty. As soon as the prisoners entered the road where there were trees, I heard bang, bang, bang; inquiring afterwards, it turned out the big fellow showed a wish to escape; they fired, hit him in the head and body, he burst the sash and fled, but a shot through the back brought him down. The other two fell at once, and the National Guard left the three bodies on the road. The peasantry then made a circle round them, cheered, and then dug their graves in the middle of the road. They were horrible fellows, who, for the last six months, have been murdering and plundering the peasantry. The officers of justice went next day to take a precognition. Now, there is a winter's tale. But I must be off to the war office.

Four o'clock---They say they will begin for me in a fortnight. I do not believe it. Love to all.

CHARLES SHAW.

P.S.---By the bye, I want a few regular *moral* sermons to read on Sunday to the young fellows. Plain truths and no round about stories, and not bulky to carry. If too long, I am a famous hand at shortening them.

LETTER LXXXII.

Lisbon, 24 *November*, 1834.

To G. H——, Esq. London.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been silent with you for a long time, through sheer shame to be obliged to confess that I have been the innocent cause of doing my best to deceive a body of fine deserving fellows. When that contract, with regard to the gratuity of land, was shown to me, I assure you, upon my honour, that I thought Government was authorised to give what they sacredly promised to give; but this now turns out to be false, as they have no land of that sort to dispose of; so that I have been a tool. I have written to them to say that all my men signed that contract, and that I am ready to receive any new proposal. I do not know how it is to end, as, if they do not keep faith or give a good remuneration to the soldier, they lose me as their friend, and ought to lose the confidence of all proper-thinking, honourable people.

I suppose you sometimes see Mendizabal; I do believe he has been deceived as much as myself, and as he perceived that I saw through it, he was much displeased that I would not write such a letter to the then Minister of War, as might have made me a party in this matter. Mendizabal has been so much accustomed, for some years, to deal with people of equivocal character, and whose circumstances prevented them from acting independently, that he did not like the manner in which I acted; in short, if he thinks of what he said and promised when he was in necessity, and how he behaved to me in prosperity, he can have no love for me. They still refuse to give me more than two years' gratification, while the contract plainly says four years. As they have given it to others, and I am as deserving as any, I shall not accept of one farthing less than four years. My argument now is with them; at Terceira, all nations entered into a contract; French to receive eighteen month's gratuity, English two years, and officers, risking commissions, four years, and the Portuguese to receive their own estates in Portugal, for as many years as they had to live. I have not only fulfilled my contract, but besides, by the exertions of self and men, have put the Portuguese in possession of their estates (terms of contract); and how can these Portuguese, after I and my men give them their "titulos," refuse to give *us* our "titulos"? This has driven shame into them; but whether it will drive the money out of them is quite a different question, as, to do them justice, they have rewarded the worthless wonderfully. I have a great many personal friends in the Cortes, and if I presented a petition, I not only should have their support, but the enemies of the ministry would take the opportunity of giving them a blow; but I have such a high opinion of Palmella and Terceira, that I cannot think of having recourse to these measures. But their folly is terrible; they are most anxious to keep us up, as they know, as well as I do, that the moment the foreign troops quit them, political feuds would at once commence. They do not understand fine feeling; but I assure you that, if it were not that I think it shabby to push people in necessity, both myself and men would resign. They have as yet made no new proposal, but patience has an end; and you will see that, in a pecuniary point of view, Mendizabal will lose more money by the fall in the funds than if he were to stand the advance of about £20,000, which would nearly clear all. Do not tell Mendizabal you have heard from me, but push him hard; stick to facts, and with all his cleverness do not let him wander from the subject, and you will see he is floored. I have discovered that he places confidence where he should not. I take very good care to keep all I know (and that is a good deal) to myself.

I had vainly flattered myself I should have eaten my Christmas dinner in England; but until I see my men settled with, and receive my own cash, I will not move. I now see that peace in Portugal is so intimately bound up with Spain, that, until that is settled, nothing can go on here. Successes in Spain will most decidedly cause disturbances in Portugal; as even the last news of the success of Carlos has made the people of Setubal walk more upright, and almost look one boldly in the face. They had better be quiet; for if not, and they give me an opportunity, I will make such an example that others shall be afraid to try such pranks a second time.

The total ignorance of Government of what is going on in the different provinces is quite ridiculous. They place people in situations, not because they are capable of doing their duty, but because they have emigrated, or have been in prison. Most of the authorities are very poor; they are intrusted with the convents and national property; the temptation is too great; they give way, and thus the evil spreads; and as to having the law enforced, or justice administered, no such thing is heard of. I have proposed plans by which I would become responsible to clear a large district from robbers. They say, put it in writing; you do so, and then in their opinion, as soon as they see paper and ink, the country is clear.

I suppose you see the discussions which are taking place with regard to the sales of the National Property. The terms of purchase are remarkably favourable, so much so, that it is not improbable I may be tempted to speculate, but I shall act with good advice. My own opinion is, that provided the purchase would for a few years only afford a slight return, the property may be re-sold to a great advantage if the country remain quiet. Let me hear your opinion on the subject,—I know it is a risk; but if I do get money in this way, it was got with risk, so I think there is wisdom in trying if a part may be increased. If some of the convent salt-works were sold cheap, that would do best, as they are held at little expense, and all sales of salt are for cash. There are many beautiful wine and orange quintas for sale; they do not appear to cost much in keeping them in good order, but I should think the tenants would be rather ticklish people to deal with. You cannot travel two miles without being obliged to see many things capable of great improvement; but for some years it must be a risk to lay out money in that way. I feel positive that if I chose to propose it, the Government would at once settle all they owe me, if I were to take National Property in payment. They owe me about £3000, and if I purchased at that rate, the payment of what I purchased would be in sixteen years; consequently, as the £3000 was considered cash, I should get the benefit of that discount. But doing this would, in some measure, force me to settle in Portugal, of which I have not the slightest intention; although, if steamers are regularly established, it would not be so disagreeable. But I must have some active employment if I wish to be happy, and I am rather fond of soldiering. I will not close this till to-morrow, as the post is delayed.

Monday. There is nothing new, but I suspect there is bad news from Spain, as yesterday I met many of the *big-wigs*, and they were excessively civil. The weather is now bad. I hope all your family are well; I beg my best respects to them. Let me hear from you.

CHARLES SHAW.

P. S. I annex a copy of the letter of proposal of the contract, which they now as solemnly deny as they solemnly proposed it.

LETTER LXXXII.

Head Quarters at Quinta da Ribiera, 3d Jan. 1834.

Major Saavedra to Colonel Shaw.

(referred to in the preceding letter.)

SIR,

YOU will receive from Colonel Dodgin a copy of the new contract, which Her Most Faithful Majesty's Government proposes to the British officers and soldiers serving in the army, and which His Excellency Marshal Count Saldanha, Chief of the Imperial Staff and Commander-in-Chief, desires to be read to the regiment under your command. Those officers that may not wish to accede to the terms now offered to them, will give in their names, that Government may take about them such measures as may be thought most convenient. As to the men, it is entirely left to them whether they will accept the five vintems per day, with the advantages proposed to them in such a case at the end of the war; or if they rather wish to continue for the forty-five shillings per month, leaving to be deducted from this sum, clothing and rations, and no compensation at the end of the war.

In each regiment the plurality of voices will determine the choice. Her Majesty's Government, in making now this proposal to the men, has only in view to simplify accounts, and it can be clearly proved that no economy results from this new arrangement.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
your most obedient Servant,
(Signed) THOMAS PINTO SAAVEDRA,
Major Assistant Adjutant-General.

New Contract, according to which the future pay, &c. of the British soldiers in the service of Her Most Faithful Majesty, is to be regulated.

First. Each private soldier shall receive five vintems per day; non-commissioned officers and drummers will receive the same pay as the Portuguese of their respective ranks, with an addition of 20 per cent. more. All British troops will receive British rations, and Portuguese clothing and equipment.

Secondly. Men in the rear without leave, or sick in hospital, are not to receive daily pay. Men wounded in action are entitled to all the comforts of a hospital, and to receive daily pay.

Thirdly. At the end of the present war, every soldier and non-commissioned officer will have a right to his discharge.

Fourthly. Every well-conducted Soldier at the end of the war is entitled to a recompence in *land* from £30 to £40; Corporals £50; Sergeants £70; First Sergeant £80; Sergeant Major £100. They will have a right to bring their families to Portugal, and practise whatever trade, &c. as if they were Portuguese.

Fifthly. The value of their land is to be determined by Commissioners appointed by Government, and by an equal number of the field-officers and other officers of the British regiments. Those soldiers who do not wish land have a right to dispose of that portion of land which has been awarded to them, and to settle in any other part of Portugal, and to carry on their trades there. Until the portion of land is awarded by the Commissioners, the soldier is entitled, if discharged, to his daily British rations; and those who wish to return to England will have a free passage.

Sixthly. All those non-commissioned officers and soldiers who shall be wounded, shall receive a bill at three months' sight on London, for half the sum which a British soldier receives; and those who may lose an eye, or leg, or arm, or severe wound, equal to the loss of a limb, shall receive a pension for life, paid regularly through the British Consul, or named British authority, to the Soldier 1*s.* per diem, Corporal 1*s.* 6*d.*, Sergeant 2*s.*

(Signed) Thomas Pinto Saavedra,
Major Assistant Adjutant-General.

Head Quarters, Quinta da Ribiera, 8th January 1834.

(A true Copy.)

LETTER LXXXIII.

Valle de Santarem, May 2, 1834.

To G. H——, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

THIS is a sort of business letter. By the new contract under which the British troops serve, it says:—

[Here the letter recites the third, fourth, and fifth articles of the preceding contract, and then proceeds.]

It is to these articles of the contract to which I wish to call your attention, as of course I should like to see my poor fellows get money instead of land. They assert that the land to be given is the richest in Portugal—part of the royal domains in the Alemtejo; and it has struck me, that, as the soldier is entitled to sell that, it may be an excellent speculation for a Company to be formed for the purpose of purchasing this land. On a rough calculation, there ought to be 60,000*l*. worth of land, which never yet has been touched by the hand of man. The regiments are composed of all trades, and most are young men with no wives; so out of 1,200 men, say at least 600 will be ready to be workmen for the new Company. I know the Company will get every encouragement from Government. I won't pretend to go into particulars as to value of land. I have given the foundation, and my opinion is, the speculation is feasible and good. The wages of a labourer here vary from twelve to sixteen vintems a day, without food; and a carpenter and such trades vary, or rather average a crusada nova.

These wages appear to me enormous. In this house, there are eleven labourers who each receive fourteen vintems, and when it rains, they come in and play at pitch and toss. They live well. I know it is the intention to turn all the convents into manufactories, for which they are most capitally adapted; and as Santarem itself has fifteen, and the Tagus close to it, we (the settlers) will soon make it another Glasgow. I hope you will give this your serious attention, and any information you require from me, let be put in the shape of question, and I think I have the means of giving distinct and true answers.

(Signed) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Setubal, December 4, 1834.

To General Freire, President of the Commission.

SIR,

I BEG your Excellency will have the kindness to inform me with as little delay as possible, if the contract which I, by authority of Her Most Faithful Majesty's Government, proposed to the men under my command, in January last, and which contract every individual signed upon my pledging my honour for the religious fulfilment of the same, is now considered by the Commission a contract or not a contract. From what occurred among the men on the 30th of October, my honour as an officer and a gentleman is most seriously implicated, as when I advised the men to sign the contract, it never entered into my mind to suppose that there could be a doubt as to its fulfilment.

It gives me pleasure to enclose a speech of the Ministro da Fazenda, in which he says, " e pela certeza de que o Governo ha de religiosamente cumprer, como até agora, todós os suos contractos."

(Signed,) Charles Shaw,
Colonel.

LETTER LXXXV.

Setubal, December 4, 1834.

To the Military Governor of the
Province of Estremadura.

Sir,

I enclose to your Excellency a copy of a letter which I have sent this day to the President of the commission for settling Foreign accounts.

It is my duty to inform your Excellency, in order that His Excellency the Minister of War may be made aware, that if the men of this regiment who still continue to do duty, do not receive what is justly due to them, before the 1st of January, in my opinion they will on that day to a man lay down their arms and march to Lisbon, and throw themselves on the justice and generosity of the Portuguese nation.

I most respectfully but fearlessly appeal, in their behalf, to the report His Excellency General Zagallo made of the regiment, months after they were entitled to be paid and to be discharged; throwing entirely out of view the splendid conduct of many of these men in their defence of Oporto, and in assisting to drive out of Portugal the man who for years has been the curse of the country.

Hoping your Excellency will give me directions how to act under such delicate circumstances,

I am, &c. &c.

(Signed,) Charles Shaw.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Setubal, December 5th, 1834.

To Major Mitchell at Lisbon.

Sir,

It has been reported to me that the men who refused to serve any longer, on account of being grossly deceived in Britain and in this country, have been sent on board ship as prisoners. Their former exemplary conduct, and the exertions they have made in this cause, do not merit such treatment; therefore I am convinced the report is false.

If unfortunately it be true that the poor deceived men are thus treated, you must without any delay proceed to the Commission for settling accounts, and then to His Excellency the Minister of War, and get a *distinct* answer whether the contract proposed to the men by letter of Colonel Saavedra on the 8th of January, 1834, be a contract or not.

If the answer be that it is *no* contract, I am ready to produce the proposed contract of that day, not only accepted, but signed by those prisoners, and by every individual in the regiment. If it is allowed to *be* a contract, you must then most respectfully but firmly insist on its fulfilment, and demand that the men be set at liberty and receive British rations until their gratuity of land is allotted to them.

If faith is not intended to be kept with the men, as we have no power, you must endeavour by entreaty to get the best possible terms for them, pleading their former services, and not forgetting to impress on

Government that you and I, as their two oldest officers, (and at the same time the only two who from the beginning have stuck to this cause, through good and through bad report,) deserve some indulgence for those men who so faithfully served us and the cause.

&c. &c.

(Signed,) CHARLES SHAW,
Colonel
Fuzileiros Escoseses.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Setubal, Dec. 5, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I WILL not pretend to tell you the troubles I have been in for the last three weeks. Any thing I have ever experienced, is a mere joke to it; but, thank God, the 1st of January will bring things to their proper bearing.

You will hear that there was a row among my men: there was no row. I spoke the truth to them. They saw that both of us were deceived, and they respectfully told me they thought it was better to go home unpaid, as their time of service expired in last June. I warned the Government, if they allowed me to quit Lisbon without clothing or cash, what would occur. I have long foreseen the crisis, and had chalked out a line of conduct. I am now pursuing that line, having all my flanks secured and supported by invincible justice and honour, from which I will not swerve, let the consequences be what they may.

Even the poor deceived men do not pretend to say it is my fault. As they were leaving the town, they gave me three cheers, with "Good luck to you, Cornal; fareweel, whan we gang back to Einbro' wull we say a word against ye, because we canna." I think the Government will try to turn on me; but I have a few documents that will damn them.

In the course of a few days, I shall send you copies of my correspondence, which will astonish you. I wonder at my own patience. They have opened my eyes. The fight has begun and I shall carry it on, and to a certainty I shall be victorious. I have not a soul to consult, and none in whom I have confidence. I am sorry Admiral Napier is gone, because he was an honest man.

I fear there will be sad rows here when the foreigners go away.

I have been up all night writing; so kind love to mother, sisters, and all, and don't fear or be annoyed for me, as justice will triumph, and no one will have reason to be ashamed of me.

Ever your affectionate brother,
CHARLES SHAW.

P. S. I annex a copy of the regimental orders, which I was forced to issue, fearing if the men remained in St. Ube's they might plunder the town.*

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* The regimental order here referred to, had for its chief object to apprise the men that such of them as should refuse to do duty until they received the *Titulo* promised to them on the 1st of January 1835, would be held by the commanding officer as not belonging to the regiment, and would be left to depend on their own exertions for procuring their payment.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Setubal, Dec. 11, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

Dear George,

I am still in the middle of all my troubles, and fearing that there may be reports in the newspapers that may hurt your feelings, I have enclosed the copies of some letters, which in case of necessity you will at once make public; however, do not let these letters see the light unless Mr. ——— and you come to the joint opinion, as I have no desire to shew up the Government needlessly. If there be anything published by the prisoners who are sent home, you have the proof that I am not to blame. Not one of them, blackguards though they be, will deny this. I have met with black ingratitude mixed up with egregious folly on the part of some of my officers. Five came to me in a body and addressed me as commanding officer; they coolly and deliberately henceforward refused to march with their guards. I warned them of their danger; I was so sorry for them that I even read to them the private report of their conduct which I had written to send to the minister of war, and begged them to think better of what they were doing; but no, they thought they could bully me, which is not easy, and I suppose they will be dismissed. And this too, when I was the commanding officer who first got all my officers settled with, not even asking a farthing for myself! Do not be under any apprehension for me, even if I should be placed under arrest. I am all right, and I will not move out of the path I have chalked out for my self. I shall send a copy of the accounts sent in by me according to the contract, and then what is given, for the purpose of being published in Scotland.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Lisbon, 21st December, 1834.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

LUCKILY the mail was delayed until this morning, as before my time was so much taken up that I should not have been able to write.

It was as I suspected; an attempt was to be made in a quiet way to bring me into a scrape, but a few minutes' conversation with the Duke of Terceira, and speaking the truth, set all to rights.

The reason they do not pay me, is—they find it is a good lumping sum, and they will not pass my men's accounts, as then they could have no excuse for non-payment. But by next week's mail I hope to open your eyes as to many things. Never mind reports. Have no fear for me; I have beautiful ground, and I know how to defend and attack.

If you know where Hodges is, tell him to write to me without delay. I have not another moment. How I wish I were again among you!

A Mr. W. a very gentlemanlike fellow, on business here, returns in a fortnight. He knows every thing, so you must get acquainted with him. Best love to all. I think I shall leave this on the 24th with £5 a man, and my accounts will be settled by 1st Feb.; but I must remain at least another month.

Ever &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XC.

Setubal 1st Jan. 1835.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I WILL not confess how much my mind has been for some weeks turned to you all.

I know you must have been thinking of me and my troubles, and I assure you I have had a most difficult part to act, but I think I have acted well. Still I see many difficulties; but if I keep my temper and have a little patience, I am certain of complete success.

Little did I think that my knowledge of bad men was to have been of such infinite service to me. It opened to me the modes of action of other people; it made me watch the twinkling of an eye and the tone of a voice.

An attempt was made by a few underlings of Government to overpower me, but my plain straightforward determination not to swerve, and to let every man hold on by his own rope, carried me through; and the visit to Lisbon, which was planned for my ruin, not only strengthened my hands more than ever, but was moreover the cause of giving people an excuse to show me honour which they never had done before. I came off with flying colours, as I predicted I should, but may I never have such doings again!

I assure you the Portuguese as individuals are not bad, but as a Government they are execrable. At day-break on Christmas morning, while raining torrents, and while suffering under a broken jaw, I got up to cross to Setubal to give the men £5 and £2. 10*s*. before their dinner. I thought I should have been beat, but getting the only boat which would venture across on account of the storm, I landed safely, and after a three leagues' terrible wet ride, managed my object by making the fellows as happy as wine could make them. To see my ten days' labour swallowed down in wine would have disgusted me, if I had not comforted myself with the thought that I had done my duty, no matter what others did.

Unless something which I at present do not see, turns up, I would for no temptation take the command of any regiment, unless I were to make my own terms. But I am not going to be foolish. I shall do my best to get every thing which is due paid. The men are promised to be paid in full before the 1st of Feb. and then, or before, I must be settled with to the extent of, say £3,000. I shall now go rigidly to work. Delicacy is at an end. The Dukes of Palmella and Terceira were both deceived until I opened their eyes.

I think you will see the papers full of abuse of me, but never mind that; I am right, and can show I am right; but there are times for all things.

I cannot tell you how busy I have been. I astonished the people in Lisbon by the way I went to work. Every public office poked *Government* down my throat, but my insisting on speaking to Mr. Government generally brought me into a meeting with some underling who did whatever Colonel Shaw told him to do; and thus I got some money for my men in two days, which was never known to be got under fifteen. I suffered all the time under a dreadful tooth-ache, which, of course, sharpened my movements. The weather has been terribly cold, and I am sorry to say has affected my old wounds, both in my thighs and breast.

I, this morning, got George's letter of 15 Dec. which was a very good new year's gift. Excuse my confused letters. By the bye, I think L. E. L. could make a good story out of my robber scene. The murders and outrages unheard-of, makes it the duty of every man to extirpate such monsters from the face of the earth. I like adventure, but when that adventure is to do good, I take an absolute delight in it.

By the bye, I told Mr. —— to call on George. He is a very brave young fellow. I hope next week to give you a more comfortable letter, as I assure you my head is distracted.

Best and kindest love to all.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCI.

Setubal, 16*th January*, 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE received your letters of 26 Dec. and 31, and shall, the moment I am at leisure, attend to the contents

You will see how my poor gallant friend Russell was murdered at Cascaes. I have by this post written to his mother. I hope the letter may reach some of them. No reason is as yet assigned for the murder. I scarcely ever go out at night; but if by chance I do, have always a pistol in my hand. In general, when a man is attacked, it is from his own imprudence.

I am now heartily sick of such procrastinating, half dishonourable, dirty, shabby work. I see quite well, if I were to die or to get out of their sight they would never give me a farthing.

They have promised that my regiment is to have their "titulos" and discharges by the end of this month, and I almost hope it may be true, as the life I lead at present is very disagreeable. I am not in favour with the underlings employed by Government as to the settlement of accounts of soldiers—I taking the ground of having done my duty to Portugal, and it is also my duty not to see my countrymen defrauded.

Explain to Mr. H—— that I feel ashamed of myself for being such a dupe about that contract, as it never entered my mind that faith would be so scandalously broken with the soldiers. Don Miguel's Government could not have done worse. Until all the underlings of office in Portugal are washed away, the Government will be guilty of shabby transactions. It is not the fault of the Dukes of Palmella and Terceira, except that they are rather idle and given to smoking, which certainly deadens a man's power of activity.

I like the climate of this country much, and I assure you the people, clear of official work, are by no means a bad set. If I get any money, I have been thinking seriously of the best way of laying it out. To tell you the truth, I do not think the security of property is much greater in England than here, and I see many sure and profitable ways of investing money, only that it would require one's own eye to overlook, at least some part of the year. If I find that these steam-boats are established, I may probably be tempted to settle in Portugal, but I shall do nothing in a hurry; indeed, there is great risk as long as the Tories are at the head, and Don Carlos allowed to show his nose. I must tell you that such is my innate hatred of that class , owing to the individual misery caused by their style of thinking and acting, that I almost feel anxious for employment in Spain; and I know, if I were to go home, in the present excited state of the Nation, that I should have worse to encounter than a jury trial. I am a great enthusiast, and I seriously think that Providence is arranging to destroy, in full, the horrid remains of the feudal system, and to drag the Church out of the mire of temporal concerns. I am sure if this were accomplished, we should have many more religious and moral men than we have now. It is no matter what uniform the clerical regiment wears, provided the New Testament were to be the only drill book.

I am very superstitious. The 7th of Dec. was my most difficult day; I had divine service, being Sunday; I turned to the morning psalm for the 7th; it was such a true description of myself, that in reading it aloud, I not only was astonished, but so were the soldiers. I found my voice shake, and gave them a regular Chalmers or Irving scene; I could not help it, I was so excited. That psalm I keep now as my reserve, and a good stand-by it is. Read it, and you have a picture of my state. I have real pleasure now in reading the Psalms.

Two ungrateful fellows have turned round on me, great allies of Sir J. Milley—— They have despatched misrepresentations to England for the newspapers, but keep clear of answering, if you can help it. I have discovered some curious intrigues which will shortly come to light. If I had not conducted myself so independently, and kept myself out of the power of any one, these two would have led me a dance. The old proverb is true, "Honesty is the best policy."

I suspect that I must go to Lisbon on Monday; as, if I do not, I shall have little chance of getting money. I have asked for £2000, but fear they will not give me at present more than £1000, but I shall now be always taking. My men are so disgusted, that in my opinion, no temptation would keep them, and hardly any temptation would keep me.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCII.

Lisbon, 30*th Jan.* 1835.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

DEAR PATRICK,

ON the 5th of next month the James sails from this with 180 Scotch, for the first port in Scotland. These men did their duty famously to the end of the war, when they were entitled to their discharge. On the 16th of July they made a respectful petition to Government to have their accounts settled and be discharged, which was promised to them. I sent in the accounts according to the enclosed contract, but they would not be received by the Commission, and I got orders to make out the accounts for a gratification of £6. 15*s.* instead of £40 of land. I had no help for it. I explained this to the men, who thereupon refused to do duty any longer. They were sent to Lisbon, and put on board ship as mutineers, and are to get no gratification. I protested, but in vain; and they are to be shipped off with a few shillings in their pockets.

Of course, they will make a great hubbub, and justly so, because they have been most egregiously deceived by some one, but who it is I do not know. I am certain that neither the Dukes of Palmella nor Terceira have any thing to do with this deception; indeed, as far as is in their power they do every justice. I write this to you to beg you to take care that I am not shown up as a part of the humbug, as I have got myself in very bad odour for sticking up for the rights of the men. I offer to take the pittance of gratification due to me by the proposed new contract, provided they fulfil the contract to the men.

I am, &c.
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCIII.

Lisbon, 31*st Jan.* 1835.

MY DEAR ———,

I GOT your letter, and one from Colonel Napier inquiring about the man. I have taken steps, but as Colonel Dodgin is at Elvas, it may be some time; but I won't forget.

Well, at last I think I see there is a chance of my men being paid, but shabbily. I expected it to be finished next week, but the fellows are so thoroughly disgusted with the treatment they have received, that not one will continue in the country. That is my opinion. Other commanding officers say I am wrong. We shall see.

I forget whether I told you, that Sir M. D. has given in charges against me to the Cortes and War Office. They are quite ridiculous, but very wicked; but in this day's newspaper—the *Nacional,* I have written a letter to the officers of the Liberating Army, which will put all to rest, and save me from future annoyance. It was absolutely necessary. I shall send it to you. Don't think I am annoyed: these are only minor grievances. What they intend to do with me now, I am quite ignorant. They have promised me £1,000 on account to-day, but I do not believe them; in short it is all a humbug. I have been at court to kiss the Queen's hand, but so did all the world, even Sir J. M.——. There was no enthusiasm shown on the arrival of the prince. Indeed I think that affairs may take a turn here which the people in power do not expect. I hope the conservative party may be upset, and that would put all to rights. What misery they have caused in Portugal, and how they have injured the English Name!

With kind love to all, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCIV.

Lisbon, 7th Feb. 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

FROM what I hear, a number of those men who embarked yesterday on board the Monarch steamer, have been urged on to say that I am the cause of their losing their gratuity, as they went to Lisbon with my permission.

Government calls this conduct of the men mutiny; I do not, because they had fulfilled their contract for more than six months, and had taken all regular and legal methods of expressing their grievances, to which no attention was paid. They signed a contract for £40 of gratuity, and it was my mentioning that Government had determined on breaking that contract, and making the Government offer £6. 15*s*. that disgusted them. Such is the story.

I have just got your letter dated 27th January, and I have sent my servant on board the Pink schooner.

You know I always speak my real feelings. I hate to shoot a man, and if I had killed ——— I should have been sorry; but the insult was gross, and I wished to show a few of that class, that a man who hit me a blow ran some risk. Don't laugh at me for missing three times. I tried to hit him, but my pistols were shocking, being flint, and bruising and tearing my hand terribly, so much so that I write with difficulty; but how he missed me with his fine percussion pistols, and who am twice his size, I cannot imagine. He behaved bravely, but I think my fierce determined look, with my opened eyes, rather shook his hand. His second, at the end of the second shot, came up to me to say, I had got sufficient satisfaction, to which I answered—"My good fellow, I have nothing to do with it; there is ———." I was glad that ——— got me another shot, my determination being that one or other should not quit; but when his friend refused more, ——— ordered us off the ground. I never spoke, or looked towards where he was, except when firing; and thus we parted. It is finished as well as it is, as I was only going through a disagreeable ceremony, to prevent many others; but it is a sad thing to see the world not visiting with punishment such an outrage on me. I am now a splendid fellow: they wished among my other qualities, to make me out a coward.

Yesterday, after the affair, the Duke of Terceira, in his usual good taste, made a point of being most particularly attentive to me in the most public place of Lisbon. But this is only for friends. Keep you clear of every thing. This attack upon me, about Edinburgh, will do me a great deal of good, therefore my old friend the 35th Psalm has stood my friend. I am a queer creature, but the morning was the 6th, so before going out to the prayer book I went, to see my luck in the Psalm for that morning.

In a hurry. Ever yours,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCV.

Setubal, 19th Feb. 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

BY this time, you will have seen Mr. ——— who can give you every information. As soon as I get a little rest I shall execute your commissions; but really you must have some patience, for the torments I have had have been difficult to contend with, and I shall never be quiet till something is done for those poor fellows. I am sure when the story is allowed to reach the Prince's ears, (which it shall,) something will still be done.

Col. Saavedra, who was the person employed to draw up the contract, and the most active in getting it carried through, is now the very officer who is employed, and the most active, in breaking the very instrument which he drew up. I can have no comfort at home until something is done for the men, and until it be further made manifest that I am not concerned in this deceit. I expect the run against me to be dreadful, although I think ————, who is not here, should take his share; for as far as I know he has only been working for himself for the last eighteen months. I won't be humbugged or quit this, until I am paid; but when that may be, God knows! *Entre nous,* I hope those men who go to London may daily besiege Mendizabal's house, and perhaps in that way justice may be done them. The Scotch, I know, intend to pester "—— ——."

I wish you could sometimes send a Spectator newspaper. Where is Hodges? I am surprised he has never written to me.

I suppose my mother is terribly annoyed about the duel. You must make the best story. I am not so sensitive as I used to be, but I was always an enemy to duelling, and shall continue so,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCVI.

Setubal, 26th Feb. 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I WROTE to you to say that some of my men had been sent home by the Monarch, and 200 by the Jane for Glasgow. As these men would reach Glasgow as paupers, I trust the authorities there, will act as those at Brest, and send them back to Portugal to be settled with, the French getting thus paid.

On the 24th, forty of the old Oporto hands embarked on board the Teazer, as usual—without promises being fulfilled. I gave them a copy of their contract, to try their luck with the Portuguese authorities in England. This day, 122 embark on board the Adelaide for Glasgow, likewise furnished with a copy of their contract.

I am now quite callous as to what the Government here may think of me, and I spoke out the plain simple truth, taking care not to commit myself. I expressed feelings of deep indignation that the men were sent away without being thanked by Government for their services. I hope the remainder who are here will be shipped immediately. To show the high opinion the fellows have of this Government, only three (and they are worthless), out of 650, have volunteered to remain in the service, and very few in the country.

You know I hate the sea. The idea which is floating at present in my mind is, to go to see Gibraltar; from that to Cadiz, see Seville, then try Madrid, then Bayonne, and home by Bourdeaux and Paris; but this depends on circumstances, as a good steamer to Falmouth or London would upset those plans.

I think I told you, that I had written to the Minister of War, demanding a court martial on account of the charges put before the Cortes by Sir J. M. Doyle. Here is the answer, which, if necessary, you may make public.

" *Lisbon*, 18*th Feb.* 1835.

" Sir,

" His Excellency the Minister of War, in answer to your Letter of the 10th, demanding a court martial, desires me to say your request cannot be granted, as H. M. F. M. Government cannot think of taking into consideration any charges which Sir J. M. Doyle may make against you.

(Signed,) " PEDRO PAULO F. DE SOUZA,"
"Chief of the Staff."

" To Colonel Charles Shaw, Setubal."

The letters, of which I sent you copies, are published in the Nacional of the 24th, and have produced such an effect that I have no doubt that my troubles with those people are now nearly at an end. I intend to live some miles out of Lisbon, so that I may not be tempted to mix much with a society I do not admire.

I wonder if Alcock knows that he has got the decoration of the Tower and Sword? No man in the service deserves it more, both for bravery and kindness to the wounded. I see medals are to be granted for Terceira, Porto, &c. and I shall not forget him, although he seems to forget me. He threw away his luck in not settling in Lisbon.

Best and kindest love to all, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCVII.

Setubal, 19th March, 1835.

To Col. Hodges, Upper Seymour-st. London.

DEAR HODGES,

AFTER your long silence I was very glad to see your hand-writing. I had been hearing what you had been about, and as I know that you have your heart and soul entirely fixed on the object in front, I hardly expected to hear from you.

As to that affair with ———, my own private opinion is, that I should not have gone out; but fearing it might trouble me afterwards, I thought it best to extract the tooth. I thank God again and again that I did not touch him, as I really believe him to be worked on by others: although I must say the devil was in me at the time, and I did my best to knock him down; as a gentle hint for others to let me alone. It is very easy for lookers on to philosophise about not caring for Sir J. Milley; but he goaded me on, supported by the low, ungentlemanlike, ungrateful conduct of ——— and ———. I never have been so completely deceived in a man, as in ———.

You are aware that all my men are now embarked. They were put on board like convicts, with the muzzles of Belem Castle pointed against them, and guarded by Caçadores. No one was allowed to go on shore, or to go on board, except a privileged few, namely the paymaster, sent by the Commission to give the men their "titulos," and a son of Vanzeller, the father being employed by Saavedra to freight and provision the vessels. This son comes with a bag of sovereigns to discount the titulos, which are at sight on London, and only (!!!) charges ten per cent.; thus squeezing out of forty-one fine Porto men on board the Teazer, the sum of nearly £70: the very men who had done their duty, at least as well as his son. He must have known what these men did and suffered, and still when he knows they are deceived by Government he squeezes ten per cent. when others would charge only four. But on board the Challenger I did him: he calculated to gain £300; I resolved to have opposition. Warned by the paymaster, Van got on board at six in the morning (ten is the usual hour), and began at the opposition price of seven and a half. Opposition comes on board at seven; when he had discounted a few at seven and a half, opposition begins instantly at seven per cent.—Vanzeller at six,—opposition at five,—and Vanzeller at four, —which is now the rate: so I saved my men, and have done good to Irish and English who follow.

How my eyes have been opened in this service. I used to argue against original sin and devilment; but I believe the greater proportion of us here are nothing else than lumps of sinful matter. I go to Lisbon to-morrow to encounter it in the most mawkish shape, in being embraced, flattered with words, by men who dress well and wish me at the devil.

I think I have my regimental accounts in very proper order; but I do not calculate on less than three or four months' working. They will throw every impediment in my way. I have been much disappointed with Saldanha and Terceira; now that they have used us, they forget. Palmella I really believe to be inclined to justice: but we shall see, as the Duke of Terceira would yesterday receive a letter from me, enclosing one from my officers, asking him whether he should prefer my delivering it to the Queen, or to the Cortes. As commanding officer and as a man of honour, it must be given to one or other. The letter I flatter myself is a puzzler, and that they never can permit it to go before the Cortes. There are many fine high-feeling Portuguese; but thousands would start up, not because they are our friends, but because it would annoy Government.

Many of the men gone home are so enraged that, if Don Carlos were to recruit, he would make a good thing of it among them. Not a good man has left me except on the best terms, and if your plan goes on I could very soon gather a useful body, and pick out a very good set of officers. If the thing goes on, I am your man ; but recollect I do not wish to quit here until I get all that is due to me. A hint from the Spanish Government to the one here, to settle with me and *let me be doing*, would quicken them wonderfully. I wish I had a long talk with you; in fact I am yearning to get home, but that I dare not say or show, as they would at once make harder terms with me.

I suspect I am a terrible Liberal, and instead of being bothered here, I might take home-politics to heart. Of course you never will permit the old Tory set to rule, and as for ——— —— —— he is a Don Miguel. As to politics here, I shall not speak; every one is trying to shove out his bosom friend, and all the Porto people strutting so high, *that they are the only Portuguese;* yet I see some here that I could say something to. When they are near their own houses (with some exceptions) they are afraid of you, although I would not even deprive them of a glass of water and a cigar. By the bye, if I commanded the public offices, neither water nor cigars should enter, as the officials there spend all their time in that, and taking care that they do not write crooked. I have no patience with them.

If you want a few real good stories, find out Griffin, whom I sent home by the Challenger. What terrible lies he will tell! but still he is a good fellow. They regularly did him, and he (like an idiot) discounted his titulo contrary to my advice, but I bought it back with his own money and £2 more, and I have it to forward in a memorial to the Cortes, unless the Commission do him justice.

My officers have appointed a brother officer here as a regimental agent to recover claims in their absence. They allow him ten per cent. on all sums recovered, which is by no means a great remuneration, considering the trouble and expense. You know Staunton's friends, and all killed officers' relations receive two years' gratification: I do not think they could employ a better person. Do you apply for your wound? I am going to apply for two years', as I am both surprised and annoyed to find that both the thigh and breast trouble me in damp weather. I never expected it.

I have little or no doubt, but that you will see some of the old hands. A great proportion of the Irish are already embarked, and I understand Dodgin's regiment arrive from Elvas to be embarked without delay. ——— must have met with a disappointment, as he calculated on remaining; I knew better. If I have time in Lisbon before post, I may add more. Address to Lisbon, and believe me, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCVIII.

Setubal, 20th March, 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.
MY DEAR GEORGE,

* * * * * *

I dare not express to you the innate disgust I experience at the way they are going on, but I am too old a bird now to let the dilatoriness or wickedness of others force me to sacrifice my own interest.

By the time this reaches you, my old servant will have called on you. He has been a valuable fellow to me, and can work hard if he likes. He understands horses, is a good blacksmith, and can kill a full-grown pig without letting it make a noise. He can also tell a lie equal to any one. He is honest too —though he does not like bringing back change. When six vessels were ready to start from Lisbon to different parts of the world, I left in his charge for 24 hours 1265 sovereigns. I do not believe he would cheat me or any one belonging to me; but still, keep your eyes open. I have told him all my people are very strict, and have advised him not to go to ———, as he will be obliged to read three times a day and go to church the remainder. He says he would prefer the guard room. Tell him I sent his twenty-eight sovereigns to the merchant, paid the per centage out of my own pocket, and have got possession of his titulo, which I will not discount until I see if justice cannot be done to him. He has been regularly done. Advance him a trifle; but say you have my strict injunctions to give him very little till I come home; as I wish him to be forced to work. Pretend you know every thing, but do not carry it too far, as he is in some things as sharp as a needle. I am much interested in him, as he has a kind good heart.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XCIX.

Lisbon, 10th April, 1835.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THIS is perhaps the first unwilling letter I have written, as I had almost hoped I might have personally said all my say. I had nearly made up my mind, if the steamer had arrived about the 1st, to have taken my passage in her. I intended to have remained ten days in England, and to have returned to settle these long and complicated accounts.

While waiting however for her arrival, I got into the middle of my accounts, and it would have been a piece of egregious folly to leave the thing unfinished. When I speak of accounts, I do not speak of my own, because I cannot begin them till my regimental accounts are first passed.

I am disgusted with the whole set here; and as I feel quite independant, have forwarded a letter to the Queen regarding my officers and men, which they will be forced to answer. I am playing a strong but honest game. I really do not calculate on leaving before August, and even when I do return I know I shall have a busy time of it, as to the claims of men in England. I therefore sincerely hope that, if there are any summer plans, you do not let me or my movements be thought of. I see many months of trouble before me, but I am not frightened. I only wish that in the intervals of labour I could indulge myself in the society of people who care for me. I have not here a soul whose judgement would guide me.

I fear you may find me an altered man, and not a very agreeable one, because I will not argue; but if I think I am right, or rather not very wrong, I walk my own way.

Never mind what people may say or think of me.

I know myself, and praise and dispraise are nearly alike.

Last Sunday I went to kiss the Queen's hand, a ceremony of condolence which takes place after royalty is dead eight days. I went completely disguised, as I have now cut off my beard and mustachios and am once more Charles Shaw. There we were about six or seven hundred strong men, all joking, laughing, &c. The doors opened, and there sat the widowed Queen of sixteen, with the father's widow, about thirty, on her left. They were obliged to listen to an address of condolence, and of course cried plentifully. We formed ourselves into a line, went up to the throne, bowed, kissed the hand—first of one and then the other. It was an indelicate and heartless scene.

Did Lord —— ever get a letter from me, with some suggestions as to preventing flogging in the army? For more than fifteen months I had the regiment in beautiful order, with only two floggings, and the set I had to deal with were worse than the regular British, at least not with so many comforts.

Patrick may tell ——— that her son sailed for Havre about a fortnight since. Poor fellow, he has been very unlucky. He would land in Havre with £2 in his pocket. So much for pushing your fortune here. Give my kindest love to all, and believe me,

&c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER C.

Lisbon, 26th April, 1835.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

My Dear Mother,

Although I have not a word to say to you since I wrote to you this day week, still I cannot let this post day pass, as I am in a great state of anxiety to hear something of you all. You have been such excellent correspondents that I cannot explain to you how much I feel the loss of letters. If I had not my mind so fully employed in working for others, I am sure I should be miserable.

I yesterday had an interview with the Minister of War, and delivered to him my claims with a very strong convincing letter, from which there was no retreat, proving incontrovertibly that it was the interest of this Government to settle them without delay. After a long conversation, in which I spoke a foreign language (that of truth), he was obliged to say that he saw it was the interest of both to settle. I suppose I may have an answer in ten days from His Excellency (Count Villa Real), saying he has handed my letter to his successor, who he knows will not lose a moment in seeing justice done me.

I said in a part of my letter, that other officers were settled with, but that I was singled out as a suspected person.—"Oh! Colonel Shaw, you suspected! every Portuguese knows your value; you must not think so." "I do not, Your Excellency, think I am suspected, because I defy any one; but Your Excellency must allow I must judge of deeds, not of words; and I am dealt with as if I were a bad man; and words are *now* to me of no value."

I fear when I come among you, if I have no future object in view, I may be listless, get headaches, think my system out of order; in short, be as every idle man is—full of fancies, and my own detestation.

This is a very fine country, and now that the decree is out for the sale of the national property, I clearly see that a tolerably active man (that is, one who does not smoke nor sleep during the day) would be certain of having his time employed, and of making a handsome income. The distance from Britain is not great. This is something to amuse the mind; but *coute qui coute*, my great object is to see you all, and to humanize my mind. I cannot return by the next steamer, but I almost think there is a possibility of getting away about the end of June; but this is a world of disappointment.

I shall not tell you how glad I am that the Tory set are sent to the right about, and I do hope their successors may show the change to the advantage of mankind. I now take a serious view of these matters, it formerly being a matter of indifference who ruled; but at present now I am quite a liberty man, which sometimes, I regret to say, signifies a man who wishes to have liberty to rule others despotically. I think I should be tyrannical in my disposition if I did not recollect—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you;" and my spirit boils when I see anything tyrannical. What a fine school has this been to see the folly of mankind; I do not say the wickedness, want of truth, honour, and honesty. Alas! the beautiful fabric I see falls down the moment one stone is shaken. Want of truth and honour is the regular dry rot; if it once begins, it is incurable; and may God preserve me from the disease!

I suppose you have seen some of the officers who went home by the last steamer. They have had one great benefit here: although young, they have been forced to see life with the eyes of men of forty. I hope by the next post to give them some favourable news, as although they are absent, I shall keep their interests in view.

I forget whether I told you that I am at last made a Commander of the Tower and Sword, which you know entitles me to wear a sort of star on my left breast. I think I have deserved it: and so, I see, the Portuguese think, because it is dated 15th August, 1833, given as a reward for my important services on 25th July at Oporto. It is strange how things turn out! You remember the deep vows I formed to leave my bones here, or to earn some public reward, by which I felt certain all of you would be gratified, and justify the support that honourable men gave me.

I am quite pleased with the verses concerning ———, but I can show them to no one, as I am so situated that no one cares about him or me, so that all the things I hear to gratify me are heard within my own breast. I would have advised him to have taken a trip here, but at this season the weather is so oppressively hot, the musquitoes so active, and the fleas so numerous, that I fear he would suffer.

With kind love to all, believe me to be,

My dear Mother, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER CI.

Lisbon, 16th May, 1835.

To S. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

ON the 13th I received your letters from the 2d of April up to the 1st of May. I cannot understand how my letters are so irregular, because I have sent them in to the Consul's letter-box most carefully. As to sending home letters by private opportunities, I seldom do it, as I do not like the custom, and at the same time I think it unsafe.

* * * * * *

I hope soon, very soon, to be clear of all troubles, and am in great hopes of at last getting the men fairly dealt with, and the officers settled with entirely according to Admiral Sartorius' contract. I proposed to the Minister of War that there should be no more disputes, but that a commission of three Portuguese officers of rank, whom I named, should decide after examining the commanding officers. As in this way he is saved trouble and responsibility, I saw he grasped at it greedily; so now I lie quiet until I am called out. So sure am I of a speedy finish, that I have sold my horses, and on Monday the 17th my accounts go before the inspector, who is an old idiot that I could humbug, if I chose to do so. I have been with the Minister of War, who promises me all speed; in short I am in good spirits, in the prospect of seeing you all. You say you are astonished how I am kept working. I will explain it to you. In the first place, count four hours a-day thrown away in getting to speak to official people; and you must always come back to-morrow. One day an officer's claim, then a soldier's, then a widow's,—each claim put off till to-morrow, when three letters are to be sent to each different department. In short, such a system as would tire out the patience of a Job. Government have so many to reward with employment, that they make more work on purpose.

I see all this; but how can you fight against a band of 100 clerks in one room; thus interfering with the mending of their pens, their paper cigar smoking, their spitting, and their drinking of water? Let me once be clear of the official people, and I shall not jump again into the net. I foresee, quite well, that a commission must sit in England to settle claims. Kind love to all, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER CII.

Lisbon, 16th May, 1835.

To Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, Surrey.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THE 13th and 14th were two delightful days for me, which I spent in luxury, lying on my bed reading the large packet of letters and papers from the 2d of April up to the 29th. I had a great inclination to write to Lord ——, but, as I know he is much taken up with politics, I let him alone. You are in a fine state in England! A little more folly on the part of the ——— and his private advisers, and there might be a row. I am amused with the fear of popery and "church in danger," when, both here and in Spain, the head-quarters of popery, they are smashing it.

I was glad to see my officer's letter in the paper; it hit the people who deserved to be hit; and a low-minded gentleman is my horror. I now have great hopes of seeing you before long, as I think all is in a fair way. I hear Griffin is tired of idleness, and that he cannot sleep after four o'clock. I fear you may find me very restless likewise, as I do not know how I shall manage, having nothing to do. I think I should enjoy being sent out by Government to be attached to some fighting quarter. I now find that I like soldiering; that is, I can never walk about or ride, without looking at houses to see how many men they can hold,—how you can worst cavalry,—and how it is possible to attack the hill in the distance; and I have a very ridiculous plan of manœuvring a battalion of steam-boats! You may thus perceive I do not sleep much after four o'clock.

I hear you have some nice strong ale at Richmond, with which I must endeavour to destroy some of these plans. My only trouble now is the spot where the ball entered and came out in one of my legs; but, in the settlement of my accounts as to wounds, I have little doubt that money may assist in the cure. If —— wishes any particular sorts of flowers or seeds, let me know, and I shall procure them; but as for me, on thorny bush—if you would put a double red pink, I might think it a rose. By the bye, a family here have been very attentive to me; and yesterday, while dining there, I heard them speaking about these cheap lithographic drawings for children to copy. Would you tell Alick to make a good and numerous selection for me, and George will pay him, as there are two large families of younkers, and send them out by the first opportunity, addressed to me, care of Messrs. Do not forget this. So ——— has no turn for the church? I suspect he discovers the church is now not such a good concern as it used to be. I am, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER CIII.

Lisbon, 28th May, 1835.

To Colonel Hodges.

DEAR HODGES,

I FEEL half inclined to sit down to write to you a political letter, although it may appear ridiculous my mentioning politics; but now I compare every transaction in this life with the manœuvres of a battalion in the field, and its interior economy in quarters. I have long foreseen a change, a decided remodelling of the Ministry; but little did I expect such a radical change as took place yesterday. You will give the Queen some credit for having carried into execution my plan of having Palmella and Saldanha in the same ministry; but at the same time every one must regret that Carvalho does not remain, although I am half inclined to admire Saldanha's consistency, as he often told me he never could serve with him. I feel convinced that the public feeling will be directed against Carvalho and Freire, and their friend M. Mendizabal. Mr. M., I know, thinks I have been squeamish about my way of going on with the people here, and that I think them guilty of ingratitude. But as this party now think themselves independent of Mendizabal, we shall see if they do not try to throw him overboard; and they will accomplish it, unless Spanish affairs take such a turn that they cannot do without him. I know their style of thinking better than he does; and he offended their native vanity much some months since, by threatening, if they turned out Carvalho, to cease to be their agent. Mark what I tell you, that to the party it is indifferent if Portugal suffers or not; but they will not hear of a foreigner being placed so as that he can interfere with their plans. Observe, that from this I except Palmella and Saldanha, as I give them credit for love of country; but the latter has bad and weak advisers, men who are the declared enemies of foreigners, more especially of British, because they have received benefits from them. Both advisers work hard; but their rules of action are vanity and personal feelings. The first is Captain ——— ———, now a deputy (how I do not know). He was a Coimbra student, and had been attentive at college. He has got a smattering of every thing, but is very shallow, and allows his feelings against the British, on all occasions, to get the better of him, because ——— said, on the battle of the 18th of February, that he kept in the background. Mr. W——— knows the style of man; totally unfit to advise any one, or even to take care of himself. As to Saavedra, he is the right-hand man; always ready to discover how he may please; in short, until you know him, a most plausible fellow, but endowed with those peculiar principles of honour, which teach him that all means are just if they lead to the end in view! When any of them wish a dirty job to be done in a gentlemanly style, he is employed. When Don Pedro was a decided enemy to Saldanha, Saavedra was right hand to Pedro, and was also right hand when Terceira was turned out at Porto. Then comes Solignac, with whom he was for some short time the right hand, but who soon smelt a rat. At this time Saldanha was terribly in the back-ground at court, but popular; and Pedro was obliged to make him Commander-in-Chief. Saavedra slips in, and sticks there, until Terceira becomes the great man at the end of the war, when he again steps in with Terceira. Saldanha he has nothing to do with; but Saldanha knows he would be a useful man in France, and applies for him to accompany him on that mission. Saldanha not going, Villa Real takes him. Now we shall see what Saldanha will do.* I enter into particulars as to these two, as they are very strong in the back-ground, and decided enemies to Mendizabal and to England. Every day I have remarked the tendency of the journals to become French, and I have not the least doubt that before two months you will see Portugal throw herself into the hands of France. The evening of the change of ministry there was a large party at Marquess Fronteira's, and all the ministers were there except the Duke of Palmella (whose family was, however, present); and the friendly manner and whisperings of all with the French Chargé d'Affaires proved to me that there is something very French going on.

The story as to the change of ministry is, that the Queen, early on Sunday morning, takes a great fit of love for the Duke of Nemours, and instantly sends for Saldanha. On his arrival, she asks if he has any objection to the marriage, to which he of course, as in duty bound, says "No!"—"Then, Saldanha, form me, without delay, a ministry." He asks if she had any objection to Palmella, to which she answers, quite the contrary, she would like it; but he must please himself; so he sits down and writes out the list instantly, but placing Palmella's name at the bottom, and there is the whole affair; not a soul knowing any thing until all was finished. If Saldanha would always act for himself, he would be the first man in Portugal. I hope his good sense will lead him to choose Loureiro for the War Office. This change of ministry would put an end to all the designs of the Miguelites; but the defeat of Valdez in Spain has put them on the *qui vive*, and if the Army of Observation marches into Spain, the people here must look about, as Portugal will be without troops; and I consider that a very great proportion of the National Guard would join the winner.

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* Lt. Col. Saavedra again became the right hand of Saldanha, as long as Saldanha was in power.

Last night all the troops were reviewed by the Queen, with Saldanha at her right hand, the Duke of Terceira marching past. They were all very decent and respectful, but no enthusiasm. The sudden death of the Prince has taught them to expect that she may go off in the same manner, and then; to a certainty, there is a row, ending with Saldanha being declared Regent by the army and the people. Liberty produces wonderful effects. I wish to know, if a nation chooses to quarrel among themselves, by what right other nations walk in to meddle. I would not stand such work; but by this time you may see I am no politician. If an English army come to Portugal when the Portuguese army is in Spain (which I by no means think improbable), they will not be well received. The report here is, that ——— is raising three thousand men at Portsmouth. If I were to become again a liberty soldier, it is because I wish to keep the wheel of liberty going, as it must produce good; and because I hate inactivity.

I am happy to see your friend Colonel Evans is moving to the front, and opening a passage, by the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill. I am glad it is brought in by him, and not by a civilian. I should like to know him.

&c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER CIV.

Lisbon, 13th June, 1835.

To G. T. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

Although this is a broiling day, so much so that I am hardly able to write, yet I shall not let this post go without saying something. You cannot imagine anything equal to the anxiety of people to have accounts from England, and none experiences that anxiety more than I do. Your last letter is dated 26th, and papers are here to the 30th. The news from Spain is still very discouraging, and Government here, by a decree of yesterday, show they are afraid, as recruiting is ordered for the army, offering bounty to those who enlist. You may suppose I am anxious about my cash; and unless accounts are favourable from England, I by no means flatter myself with a speedy settlement; and as to leaving them without such settlement, it would be a piece of egregious folly. I will not leave a stone unturned, but they are a terribleset. They would give their ears now to have my regiment, and I strongly suspect they are carving out work for me, but I shall make no move. I will let them know distinctly that I do not quit Lisbon without a settlement, let their offers or promises be what they may. I feel convinced they have not at present the money, and if any thing happens to Mendizabal, or he refuses to have more to do with them, they will be in a sad plight.

I thought I should have heard from Hodges. The report here is, that —— is recruiting for the Queen of Spain at Portsmouth, and some others for Don Carlos at Liverpool.

The Portuguese have a saying in answer to all—"Have patience!" so I shall; but if I am not settled with by 1st of July, I will go every morning at 10 o'clock to the Minister of War until I am paid. My eternal work for the men has at last carried the point, as I have got a commission named, who must grant a further remuneration, even I hope, to the officers.

&c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER CV.

Lisbon, 20th June, 1835.

To Colonel Hodges.

DEAR HODGES,

I RECEIVED George's letter of 3rd June on the 15th, the day after the packet sailed. It enclosed your note to him, hoping I would be in London as soon as possible. I instantly went off to Saldanha, told him I must go to England immediately, and begged him to write a letter to the Commission to finish accounts and pay me. He instantly wrote one to the President, saying to me—"I am glad of it: I see how it is,—they are going to employ you in Spain; the English Government or Privy Council are to issue a decree allowing all English subjects to enlist in the cause of Spain, and she will arm them." I answered that I knew nothing on the subject, but that he knew I was of opinion that Portugal was nothing until Spain was settled; but that as I suspected this Government was not at present in great funds, if they would give me an I. O. U. I would be content. I have been at the Commission, but they are a set of humbugs (I believe, worse). They know I am anxious to be away, but I have told them I shall not move one step until it is settled. I do not think you would have written that note to George without reasons, so I at once made up my mind. I found it totally impossible to get away to-morrow, as on Monday the New Commission, to determine how my men are to be paid, sit for the first time, and they must see me. The next packet sails on the 28th, and I should have gone with her, but the steamer is to be here on or before that day; and to sail for London five days after her arrival; therefore, calculating from the long passages made by packets, my quickest plan will be the steamer, by which I shall go, settled or not settled, unless something unforeseen and of very pressing moment occurs. Now the object of this journey I do not know. If I am left to myself I have a plan which I know to be certain, binding myself down for the fulfilment of it in almost any shape. If soldiers are wanted I would undertake in three weeks to have on one spot in England or Scotland a thousand men, of whom upwards of eight hundred should be young fellows, and at the same time old soldiers, and that at a far less expense than could be imagined. Make what use you choose of this offer, not forgetting of course my interest. If any of the officers were appointed without my knowing who and what they were, I should decline all interference; because useless officers have been the cause of disgrace and mutinies in this service. In any event, I must return here to settle my accounts. I shall not put this letter into the Consul's box till late this evening, in hopes of a packet arriving during the day. I have been so busy that I have not seen Count Leon for some time. The Government here are still in a sad plight, no answer from Mendizabal having yet arrived. It is said Palmella, Terceira, Saldanha, the Empress, and the Queen, have each written private letters entreating him not to desert them. If he would follow my advice, he ought to make his own terms, as the first sunny day they have they will leave him in the lurch. They now find that this country, as I told them, was not yet ripe for National Guarding. They have called out the fixed and moveable battalions, and offered bounties to enter the line regiments—about £2 10*s.* to old soldiers, and £1 10*s.* to recruits. They have made new contracts with Dodgin and Borso for six months, but such is their folly that, if their own recruiting goes on tolerably, they will send away the foreigners.

All parties are in great excitement about Spain. The report is, that one of the cavalry regiments here was not allowed to march, as it was known the first opportunity they would go to the other side; and Vauzeller, who is come down from Chaves and tells more than he ought, says there is a great deal of desertion into Spain; and no wonder, as the men are badly clothed. I do not think I shall have time to write this day to George. In hopes of hearing from you,

I am, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER CVI.

Lisbon, 22nd June, 1835.

To Colonel Hodges.

DEAR HODGES,

THE packet is going down the river. I have this moment got your letter. I shall be home without delay. Perhaps set off the day after to-morrow. I can gather all my own regiment, and four hundred or five hundred of the Irish. Of course I shall be happy to join in the affair. I leave terms in your hands, but I must have my letters to bring home. I have had no time to read George's letters. I am decided to enter the service, if I get a regiment, and tolerable terms.

Yours ever,
CHARLES SHAW.

Sunday, 12 o'clock.

LETTER CVII.

Lisbon, 27th June, 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I have got my passport, and start by first packet, and shall come up from Falmouth. Tell Hodges that my staying these extra days here may be of benefit, as to-morrow I hope to have an order to pay my men who are sent away, from £5 to £10, which I could make the means of gathering the best of them together. Say that, of course, I would take nothing under a regiment; but whether they chose to employ me or not, I shall do what I can for them. I think I could give some good hints, so I shall not lose a moment. Love to all.

CHARLES SHAW.

P. S. I annex the letter which I received from the non-commissioned officers at Belem when they refused to march, likewise one from my officers after the regiment had been disbanded, and my Petition to the Queen; and likewise a letter I got this day from Saldanha: so the officers and men will see I have kept my word not to leave Portugal without getting a distinct promise that they are to have justice.

SPANISH CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

Falmouth, 12*th July*, 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

My dear George,

At last I am in England. I cannot tell you how strange all my feelings are. I experience a mixture of thankfulness and gratitude that I have been allowed to land in safety; and an intense anxiety to know that you are all well.

I embarked on board the Scorpion, on the 28th of June, and landed here with Mr. Grant, this morning. Congratulate me, as a few hours before I left Portugal, I had a most satisfactory interview with Saldanha, who has acted in the independent honourable manner I expected. My men are to receive justice, as likewise my officers. I offered to take Saldanha's word, but he insisted on writing to me a letter, from which neither *he* nor any Portuguese Government can flinch, saying in one part, "You have authority to state to all foreigners that the Government of the Queen is resolved to fulfil *all* contracts, however detrimental such may be to Portugal."* We leave this to-morrow morning by the Defiance coach, and sleep at Exeter, and next night I shall be with you.

If you see Hodges, you had better tell him of the bribe I can hold out, to bring all the old hands together for Spain. I suppose I have been too late, as far as I myself am concerned; but as they intended me a compliment I take the will for the deed, and shall do my best for them, and I believe I can give a few useful hints as to the formation of the Auxiliary Legion.

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* This promise has never yet been fulfilled.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER II.

London, 15th July, 1835.

To Major Bruce Mitchell, late Regiment Fuzeleiros Escoseses, Lisbon.

MY DEAR MITCHELL,

I ARRIVED here last night, and take advantage of the Lisbon packet to write to you to hurry home or for Spain; as I can promise you a Majority of one of the Scotch regiments. I regret I cannot say Lieutenant-Colonel; but it has been fixed by the ruling powers here, that Portuguese officers are only to have the rank they had in Portugal; it being quite impossible that, after your four years of active service in that country, you or any of them can be supposed to know so much of war as the young gentlemen of the British service who have had such glorious opportunities of studying their profession in the garrisons of England!

This is a much more gentleman-like, lady-like, and genteel service than that of our old friend Donna Maria. I have been to see our war office in Charing Cross. It is not a shabby burking place, such as we had in St. Giles's, but all quite "in style." I really could not keep my gravity; and if you had been there with your pencil, you would have sketched to the life the crowd of candidates for glory. They really shame us Portuguese completely; but we shall have our laugh when we see them sleeping in the mud, and eating *bacalao* with rancid oil, with every now and then a dash of gunpowder for sauce. Still this scene has made me serious, as none of them, from the senior to the junior, has the most distant idea of what they are to suffer. But to give you a notion of how matters are managed, I shall only mention one instance. Three serjeants entered, one of whom I at once recognized as the greatest thief and scoundrel we had at Terceira and Oporto, and who carried between his shoulders very striking effects of the friendship I bore him. He did not recognize me without my beard; and I resolved to be silent, that he might not discover me by my voice. The Adjutant-General, Colonel le Marchant, told them to go to Bicknell and Moore, to get their uniform as Staff-Serjeants. On this, I threw a bit of paper to the Adjutant-General, written on it, "The surgeon had better inspect the centre Sergeant." When he read it, he said aloud to me, "They have all been inspected." I said nothing, but wrote, "Inspect Turner between the shoulders." In spite of this, he was sent to get his uniform, and I confess to you I saw what I said and did was not received as it should be by the dispensers of the loaves and fishes. In short, there are so many candidates for Commissions, that I suspect those in power do not like to have any one appear to know as much as they.

I have been with Colonel Evans, who has been appointed by the Spanish Government a Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-chief of the British Auxiliary

Legion. From all I have heard of him, especially of his determination of character, I have not the least doubt but he will make an excellent Chief; although I fear his having been connected so much with politics, may prevent him from choosing for himself only really working people. Without he lays down the principle of letting his Westminster constituents go to the devil, and turns his sole and undivided attention to his Legion, I fear he will not only hurt his own character as a soldier, but lose the support of his most stanch political friends.

You will regret much to hear that our old Chief, Hodges, does not go out. His knowledge of military affairs, and of the intrigues he had to contend against at Oporto, would have been of use to the General. Evans and he have had some dispute, the nature of which I would not listen to from Hodges. I regret they have quarrelled. Hodges was his true friend, and has made himself many enemies by his activity in favour of Evans, both at Rye and Westminster.

The General received me very kindly; told me I was to command a brigade of Scotch; that I am to have the sole appointment of the officers to the three Scotch Regiments; and that he regretted he could only for the moment give me the rank of Colonel. When I told him I had been a Colonel since December, 1833, he appeared so astonished that I conclude either some *friend* has been proving to him I was only a Lieutenant-Colonel, or that it was annoying that, of all the Legion, I should come into it with a higher military rank than any one of them, even himself. Still, from his general conversation and his gentlemanlike feeling, I am certain, if we are let alone, we shall get on famously. He read to me some of the names of Legion officers who had been in Portugal, and, strange enough! began with those who had been obliged to leave that country. After hearing their names, and seeing he placed confidence in me, I thought it my duty to tell him that many of the Portuguese soldiers who were going out to Spain knew the character of these officers better than I did; and of course they could have no respect for them; thus, the discipline of the Legion would be much relaxed. He saw at once the force of this remark, and said to me, " I see I must not appoint any one who has been in Portugal, or even allow those to remain who are appointed, unless they can produce a certificate from you; and I shall order my military secretary to issue a circular to that effect."

This was rather a puzzler to me, as even with the broad back I have, you know that such a " host would floor me or any man." I therefore said, " Why, General, in Portugal the war was so strange, that I was forced to do many disagreeable things in the way of duty, therefore, having made to myself very many enemies, although I have all the gentlemen officers my friends, yet, such a host would overpower me." I was silent for a few moments, and then said, " Well, this is a matter of service, and I do not care. Duty must be done; but it will be sharp work for me." He answered, " You are right, it would not be fair, I shall not issue such a circular; but, perhaps, you will give Colonel Considine, my military secretary, a confidential hint as to the different merits of each officer." I said, " Certainly I will do so, as it is my duty; but I hope you will tell Considine in all cases where I do not give favourable opinions, to insist on my mentioning some particular facts as to the grounds of such opinions, and then you yourself can judge."

This settled, he wrote out my order to proceed to Scotland to co-operate with Colonel ——, who had gone there some days before. I hate the word "co-operation," as it generally causes squabbles. I, therefore, got the expression so altered that "Colonel —— should report to me, thus making me the senior and preventing misunderstandings. As I am to have the sole appointment of the officers, I, in the plenitude of my power, do approach you, Bruce Mitchell, in the same style as Sartorius came to us at Belle Isle, "greeting," and appoint you Major of Her Most Catholic Majesty's 5th regiment of Highland Light Infantry. And as we were the only two who began and finished with the Portuguese, we shall probably have the same luck with the Spaniards. "Entre nous," this patronage of appointing officers I hate; as patronage, in my opinion, always makes more enemies than friends: but, mark me! you shall see that those appointed by me will do credit to the Legion.

By-the-bye, I do not know your Commanding Officer personally; but when I tell you he is Lieutenant-Colonel Swan, a Captain in the 52d, and had been seven years the Adjutant of that regiment, you may have some idea that the 5th will not be the worst regiment of the Legion.

20th July.—I could not send this away on the day of its date. General Evans has been more kind than I expected. Godfrey was right; in addition to my getting a brigade, I appeared in orders of the 17th as Brigadier-General. O'Neale goes with me as aid-de-camp. In the course of a day or two I proceed to Glasgow; but you had better address me at San Sebastian.

A most provoking circumstance has occurred, which I trust has been done without the knowledge of General Evans, but which may ruin me, at least it must keep me in hot water. I feel so keenly about it, that I dare not trust myself to write at present to the General; but shall do so when I reach Scotland. I was with Colonel,Considine, the Military Secretary, and made confidential communications to him, he marking the names as I went on; and I assure you I stretched my conscience as far as it would go; but where the lives of men are concerned, you know I can be determined. I say no more, but that I made the confidential communication as was my duty; but the circular has (doubtless by some mistake) been issued, contrary to the express understanding between General Evans and myself, and thus I shall be brought forward as the cause of the disappointment of many. But although it is most unfair, I shall do my duty. I feel this deeply, but as you know and see the characters of all fully as well as I do, bring with you from Lisbon any officers who you may think will be really useful, as I have already seen enough to warrant me in saying, there will be in this Legion plenty of vacancies by resignations and dismissals. Bring your decoration of the Tower and Sword with you, just to instil some desire into the young ones to have honourable distinctions. Remember me kindly to all old friends.

Yours ever faithfully,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER III.

Glasgow, Star Hotel, 31st July, 1835.

To Thomas G. Shaw, Esq. 16, Wobourn Place, Russell Square.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I ARRIVED here after a delightful journey. I had no idea any country could be so rich and prosperous as England. Little are the people here aware of the comforts they possess. In approaching Manchester, I fear some of the Manufacturers would have been a little annoyed if they knew that I was calculating in my mind, not how many yards of cotton twist they could spin in these large buildings, but how many troops I could contrive to quarter in them, so that you see my ruling passion is not for the study of political economy. I suspect some of the passengers must have thought me in trade, I was so particular in asking the price of meat, bread, shoes, shirts, and the different rate of wages for different crafts; but I came to the conclusion, that no where could a labourer receive more for his work, or live more luxuriously on his wages than in Portugal. At Manchester, seeing the crowds of human beings, I could not help thinking the commissariat to supply such a multitude, must be even under better regulation than that under the Duke of Wellington; but a little consideration showed me it was the abundance of cash which set the wheel a going; so give a hint to my Chief not to start for Spain without plenty of that necessary article. In descending from the coach at Manchester, I saw a young gentleman eying me very sharply. I thought I had seen his countenance somewhere. The porter was very lazy in handing my portmanteau down, and I, impatient, forgot I was not commanding officer, and made use of my military voice! which of course caused a sulky answer. This young man instantly came to me, "I knew your voice, Colonel, but you are much changed." This I found out to be a youth who, smitten with military glory, had started from his father's counting house, and in six days afterwards found himself a private soldier in Oporto, where I had been kind to him. So foolish was he, that it was only after proving to him the absurdity of the thing, that I prevented him from following me to Spain.

I slept at Carlisle, and in crossing the Border had a strange and proud feeling about me at once more entering Scotland; so altered too, so changed for the better. When I left my native land in 1829, it was then under the thraldom of a few political jobbers; but now their reign was over, never more to return.

* * * * * * *

But a truce to politics. You would be amused to see how the walls are placarded with the "Spanish Legion," "General Shaw," &c.

I hear the General is to sail in a few days. That circular, as to giving certificates to Portuguese officers, has been troubling me much. To some I have positively refused; so you may form some idea of the enmity these men entertain towards me. I enclose to you the act of the Privy Council, as well as the contract upon which I am to engage the men. Did you ever see any thing so loosely drawn up, and open to so much discussion? The first article says, "The time of service to be for either one or two years as may be preferred by the individual engaging to enter Her Majesty's service." I had sent this article to the printer to get the *one* year erased, leaving *two;* but this circular has cooled my zeal as to incurring unnecessary responsibility. Mark me, there will be rows on that point.

We hear that General Evans has made a separate contract for himself; but this I shall not believe, as he and all of us should be in the same boat. I send to you the "Instructions to officers." Look at Article Seven—as to landing them with clothing and arms, to give them a good military appearance! A mob of this sort, with money in their pockets, to make military appearance!! The thing is absolute folly. Far better to land them in their nakedness, and let them get drunk and spend their money, and when sober give them only a part of their clothing and necessaries; as, although a knapsack is large enough for a "kit," when packed by an old soldier, a recruit cannot stuff the half of his things in it. I foresee much loss and confusion, and if I am the senior officer at the place were we disembark, I shall take the responsibility of disobeying the order,—as I am convinced, before I arrive, the General himself will be aware of its folly. All this makes me think there is a want of experienced men at head quarters, and, as it is now nearly twenty years since our Chief was a soldier, and as he was then generally on the Staff, it is the more necessary that his superior officers should understand thoroughly the duties of corporals, serjeants, subalterns; in short, be up to every thing, cooking and doctoring included. The uniform for the officers is ridiculously expensive. How they are to carry their baggage I know not; in short, this trip of pleasure to Spain will astonish some of the gentlemen. I found, unless I had undertaken to do the duty as commanding officer of the 8th, till Godfrey arrived from Portugal, another would have been appointed, thus throwing away the services of such an excellent and experienced officer. I have been very fortunate in getting O'Neale on my staff. He knows more of real warfare and of a soldier's life, than most men. He has been with me nearly four years, and although he did not get his company in Portugal, still I entrusted him there with a major's detachment, and he has always justified my confidence. I should tell you his real name is "Neale," the Chevalier de Lima, by some freak in making out his commission in 1832, having put an O before it; and as Neale knows that he distinguished himself at Oporto with the O, he with a laudable military pride has a liking to it. But when he quits Spain, I have told him I shall un-O him.

Tell Godfrey, as soon as he arrives in London, to make the best of his way to Glasgow, as he will be of service in keeping the young "gentlemen" in order.

Your ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER IV.

Glasgow, 5th August, 1835.

To Brigadier-General Evans.

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE advantage of what your brother said, and write to you, as I know what I say will always be taken as it is meant.

* * * * * *

Mr. Morgan tells me his name was sent into you in Dublin; he seems a most willing fellow, and has volunteered to work upon chance: his brother served under me at Oporto; and he was as good an officer as I ever saw, and he never could be excelled in bravery. This young fellow looks like work.

* * * * * *

A placard, posted yesterday, has brought all my old hands to light. They are most anxious to receive their promised Portuguese pay; and I hand to each the printed letter of Marshal Saldanha, promising them fulfilment of contract. The only promise I give is to forward first the names of those I find in Spain. It is of consequence to get the best of these men, which in this way is to be accomplished; and they are exactly in the same situation as I myself am. I expect every day, from Portugal, my friend Major Bruce Mitchell. He is a most gallant fellow, and has been with me from the beginning, and has acted as aid-de-camp to Marshals Saldanha and Solignac. I see there are vacant majorities in the Scotch brigade. I think Mitchell would be valuable indeed. The names of those I left with Colonel Considine are all useful. The remainder of the 6th will sail on

Saturday, and I hope some of the 8th. You will remark an Adjutant Boyd, appointed to the 8th. He had my order to proceed from Porto to the first Scotch regiment in Spain, and by this time I hope he is ready for Colonel Tupper at Santander. He is a most valuable man, in every way; so, with your approbation, I hope he may be appointed, for the time, to that regiment. Depending on that arrangement, I have detained for the 8th regiment a Serjeant-Major Coyle, late of the 60th, and to the Irish Portuguese. He ought to be a valuable fellow, and is the very man we want. I therefore took it upon myself to promise him the adjutancy, if you have no other in view.*

* * * * * *

I suppose there can be no objections to my taking a few gentlemen as volunteers, with privates' pay, on chance of getting commissions. I fear that many officers have gone out without the proper regulation, regimental, and company books; and I feel convinced that, unless they begin on the system regularly, which they intend to follow, all will be one mass of confusion. Therefore, I would most strongly suggest that a great many of the books be put into the hands of the Commissary-General in Spain, with a general order for all officers to supply themselves with the requisite books, and that Paymasters of regiments should deduct the amount from their pay. Colonel ——— seems to think he would be more useful in London, and speaks of soon going there.

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* Lieutenant-General Evans gave me full authority to appoint officers to the Scotch regiments, but on his departure for Spain, Brigadier-General Evans deprived me of that power.

As for myself, I am ready to start for Spain; but, since my landing, I have not had a moment to arrange for myself, even the business I had left unsettled before going to Portugal, in 1831. If not inconvenient to the service, I should be obliged to you if you could give me some idea when it is intended I should embark, so as to give me as long a warning as possible. I am, dear Sir,

Yours, very faithfully,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER V.

Glasgow, 10th August.

To Brigadier-General Evans, London.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 7th last night, and, judging from the little time which I myself have, I am astonished that I heard from you so soon. I see my letter with regard to my own rank has been misunderstood. I am quite sorry I mentioned it, as my reason for referring to it was not on my own account, but to place it in such a point of view that attention may be strongly called to others to avoid confusion in future arrangements. However, as the subject is mentioned, I shall finish it. No one can be more aware than I of your brother's kind wishes to me, and I am particularly obliged to him; and my distinct understanding with him when I first met him, was, that I was Colonel commanding a brigade. He never referred to the rank of Brigadier to me in any way, nor did I care about it when I was to command the brigade, hoping the other would follow; and when

I received, in conversation, the title of General, I thought it a Scotticism, and never argued it. Some kind friends wishing to give me a public dinner, asked me what I was; I said I really did not know, that I thought I was a Colonel, but that Lieutenant-General Evans had been more kind than I expected, as the order of the 17th of July says, No. 7, General Order. "The Lieutenant-General commanding is pleased to appoint Brigadier-General Charles Shaw to the Staff of the Legion, to command a Scotch brigade. By order, signed H. Le Marchant." That is the reason why they insisted, and gave me the title of General at the dinner. You must see the position in which I am placed, and by no act of mine—indeed, entirely without my knowledge; but, as I know there have been mistakes, and that, unless an example of want of selfishness is shown by the seniors, we can never get on, I have not the least objection, for the good of the cause, that an order be issued, cancelling the order of the 17th of July; and then, if there are many complaining, that I may say to them, "Why, those things will happen—look at me." Do exactly as you think best for the service, and have the kindness to explain the matter to the Lieutenant-General, that he may not suppose me a person who is fond of borrowed feathers. I was in such a hurry in town, that I had not time to give directions about my uniform from Moore, and now he has stopped making them, asking me what rank I hold, which I cannot answer; therefore, I should be obliged to you to permit my brother to ask you quietly what should be done, that he may give orders to Moore,* as, go when I may, I ought to be prepared.

I enclose to you a list of officers, with a plan, which I hope will make the vacancies appear at once. Do supernumeraries receive full pay? Their content or discontent will, I suspect, depend very much on that; as it is needless to shut one's eyes to the fact that money is the *primum mobile* of many. I have tried to make all appointments on the principle of value brought to the cause—forcing all Ensigns to bring men, and giving old officers the benefit of their professional knowledge. I see, by the lists, in the 1st Regiment, a Mr. Linton as Ensign. He is one of the best officers I had with me in Portugal, having been there from the beginning. He is a brave, modest, shy person, and hardly would ask any thing for himself. If the thing were possible, I should be very glad if he could be transferred to the Scotch as Captain. I am almost confident there will be many resignations in Spain, and even before we depart †. I wrote to you regarding Major Mitchell, who would make a good Major for the 5th. Major Wyatt is a very brave and gallant officer: he was with me in Portugal, and is a most valuable man for the service, and

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* Brigadier-General Evans told my brother my uniform must be that of Brigadier, which in consequence I got from Messrs. Moore.

† Exclusive of officers who have been killed, or died, or dismissed, there have been, between the date of this letter and the 1st of January, 1837, of resignations, 5 Brigadier-Generals, 7 Colonels, 14 Lieutenant-Colonels, 18 Majors, 65 Captains, 55 Lieutenants, 43 Ensigns, 1 Staff Surgeon, 1 Surgeon, 14 Assistant Surgeons, 5 Paymasters.

I suspect has gone from Lisbon to St. Sebastian. I have had a muster of officers this day, and there are still a great many absent. In the list, the absent are marked. It would be a benefit to take some step about those absentees. The Fingal has sailed with 317 men, all happy and contented, and leaving a great part of their money with their relations. I have this day commenced a system that I think will bring numbers of recruits, in spite of the harvest and plenty of work. Those embarked are a good body of men. I have a most gratifying letter, dated the 5th of August, from Colonel Tupper, at Falmouth, where they touched for water. He finishes by saying "the conduct of the men has been so praiseworthy and exemplary, that I am proud of commanding them." I had hoped to have shipped more by the Fingal, but was disappointed by circumstances of a temporary nature, and the men were in such high spirits, I did not like to risk their detention. The arrangements with the 5th Regiment were the same as the other two. On those two last embarkations I saw the necessity of having officers who were accustomed to work with men, so I wish to be particular, and, if possible, to entice men from full-pay. With your sanction I could get many respectable, active young fellows, to go out as volunteers to fight for their commissions. I think it may be attended with benefits. If I have made any mistake in this letter, excuse me, as I am very hurried. I think I should be here until the greater part of the 8th are embarked, and go to Edinburgh for a few days.

Yours very faithfully,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER VI.

Glasgow, 21st August, 1835.

To Brigadier-General Evans.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter this afternoon, upon my return from Greenock. I regret much that you could not send out to Spain accounts of the recruiting from Scotland; but I saw that if I had sent reports I should have made myself a party to sending returns in which I had no confidence. Although irregularly conducted, I hope the result of last night's shipment will show that we have not been idle in our exertions; but only afraid to appear greater than we really are. I must confess that many of the officers have as much disappointed as others have gratified me. The exertions of some have been very great; but the value of others I do not like to speak about. I enclose to you a letter from Paymaster Tupper, of the 5th Regiment; I make no remark on it; but I have explained to all, what I thought your brother's views were, that if commissions were given for nothing, gentlemen should of their own accord do something for the service. I believe many are in want of means. With that officially I have nothing to do; but have positively refused to give a further advance of pay, without your authority. On principle, it ought not to be granted, although many exceptions may be made. I much fear that there may be many causes for resignation.

I am most anxious to hear your ideas about my departure. I shall not say how desirous I am to be in Spain; and before going there I should wish to communicate with you personally. I shall be guided entirely by your answer as to my motions; therefore your letters may be regulated to me on that understanding. I shall give orders as to recruiting returns, but fear their accuracy. I could have raised a fine body of men *instanter*, if commissions had been dependent on the service of officers, or the quantity of men furnished. The men who sailed yesterday were quiet, and have sent nearly £400 to their relations.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER VII.

Glasgow, 22d August 1835.

To Colonel Cruise, Acting Military
Secretary, London.

SIR,

I WROTE yesterday to General Evans, saying how disappointed I was at not having had it in my power to sail in the Cumberland, and stating that, unless I heard to the contrary, I should start for London to execute some business there, and make the best of my way to Spain. This morning, a letter has arrived from the ——— contractor, saying he has ordered the Erin steamer, sufficient for 350 men, to be here on the 26th or 28th. This is an opportunity it would be folly in me on any account to miss; therefore I have made up my mind to proceed in this vessel, and with nearly certain hopes of filling up the 8th Regiment. I expect another steamer to follow the Erin in ten days, and I shall leave Colonel Swan to recruit the 5th, of which I have already laid the foundation. I enclose to you a list of officers, with different remarks attached, which I hope may be explanatory. As I had no medical officer to send on board depôt ship, I have taken it upon myself to send there a Mr. ———, whose testimonials are good; whether this duty may give him claims, I do not know; but I wish to have nothing to do with medical appointments. I have had a very affecting letter from Lieutenant ———; but duty will not allow me to interfere further.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER VIII.

Glasgow, 22d August, 1835.

To A. de Ramon y Carbonell, Esq. London.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE you received my letter from Greenock, enclosing Captain M——'s receipt for £812, for bounty paid to men sailed on board the Cumberland. My intentions were to have embarked in that vessel, but I wished my arrangements for recruiting to be finally settled, which they now nearly are, and I was most anxious to see Paymaster Kymer in funds for the regiment, which as yet he is not. If by chance any difficulty may arise, I hope you will not think I take too much upon myself to authorize Paymaster Tupper, of the 5th, to supply him so far with funds. The Erin steamer is expected here on the 26th or 28th; and I have no doubt I shall exhaust the remainder of the bounty for the 8th Regiment; and, as I shall sail in this vessel, do you not think it would be prudent to arrange with some person (say Lieutenant-Colonel Swan) to receive the clothing of the 5th Regiment, and likewise the bounty money in my absence? I am most anxious to sail. Lieutenant-Colonel Swan informed me, that the 5th were to be Light Infantry. I hope it is the case, and that they may have wings instead of epaulettes. I understood distinctly from Mr. Moore that all the schakos of the soldiers were to have a tartan band, without any additional expense. If he has neglected this, and will send out sufficient tartan band, I shall get it put on. The men who sailed left a great part of their bounty at home. I therefore hope on landing they will behave themselves quietly. Could not Dumbarton Castle be got as a recruiting depôt? It would be of immense consequence.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most faithfully,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER IX.

Glasgow, 4th September.

To the Marquess Marshal Saldanha, Lisbon.

My dear Marshal,

I was much grieved to see by the papers the accident which occurred to you, but cannot help congratulating you on having escaped so easily. I embark to-morrow for Spain, in command of the Scotch Brigade, consisting of three regiments, of nearly 800 each. It would be unfair in me to leave this without acknowledging to you, that if it had not been for the power which you put in my hands, by your letter to me,* not one of these very fine fellows would have enlisted for Spain. On coming down here, I was surrounded by widows and children, and by deceived men; in fact, I was little less than hooted, as being a supporter of Portugal. As I know your feelings and (I think) your wishes, I spoke as I know you would wish me to speak; and there is now not a man here but thinks that the Portuguese Government has been led away by wrong information, and they feel certain that at last justice is to be done. This has given a great moral power in favour of the Spanish Government in this part of the world. Each claimant is furnished with a printed copy of your letter to me. Godfrey sails in the same steamer with me. I have appointed Major Wyatt to the 8th Regiment, and Mitchell to the 5th Light Infantry; but they have not made their appearance. I hope you have met my friend Hodges. I have been much gratified by the manner in which I have been received in Scotland. I dare not let it be known that after my steadiness to the cause, I have not been settled with; but I throw all the blame on the Commission in Lisbon. I knew they would take care not to obey your order, to give me one-half before I sailed. Hoping to hear of your good health,

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* This letter authorised me to inform all foreigners that the Portuguese Government would still faithfully fulfil all contracts, however detrimental they might be to Portugal.

I am, my dear Marshal,

With the greatest respect,

Yours most faithfully,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER X.

Portugalette, September, 1835.

To Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

MY DEAR PATRICK,

GEORGE will doubtless have given you an account of the extraordinary quick passage we had from Glasgow (till within forty miles of the Spanish coast, when part of the machinery gave way,) and how lucky we were to get into Santander the night before the rough weather came on. The men on board were in general remarkably well behaved, although there is little doubt that four or five fell overboard the first night; but who they were no one knew, and I fear no one cared. You recollect a man (Somerville) in the Scots Greys, who was flogged some years ago, and of a hubbub being made in his favour; and that even a subscription to a great amount was raised for him. After being some hours at sea, I was informed he was on board, and that he had very *good reasons* for coming; so I resolved to have a little conversation with him. I sent for him, and told him I knew his real name; that I was aware he was not only a knowing fellow, but a bit of a military lawyer; that the contract said we were to be as British soldiers; but he and I knew too well that such was impossible in the service we were entering: and I asked him if he was inclined to enter into an agreement with me.. He said he was. Our agreement is this. He is to have a fair chance, free scope for the abilities he really has; but if any mutiny or disturbance takes place in the company to which he is attached, he is to be picked out and punished as the ringleader (as he has influence to stop it), and that he need not expect the justice he had in the Scots Greys, as on service there is often little time for courts martial: in short, I made him quite aware that he probably would get "Jeddart justice,"—be flogged first, and tried afterwards. He seemed quite contented with the agreement; and I have no doubt but that he will turn out a valuable man.

On our arrival at Santander, I found General Evans had sailed for Bilbao; so I landed here in full uniform of a Brigadier-General, to pay my respects to the Governor, who, to do him justice, received me as coolly as possible; in short, I found that he detested every one, and that all the world returned him the compliment. Getting on board that evening, I made arrangements for disembarking the men at Asteleiro, on the other side of the Bay, and as there was not conveyance for much baggage, the great coats and schakos were put on the men, and the accoutrements were put over them,—each with a fire-lock in his hand; and such a motley crew never was seen! As soon as they left the steamer, I went on shore, and the Governor gave me a very good quarter; in short, became very civil when he heard I had been in Portugal. Two or three days afterwards, a steamer, commanded by my old friend Liot, who had distinguished himself much in Sartorious' and Napier's squadron, arrived, bringing "General Orders," in which I saw coldly, without any remark, that my appointment as a *Brigadier-General* was a "clerical error," and that *Colonel Shaw* would proceed immediately to Portugalette with all men "capable of bearing arms." If this order about "clerical order," had been published in England, I should not have cared a farthing, as it would have been a "military error;" but here I viewed it as an electioneering *ruse*—not to annoy me while I was recruiting, but when they had got all my voters, i. e. recruits, in Spain, that they could snap their fingers at me. I took this view of the subject on seeing the order, and I resolved to outwit them, by not resigning in disgust. The General must have a capital commissariat and ——— department, as no provisions were ready for the men; and when on board Liot's steamer, he was forced to sail; thus we were on the wide sea with no provisions. Liot did every thing a man could do; but when we arrived here the bar was impassable, and we had a hint not to try to enter, as we saw an American brig dashed to pieces in attempting it. It being absolutely necessary to land the men for provisions, we sailed for Castro, in a place in which we could remain until the bar at Portugalette was down, and then in a few hours be conveyed by the numerous fishing smacks to Portugalette; but you may imagine my astonishment, when I received an order to march next morning for that place. From the description of the country, I knew we had to pass a spot, the haunt of about forty Guerillas, and where they were sufficient to stop 1000 men. I had about 400 raw recruits, but with the terror of "clerical errors" before me I resolved to obey, and I began immediately spreading reports that we were the advance of a division. I ordered rations for upwards of 1500 men, and gave out we were to march by the Royal Road to Bilboa. Be that as it might, we passed the dangerous spot, and meeting with Chichester's brigade, got to Castro, having lost five men, picked off while straggling, and murdered by the enemy. These five men were certainly unnecessarily lost. Since I came here, I have heard that another Brigadier-General is expected; of course another brigade must be arranged; so that I suppose I shall see in a day or two a "clerical error" depriving me of my brigade. This is all very childish; and really I did not expect it; but I am determined to amuse myself by seeing how far it will be attempted to disgust me. I have been guilty of a crime few of them can excuse. I am a half-pay lieutenant in the British service: and only think of the disgrace it is to a British major or captain who never saw a shot fired, and who purchased his promotions, to be commanded by a subaltern! This is the whole secret, and what they think derogatory to me, I view as the brightest feather in my cap. But I must be done.

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XI.

Portugalette, 25th Sept. 1835.

Colonel Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HOPE you had a good passage home.* I am tolerably well disgusted with the manner in which matters are carried on here. There has been a decided cabal or jealousy against me. They have separated the regiments of the brigade; so that I have only Godfrey's regiment and the 9th Irish. I make no complaints, take all quietly, because I see the system now carried on will blow up in the course of a few days. Already the first step has been taken, and I see they are beginning to be ashamed of treating me so. I have not the smallest doubt but that Evans will do me justice; but I fear he has got a clique round him from which he will not be able to break loose until the army take the field, which cannot be for a month. God knows how we shall get on. I think they do not understand the method; but we shall see. It is quite extraordinary the progress the men have made. I have been at present regularly un-generalled, but not out-generalled; but this is to me quite indifferent, as I am determined to "bide my time." I have not seen General Evans for more than ten minutes, nor shall I go near one of them, but work away at my brigade. I am going to be amazingly prudent, in not writing home particulars for the public, to any one, except my own family and Hodges; therefore, I beg neither you nor any of the family will speak as from authority, as every thing (for some time) done by me or through me will be looked upon with suspicion. The greater part of the men who have at any time served with me have been applying to the different commanding officers to be transferred to my brigade. This does me infinite harm, as matters now are.

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* My brother accompanied me to Santander, and returned by the steamer.

Charles Shaw.

LETTER XII.

Portugalette, 2nd *Oct.* 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

My dear George,

I have this moment heard the steamer sails for St. Sebastian, to carry a mail to England. I have nothing more to say but that I think things have taken a turn. I do not wish to be shown up to the public as taking the rank of General without authority; therefore, if there be any hits at me, let some friend at once make it known that he has seen, in the general order of 17th of July, my appointment as Brigadier, signed by Colonel Le Marchant, the Adjutant General; and two communications signed by Colonel Considine, Military Secretary, addressed to Captain O'Neale, and to Surgeon Taylor, to report themselves to Brigadier-General Charles Shaw. I wish quiet; but if I am galled, the saddle must go on the right horse. If you see ——— urge him to send me all the documents I required, invoices of clothing, shipping Company's receipts, captains of steamers' receipts for clothing, number of men in each ship: in short, every document which it is possible to think of connected with the matter. Copies will do nearly as well as originals.

If I draw upon Messrs. Shaw and Maxwell, Woburn Place, Russell Square, honour the draft.

Give my kind love to all, and believe me, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XIII.

Portugalette, 7th Oct. 1835.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Considine, Military Secretary.

SIR,

I ANNEX a copy of a hurried letter* which I wrote to Colonel Carbonell the night before my embarkation. I do not know if I addressed the proper channel; I beg you will lay that letter before the Lieutenant-General, and the following statement for his consideration, with the distinct understanding that I make no claim. The Lieutenant-General is aware I was sent down to Scotland to raise three Regiments to form a Brigade, which I was to command. I know it has been stated that I did not raise the 6th Regiment: that I never thought of contradicting, as I can, when I choose, prove the contrary. I only state I commenced recruiting on 29th of July, and before the 10th of September had landed in Spain about 1600 men. As I fully supposed I was to command the three

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* The letter to Carbonell only refers to the large allowances accorded to all recruiting officers, and asking to be put on a similar footing.

Regiments,* I thought very little of the expenses I incurred; but as it is said the good of the Service does not permit me to have that command, perhaps the Lieutenant-General may deem it proper that I should be, in some measure, reimbursed. I was obliged to see many people at the hotel in Glasgow, on service; my bill there amounted to a large sum. The postages I had daily to pay were immense in applications from men and officers.* As a proof that my whole mind was intent on raising the men, and not on pecuniary matters, I had not even time to take any steps for the recovery of four year's British half-pay; nor yet the still heavy claims I have against the Portuguese Government.

I am Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
CHARLES SHAW,
Commanding Brigade.

LETTER XIV.

Head Quarters, Bilbao, 9th Oct. 1835.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., which has been submitted to the Lieutenant-General, and I have it in command to acquaint you that your expenses at the Hotel in Glasgow, he regrets he cannot enter into the discussion of.

As regards the postage expenses, he recommends you to draw up an estimate of the amount, and forward it to Colonel Carbonell,* and the Lieutenant-General will transmit it for you; as all the expenses connected with the recruiting and raising the Scotch Regiments, and indeed of the whole legion, the Lieutenant-General had fully understood, were audited and provided for exclusively by Colonel Carbonell, the Financial Agent of the Spanish Government.

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* To this day I never have received a farthing for expenses incurred for the good of the service in Scotland.

The Lieutenant-General can only regret that you had not time to take steps for the recovery of your British half-pay, or the arrangement of your claims on the Portuguese Government; but these are subjects of course not relevant to the British Auxiliary Legion.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
W. Considine,
Lieut.-Col. Mil. Sec.

LETTER XV.

10th Oct. 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

Dear George,

You have, attached to this, the epitome of my story, which you may show if you choose to the Editor of the Courier. There is something about the letter to which you refer that I do not understand. I was so astonished that I opened my trunk and found the very letter, with three others, in Saldanha's own hand-writing.* Saavedra, I suspect, is the person who got him to write as he did, but my own opinion is, that he might be induced to sign a letter of that sort, but not to write it. I have been writing pretty often to Saldanha; I referred to how much good his letter to me had done the cause; but I have written quietly, saying, I have heard it hinted in England that he denies the authenticity of the letter, but that I shall take measures to prevent the defamation of his character by sending a certified copy of his letter through the British Consul, here to England. I know Saldanha's fear of being exposed, and I do not think he will try to play pranks with me. Both Major Wyatt and Captain Mackie tell me ——— is to do his best to cut down my account. If there be any further difficulty thrown in the way of a settlement, I have made up my mind to petition the Queen and the Cortes.

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* In reference to a forged letter as from Marshal Saldanha to the *Courier*.—See Appendix.

You say you regret you did not go on to Bilbao. I think I told you of our not being able to get into the Bar, and that, after being thirty-six hours without provisions, we were landed at Castro, where I received an order to march to Portugalette, through the worst roads and most dangerous country in Biscay. I know General Evans feared that we would have been cut up; I expected it. I told the General of the folly of such a move. I think ——— has been blamed a little for the order. My own private opinion is, that there are manœuvres at Head Quarters to keep me at a distance. They are employing me in putting this place in a state of defence. I cannot help thinking that I am at least as well up to these matters and this warfare, as any of them. I see great want of common sense, and almost a blindness to change of circumstances. I have not had more than ten minutes' conversation with General Evans, and less with any other officer except Captain Lapidge of the Ringdove; we are much together, as I can speak to him from my quarter while he is in his ship. You can form no idea of the activity of Captain Lapidge, and I am now not astonished that he had such a high character while employed on the coast of Portugal; indeed, it is said that it was through his zeal that Napier heard of the Miguelite fleet approaching. The Ringdove has a splendid crew, all burning with desire to have a *set to* with the Carlists, in revenge for the men killed and wounded in one of the men-of-war boats. Two or three of his men knew me from being so often on board the Nautilus, in Oporto. The peasantry here I consider inimical, to a man. Depend on it, the stories of the cleverness of the Carlists are all stuff. I think I see a way to master them, but I keep away, or listen, and say little. ———'s Regiment will be the best. The different brigades are all together except mine, which is scattered, I suppose, for very good reasons. I think their object is to leave me here, if the army moves. Let them do as they like, I shall be passive; I am tired of squabbles.

Will the power of attorney I give you, be sufficient for you to get my half-pay? Keep at Carbonell to claim from Portugal for me, and, if possible, get at Mendizabal. I was anxious to have written to Hodges and to you by the vessel, the Arbutus, in which poor Dade was; Great fears were entertained for him. The James Watt brought me a beautiful chesnut mare. The horse I bought in Edinburgh is the admiration of the whole army, but I have not seen him for these last three weeks, being in Bilbao with Mawson I had M—'s letter. Say little or nothing of what I mention to you, as one word may do great harm. Give my kind love to all, and believe me, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

13th Oct.—The steamer has not been able to cross the bar. I have just heard of the arrival of the 5th, on board the Erin, at Santander; so I hope this letter may go home in her. The 5th are to come round here in the Phœnix Steamer. I think there must be a move towards Santona or some port which is always open. ——— is dismissed the service. I knew the drink would smash him; I pity the wife. There have been tremendous gales. I hope to see General Evans here in a day or two; some of the regiments are getting very sickly. I think I see the many difficulties we have to encounter. There have been eight officers of the Scotch Brigade dismissed the service: not one of my recommendation, but all appointed by Brigadier-General Evans. Kind love to all.

C. S.

LETTER XVI.

Portugalette, 19*th October*, 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I LAST night received your letters of the 5th and 6th of October, and the newspapers, by the Royal Tar. I have hardly had time to read them, and the steam of the James Watt is now getting up for Santander and for England. A week since, I wrote a long explanatory letter regarding Saldanha and ————'s doings. I likewise sent a copy of my claims on the Portuguese Government, with explanatory notes for you, and a full power of attorney to act for me in whatever manner you choose. I am not at all sorry at the blow-up with ——— and Saavedra, as they were secret enemies, who are more dangerous in disguise than when they disclose themselves.

My case is likewise hard. That I should have been at all that outlay, and then the three regiments taken from me and others paid their expenses, is rather too bad. If I had kept the Scotch brigade, as you know it was promised me, I would gladly have sacrificed a good deal of money; but now I must trust to Carbonell, as General Evans states the Scotch were recruited in a peculiar manner. In short, I am done on all hands; but I am a queer fellow; I derive comfort from a pimple on my chin, which makes me forget other things of importance. I am getting prudent.

I have not the least idea how General Evans and I are to get on. I think we could manage very well from what I have seen; but I have the feeling that all the head-quarters people either dislike me, or are jealous: but, to keep clear, I never go near them. I destroyed six thirty-two pounders in the Carlist country the other day, which I think will do me harm; as I found out the guns, which others ought to have known of. I suppose it may make a newspaper paragraph. I deserve great credit, but will get the contrary, as, without intending it, I fear I showed myself more knowing than I should have done. There is a great talk of moving. I think I shall be left behind with a few men, and fine long speeches; *cela m'est égal.* The troops are getting on very well. I saw Laurie for a moment, on his way to Bilbao. I assure you, from what I have seen, he might be of great value here as a regimental officer, instead of being a paymaster. This is a jumble of a letter. I have about fifty officers just landed, all tormenting me for quarters. I hope to write by Royal Tar. Give my kindest love to all, and believe me my mind and heart are more with you all than ever they were.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XVII.

Briviesca, 11th November, 1835.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I FORGET if I wrote to you after my arrival at Bilbao, and of our excursion towards Durango, when I had the rear brigade of the Legion, and of an attack of about sixty Carlists from the woods, which wounded four of our Spaniards, and threw all into slight confusion. A tremendous fire was opened by the young soldiers against nothing. Some friends gave out that the 8th regiment (Godfrey's) ran away; but nothing was more false, as I was among them myself, and gave them great credit for the manner in which they stood, for the first time, a hidden fire. We could not return the same road, but were obliged to take to the mountains, when darkness overtook us, and where beautiful confusion took place. We had to descend all sorts of precipices to get to Bilbao; and I, when heading the brigade, feeling with one foot for a better road, had the felicity to fall down a sort of precipice, flat on my back, which unlucky fall obliged me to keep my bed for three days. This quiet did me a great deal of good, both as to body and mind.

On the 30th October we got the order to march from Bilbao, and such a state of confusion of men and baggage was never seen. I foresaw such would be the case, and got out of the town with my brigade first of all; but a great quantity of baggage was shoved off the road into the river, and much plundered, and some to this day not heard of. The head-quarters were that night at Portugalette, but my brigade halted at Sistao, about half a league distance. Next morning we got the order to march to Castro, through the bad road which we had formerly traversed. I warned them that the advanced guard would be attacked at a certain point. It was so, and two horses shot, as well as two men wounded. This was a most harassing march for the troops, many being left to be picked up during the night by the Carlists. Besides, by the breaking down of the mules much baggage was lost. When I arrived at Castro it was quite dark. General Evans had not yet made his appearance, but all the departments were there. I suppose all were comfortably at dinner, as none could be found; I had therefore to beat drums and sound bugles, to let them know of the arrival of the troops. They are still young at soldiering. Next morning all the brigades got the order to march by the royal road to Vittoria, my brigade being slow of falling in. However, I followed the army, and closed on them at two leagues distance. The weather was very bad and rainy. At this moment, the order to retire came, and then you saw all the Medicos and Commissariat in full gallop, to get first back to good quarters at Castro. A staff officer came to me. "Take up quarters for your brigade in the first village on the left side of the road." I replied, "There are villages neither right nor left."—"That is not my fault."

General Evans then came up, and I got orders to take to the mountains towards Colendres and Ampuyro. I did so; but such a road you cannot imagine. I pitied the poor fellows; but they did wonders. I reached Boureco about midnight, seized some cattle, and killed them, thus giving food to the starving soldiers. I also procured a little bread for my men; the other brigades I suspect not getting so much. Next morning we started early, over dreadful mountains, and reached the high road towards Ampuyro. Here we got orders to march to Ramales, where rations of bread, wine, and meat were prepared. The scenery and road were beautiful, but the men were nearly knocked up at Racinas. I was told by a staff officer, Ramales was only two miles further. It was nearly three leagues, and when I arrived, close on midnight, the men were nearly dead, and no rations ready; indeed, we were not expected. However, I killed cattle, and luckily there was a store of potatoes, and I seized some mules with wine going to Santander, so that the men were satisfied. General Evans was not at all pleased at the brigade having had so long a march. We halted there on the next day, on the 4th, and left Ramales towards Nestosa.

Such magnificent scenery, and such splendid roads, I never beheld. With fifty men I could here stop an army.

On reaching Ajuera we turned to our right into a wood, approaching snow, and reached, late at night, Espinosa, a very nice place. Close to it there are plenty of wolves, stags, bears, &c. &c. I wished to have been there a day, but next morning we crossed the hills, and entered the royal road again near to Villa Santa, and continued our route till we arrived at Villarcayo, where we turned to the right, about two miles to arrive at the miserable village of Siguenza, situated on a pretty little River. Here we halted on the 6th, crossed the fields the next morning, and entered the royal road at Villa Lané, where we saw the first of the Lancers, in very good order. About a league further, we came on the Ebro, followed it through indescribable scenery, till we crossed a magnificent bridge, and halted at Val de Noceda; next morning, marched, left the 8th Regiment at Condado, and halted with the 4th at Cerceda, the most miserable village, in the most lovely spot I ever beheld.

Marched again the next morning past Onâ, still a beautiful country. Left the 4th at Cornudella, and went with the 8th to Los Barios, a good village. Here I received orders to continue my march, and canton the troops in two miserable villages, about half a league from this.

I am rather glad to find that General Evans said to the Quarter-Master-General that he must have Shaw at head-quarters. I arrived here yesterday, and a poor place it is. Wherever we passed, the peasantry were in favour of Don Càrlos. They seemed quite astonished that we did not plunder them; and, strange to say, during the whole of the march, I had not a single complaint against the brigade. The officers have sent almost all their baggage to the rear; I fear much will be lost: so that I am going to send mine away. This will be a most serious war; I foresee many difficulties, but still such as can be overcome. Every body speaks of the Carlists as if they were devils incarnate, and invisible. For myself, I think they are very stupid, for not having beaten us; but, unless the Christinos praised them, there would be no excuse for their own want of exertion. As far as I have yet seen, I think General Evans very well adapted for the command. The Commissariat is most miserably appointed; and as for the other Departments, hardly one seems to be aware of the difficulties that are yet to be encountered. You recollect what ——— said; to do him justice, he has been nearly right: as to myself, I do my duty, and try to work for the service. Some new light seems to have struck upon the authorities here. I have had quite a different reception from what was formerly given to me; but I keep myself within my own shell, and never pronounce an opinion; but, if asked, then I speak plainly. I cannot help thinking that I know more of the matter than most of them; but I am not sure that other people view me as I view myself. I know I give the officers and men of my brigade less trouble than any other; and still I am strict: and I am inclined to think I am not disliked by them. Boyd, who was my Brigade Major, goes to the 5th; and Captain Wooldridge, my old 29th September friend, becomes my aid-de-camp.

Would you mention to Patrick I saw ——— the son of ————? He is well. I shall look after him; but, unfortunately, he writes badly. —— tells me that ——— is not worth his salt. Mr. ————, introduced to me by Mr. ————, is a regular failure, having taken fright and resigned. ——— has frightened the life and fun out of ———. Laurie mounted, and caparisoned as a gay Lancer, looks well, and is happy, and very active. I have got that fat Mr. ——— from ————, made a store-keeper at five shillings per day; and I shall get something done for ————, the son of the —————, at Greenock. ———— has been most roughly handled, and he agrees with it, and is really improved; but no one must let him think so. I am told some officers took fright at Castro, and made the best of their way to Santander, spreading disastrous reports. I believe we are here 6000 effective British bayonets, some of the regiments good. The men astonish me: there has been little or no severe punishment. Tell my mother that, as yet, I, as commanding, have had always a good bed and a good horse, and no starvation, so that I am in clover. No one knows how much I think of all at home; but I cheer myself by being busy. The mare is capital. I have not lost sight of Dr. —————, although he is at a distance from me, and I have little in my power.

Your ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XVIII.

Vittoria, Dec. 6, 1835.

MY DEAR ——,

I RECEIVED your letter on my arrival here, and as my brigade is now quartered, I will seize every idle moment to give you an account of our proceedings, from our landing at Santander till our entry into this city. You wish to know if things are conducted as they were formerly in the Peninsula. But as, unfortunately, I had not the honour of serving in that war, I cannot answer your question. I will, however, attempt to give a true, and if possible an impartial account of what has been done by the Legion. As you must be fully aware that if publicity be given to this letter, the discipline of the Legion might suffer by the publication of the private opinion of one doing duty with them, I trust to your prudence in keeping that quite secret. I begin to suspect that there is much truth in what the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, that "Evans will find a mighty difference between holding forth to a set of constituents in a Westminster pot-house, and commanding an army in a poor country without a Commissariat, and with little or no money." On arriving at Santander, I found myself the senior officer there, and at once disobeyed the general order, as to landing the men fully accoutred and in their clothing. I thought it right to visit the troops quartered at the Convent of Corbon. They consisted of the first detachment of the 10th regiment from Cork, and were much neglected, as Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell had not yet arrived. The Rifles were here under Baron de Rottenburg, and it was really quite extraordinary how rapidly he had given them the appearance of soldiers. Four or five of his men, who had been in my regiment in Portugal, came to me to report their Quarter-Master Sergeant —— as a fellow who had deserted from us when on picquet in our greatest necessity at Oporto; but I had reasons for not interfering—worse men being in the Legion from Portugal, as officers, than this man. On my return to Santander, I found an order for me to proceed to Portugalette with all men "capable of bearing arms." They ought to have given a more particular order, as there was not transport for more than 400 men, while there were nearly 1,500 at this place.

Luckily, a Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, who was the present head of the Quarter-Master General's Staff, arrived this day, and from the systematic active manner he set about business, clearly showed he had been a soldier; indeed, I regret that General Evans should have thought it right to dispense with this officer's services, the why and wherefore I do not know, only I look on his loss as the most serious inconvenience we have had. The Commissariat left to take charge of these 1,500 men were two Spanish boys. The men, about 450 of the 8th Scotch, went on board the steamer without rations, I imagining there were plenty on board; but as Liot, who commanded, was an excellent sailor, and said we should be at Portugalette in six hours, I did not care much. This transport of officers was a very severe and unfair tax on the officers of the steamer, who were very hospitable, and this repeated every other day became expensive. Not being able to enter the bar, we lay at anchor this night, the poor fellows, officers and all, being exposed to a drenching rain. Luckily, Liot having a little oatmeal on board, gave them some and a glass of spirits, which made them all contented; but next morning, not being able to enter, we bore away for Castro rather than St. Sebastian. Disembarking at the former place, we were received most kindly by all the authorities, and at night I was not a little astonished by the Light Company of the 9th regiment arriving from Portugalette with orders, as the officer in command said, to be an "escort to us." How it happened that they were not caught I know not; but the orders he brought for me to march to Portugalette next morning, were so peremptory, that, although I thought it most imprudent and wrong, I obeyed. I lost all respect for the Carlists as soldiers, because they allowed us to reach Portugalette, as according to rule we ought to have been sacrificed. I was left at Portugalette as Commandant, and a most disagreeable duty it was, as officers were daily arriving from Bilbao, dismissed, disgusted, or resigned, with a view to proceed to England. About this time, Brigadier-General Evans and Reid arrived from home, and I at once saw that neither the one nor the other were aware of the style of service into which they had entered, both having all their lives been accustomed to see the greatest regularity. I was quite amused with the anxiety shewn by Brigadier Evans at hearing that one of the 9th regiment had broken a window—conduct "so unworthy of British soldiers."

I was not sorry when Captain Lapidge offered them a boat for Bilbao. If the British brigs of war had not been here, how we should have managed I know not, as the Spanish authorities gave no boats. What annoyed me most, was, that the Legion officers in general, claimed as a sort of right the use of the man-of-war boats; whereas, the granting of them was a mere matter of favour and zeal for the cause, on the part of the British officers. You will hardly credit me when I tell you that no steps had been taken to repair the bridge of Luchana, a point of the most essential consequence to us in a military, and, indeed, in every point of view. At this time a Captain Sleigh, an officer who had distinguished himself much in the commencement of Don Pedro's war, was sent down to place himself under my orders. Besides being an officer of undaunted bravery, I knew him to be a gentleman of great talent; and moreover that in surmounting difficulties he could be equalled by few. If you wish a person to send out as an useful man in the formation of any of the new colonies, Captain Sleigh is the individual; he is a capital sailor, an excellent soldier, an artilleryman, an ingenious engineer, and the greater the difficulties, the more indefatigable he becomes. I asked Sleigh if he could form a bridge at Luchana? "To be sure I can, if captain Lapidge will give me his carpenter, a few axes, and some nails." He was very active. I sent him to report what he had done, and the General behaved very kindly to him. Candour, however, obliges me to say, that I have often got the credit due to the exertions of Sleigh. The Rifles had landed here, and were sent to the convent of Saroza; but the guide having taken them a league round to save the passing of an impassable road, I got a rebuke for this, and an order to march both the 10th and 8th regiments, to which I sent the following answer; which, as it may show the machinery which moved us, and by which Portugalette would have been left destitute of troops, I give you.

Portugalette, nine o'clock, 25th September, 1835.

SIR,

I HAVE had the honour this moment of receiving your letter, enclosing an order for the 10th regiment to march to-morrow morning at six o'clock for the Cordelleria of Saroza, to occupy those barracks in conjunction with the Rifle corps. There must be some mistake, as there is not a man of the 10th regiment here. As the 10th regiment is in the same brigade with the Rifles, I suppose it must be for the purpose of having all the regiments of that brigade together; so, if it had been known that the 10th were not here, perhaps the 8th would not have received the order to march. The 8th regiment have been all this bad day employed in disembarking the horses and baggage from the Earl of Roden steamer, having been obliged to man the boats for that purpose with the men of the regiment, only two sailors being provided by the authorities here, but the regiment can move at a moment's notice.

The day after writing this letter, I received a communication from the Military Secretary, expressing astonishment at the conduct of some officers of the Scotch Brigade (the appointment of all whom had been in my hands); in answer to which I remarked, that Brigadier-General Evans had on the General's departure for Spain taken that power out of my hands, much to my joy, and that the dismissed officers were of his appointment, all my nominations having as yet done credit both to myself and the service.

On the opposite side of the water were about 120 of the first batch of the 5th regiment, who one forenoon threw down their arms and refused to do duty until paid. They had no excuse, as they were not in arrears; but it was necessary to put a stop to this at once, and having seen from General Evans's speeches in Parliament, that he was very much against flogging, I was in some doubt how to act. Instant steps were requisite, and crossing the river with the drummers of the 8th regiment, I had the thirteen ringleaders tried by a drum-head court-martial. I gave four of them every lash, and then made the remaining nine draw straws, the three short straws to be punished. They were mere boys. This put a stop to all further mutiny, and I was most agreeably surprised to get a note from the General approving of the flogging; so that you see opinions often change according to circumstances.

There was here a detachment of the 4th Regiment, in beautiful order, from the exertions of a most intelligent officer, Major Abthorpe, of the East India Company's Service. The officers who went to Bilbao said the men were getting on excellently; but neither they nor I approved of men in some regiments being liable to be punished at the discretion of a subaltern officer, which power was of course much abused, as many of the subalterns had less idea of soldiering than the men they punished. Still with all these defects, I am inclined to think, prompt punishment by the Provost prevents much great crime; the only objection to it is, that if you once begin the system, there is a difficulty in keeping it within bounds.

About the 14th of the month I heard there were six thirty-two-pounders in the fort of Galea, which the Carlists might seize when they chose; but as these guns had not been heard of at Head-Quarters, it was supposed I was mistaken. Major Sloane, who was on the same side of the river with Fort Galea, sent a party without my knowledge to spike them; but, from circumstances, I knew it must have been a mismanaged business. I therefore resolved to finish it properly, which I did; but I instantly got another letter to give my reasons in writing for going to Fort Galea, and likewise for spiking guns already spiked, which I did as follows:—

Portugalette, 18th October.

To Colonel Considine, Military Secretary.

SIR,

I HAVE to state that Major Sloane reported to me that the guns in Fort Galea had been spiked during the night of the 15th; fearing they were not perfectly spiked, I resolved to satisfy myself. As Lieutenant Mac Lean of the Artillery was considered a competent judge, and sent here to report if the guns in the fort were serviceable, he reported to me that the guns were properly spiked, and thus unserviceable. I did not think so, and asked the opinion of Captain Sleigh, who agreed with me, and proved he was right by unspiking the first gun in a moment. The Lieutenant-General's orders were to make a brief report, and I did not think it right to call guns spiked which were only apparently so.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Ch. Shaw.

I only mention these circumstances, and insert this letter to prove that as yet we had no system.

Every day troops and stores were disembarked, and because Captain Lapidge, with his obliging officers and active crew, volunteered to take trouble, the Legion followed in some measure the example of the Spaniards, and left them all the work.

Once or twice General Reid came down to superintend the construction of the defences of Portugalette; but I could not help remarking that he must have been always accustomed to have great means at his command, and that engineering in this small way very naturally was not at all to his taste, and that he took much more interest in the drill of the Light Brigade.

Although I had been appointed to recruit a brigade in Scotland, for the purpose of commanding it, these promises were not thought binding. Annexed you have a return of men, &c. embarked through my exertions in Scotland, and landed in Spain between 29th July and the end of September.

Returns of the Officers, Men, &c. embarked in Scotland for Spain.

Ships.	Officers.	Men.	Cadets.	Women.	Children.
			SIXTH REGIMENT.		
Cumberland and Fingal......	21	686	1	11	5
			EIGHTH REGIMENT.		
Cumberland	11	408			
		19			
Killarney	15	316	....	13	
	26	743		13	
			FIFTH HIGHLANDERS.		
Killarney	3	123			
Cumberland ...	4	207	......	5	
Ditto	......	75	......	1	
Erin	13	228	......	13	......
Ditto	2	42			
	22	675		19	
Total	69	2104		43	5

Out of the first 1500 landed in the country, only 118 of the 5th were placed under my command; but the moment the General remarked this he gave me the choice of the 8th, upwards of 700 strong, which of course I accepted.

I was ordered to Bilbao, where I never saw a better dressed set of officers; but the General's Staff was now so voluminous, that he was obliged to scatter them among the different brigadiers, displeasing thus a great many.

We made one sort of reconnoissance while I was at Bilbao, the use of which I could not perceive, because we entered into a country so enclosed that 50 men were as good as 5000. We did not advance with flanking parties, so that the enemy gave us an alarm, which however made us take to the hills; and if they had been soldiers, they ought to have massacred 500 of us before we reached Bilbao. There was now a great talk of a move; sick and baggage were ordered to be sent to Santander, creating incredible confusion. Still as there was no Commissariat organized, I did not believe we were to march.

If the men had not been the very best men that it is possible to imagine, this confusion and want of system must have been attended with most serious consequences. The move from Bilbao to Portugalette did not deserve the name of a march. It was a mob of every one for himself; and when I reached Sistao and gathered all my people together, I was more than content, as their strength had increased by the addition of the regiment of Chapelgories; how they came to join me I know not. In Portugalette I was told it was a strange scene. On our march to Castro we shook into a little more order, that is to say, we took up an immense line of road. About half way we entered a wood; I heard a great squeaking of pigs in the rear of the brigade in front; this was caused by some of the young Scotch boys hunting and bayonetting the numerous pigs. I had four of the boys instantly seized, and their astonishment indeed was great, when I ordered them to receive two dozen each, being caught in the act and with their bayonets covered with blood. One of them in going away said to me, "Weel, Cornal Shaw, this punishing without trial may be 'Justice;' but I am shure it's no 'Law.'" I called him back, and asked him, "If he would not have been more severely punished in Scotland for stealing a pig?" His answer was, "I'll no deny that; but I wu'd hae had mae richts, I wu'd hae been tried fur't."

The General was most active this day; and it was clear he was aware of the dangerous pass in which we were. My brigade arrived when it was dark at Castro. I never doubted from the sufficiency of quarters there, that the men's rations and quarters would all have been ready. It was, however, quite the contrary; the men were left starving and drenched in the street, and there they would have been left all night; but hearing the General had arrived, I went to his quarters, and I there thought it my duty to let him know in what a state his Legion was left in the streets. His orders were peremptory, and the men got into two churches. I regretted much to have been obliged to make this report, scarcely knowing one of the officers personally, but I thought it my duty.

We marched next morning; and on arriving at the bottom of a hill, about two leagues distance from Castro, there was a halt, when an officer came galloping to the rear, calling loudly to me, "Retire! retire!" I really thought the enemy were on us, and I saw the men thought so likewise. Fearing that this excited manner might cause a panic, I remained calm, merely asking, "In what manner shall we retire?"

The greatest fault in general of young officers is an excitement of manner; which in difficulties confuses even old troops, but with young ones the danger is very great.

Brigadier General Evans' Brigade and my own marched across the hills this day, towards Ampuyro, to be followed next morning by the others. This was a most fatiguing march; and through roads that troops had seldom attempted. Having no Quarter-master-General, nor Commissariat, and finding General Evans' brigade halted, I knew if we pushed past it, I should come on an untouched country, so I moved to the village of Boureco, half a league in advance, and seizing bullocks, got rations and wine; but, as it was late before our arrival, I halted the men, letting the other brigade pass in the morning. I was obliged to be very severe with the Provost in punishing plunderers; I caught a corporal and six of the 7th Regiment, (not in my brigade,) plundering a house; I commenced flogging them from right to left, and when I came to the corporal, he called out to me, "For God's sake not to punish him," and holding out a large sheet of parchment, I looked at it, and found it was his commission as Lieutenant in the British Navy, of eight years' standing. So you see we have strange people among us. As I had punished the six, I had no way of getting rid of the corporal, except by sending him away as a prisoner, to be tried by a general court-martial; but of course I never moved further in it.

On entering the high road the brigade continued its march to Ramales, the remainder of the Legion being quartered in Ampuro Racenus and towards

Laredo. In these villages some plundering took place which the General put a stop to by some very severe floggings. We arrived at Briviesca on the 10th, having passed through La Nestosa, Aguera, Espinosa, Villarcayo, Siguença, (crossing the Ebro at) Val de Noceda, Condado, Cerceda, Ona, Cornudilla, Los Barios. Here General Reid had a good deal of " Skeleton Drill" for the officers and non-commissioned officers of his brigade, which in my opinion only tended to annoy the officers and to cool their zeal. There is no doubt that this " Skeleton Drill" is of vast importance; but the great object was to get the officers *to work with men confidently*, and in some measure to leave battalion drill alone, and to turn all their attention to the drill of their companies, which is neither more nor less than the simple drill of a battalion on a small scale. Here Reid conferred an immense favour on the whole Legion by getting a number of drill books printed for both officers and non-commissioned officers. I supplied all my brigade with them. General Evans while unwell began a system of promotion here which has already produced many bad effects on the Legion. On the 18th I got the order to march for Velorado, having sent to me, as Quarter-Master-General to my Brigade; a certain Mr.——, said to be a protegé of Mr. Mendizabal. As I knew he was of no use whatever, I volunteered to do without him; but being asked to state my reasons in writing, the Portuguese *circular* crossed my mind, and I declined—so he joined me—I knowing that if I gave him his full swing he would soon go away of his own accord, which he did.

While at Velorado a circumstance occurred which gave me a great deal of uneasiness, and which was the cause perhaps more than any other circumstance of interfering with discipline, because it hurt that respect for the "dignity of office" without which no subordination can exist. On the 25th of November I got an official letter from the Adjutant-General, finishing, "Sergeant-Major Dwyer, 4th Regiment, having been promoted to the rank of acting Adjutant and Ensign in the 7th regiment, you will please to order him into head-quarters and to report himself at this office with as little delay as possible." On getting this letter I instantly sent for Dwyer to my quarters, ordered him to his astonishment to cut off his stripes as Serjeant-Major, then took him by the hand and wished him joy, and regretted I could not ask him to dine with me as he must start for Briviesca immediately. He was of course proud and gratified, and away he went. His situation in the 4th regiment was immediately filled up, and two days afterwards he came into my quarters weeping, to say he was sent back to his regiment as a Sergeant, and that he was ashamed to show his face among his old comrades after such a disgrace. He seemed as far as I had been able to judge a good soldier, and to prove that I had nothing to do with this, I read to him his official appointment and advised him to take his disappointment as I had done about the generalship, and all would be right; but no, I saw his spirit was broken.*

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* Dwyer afterwards deserted near to Vittoria, taking with him eleven of the Grenadiers of the 4th regiment fully equipped and armed, and became an officer of Don Carlos, and was very active and successful in getting more of the Legion to follow him.

The brigade here by the activity of the officers made immense, indeed incredible progress, and when they left Velorado I felt proud of them. I had not a single complaint against a soldier while here; and the chief authorities of the town came in a body to express to the officers, the thanks of all the inhabitants for their gentlemanlike conduct in their billets. You are aware of the difficulties I had with the officers about their pay in Portugal, and I now enclose to you documents proving, I fear, that we have similar difficulties to encounter here. I only hope the General will be able to make it as he says, the "first and last of the kind which shall ever be submitted by him to the Legion."*

Having halted at Cuscurrita, I received the order to march to Miranda Ebro, passing Pancorbe; but, calculating there was a mistake, I marched direct to Miranda, thus saving three leagues to the brigade. Next day we marched to Vittoria, and strange enough to say, out of the British Legion there were not per-

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* *Head Quarters, Briviesca, Nov. 25th,* 1835.
British Auxiliary Legion.
SIR,

IN transmitting you the accompanying Declaration, with the explanatory memorandum, for the purpose of procuring the signatures of yourself and the heads of regiments, if *disposed* to the Declaration in question, I am desired by the Lieutenant-General to assure you, that it *is the first and last of the kind* that shall be submitted by him to the Legion. So soon as the necessary signatures are affixed, and that the sense of the officers in your brigade is ascertained thereon (including the medical staff), may I request you will lose no time in returning the enclosures to me.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
WILLIAM CONSIDINE,
Colonel Military Secretary.

To Colonel Charles Shaw,
Velorado.

Head Quarters, Briviesca, Nov. 23rd, 1835.

British Auxiliary Legion.

The Generals, Chiefs of Corps, and officers of all ranks of Her Catholic Majesty's British Auxiliary Force, have observed in the public prints the patriotic and generous pecuniary sacrifices made by various individuals, functionaries, and public bodies, both civil and military, in aid of Her Catholic Majesty's Government, at this most interesting and important crisis. They are strongly impressed with the belief that this is above all others the opportune moment, when every effort should be made to consolidate that happy union, which has now been brought about between all good Spaniards, towards the establishment of a good, a free, and a prosperous government in this great Nation.

They also believe that assisting to aid Her August Majesty, the Queen, Governess, and her Counsellors, in as speedily as possible embodying, equipping, and arming the powerful re-inforcements decreed to be sent to the army in the field, for expelling the Pretender and his factious followers from the soil of Spain, will above all other things contribute to this great end.

With this view, and sympathizing most sincerely and deeply in the noble feelings so strongly manifested throughout the country in support of this sacred cause, and unwilling to be behind any in evincing whether by privations or otherwise their unlimited devotion to the service of Her Majesty, they unanimously beg leave to postpone for the present, and until after the ensuing quarter, receiving more than one-third of the pay, which may become intermediately due to them.

The ensuing quarter being fixed on under the impression, that it is the period during which the government may have to incur the heaviest amount of expenditure.

D. L. Evans,
Lieutenant-General.

haps six who had taken a share in the glorious victory gained here by the Duke of Wellington. I have beside me by mere accident a letter of Colonel William Napier, the eloquent author of the "Peninsular War," giving his hurried notions about the Legion to my brother on his return from Santander in September. The Colonel's letter is dated Bath, 28th Sep. 1835, and the extract is—

"What you say of Evans's situation does not surprise me. I have always looked to Spanish hospitals as the ultimate bivouac of his auxiliaries. While Evans remains in towns near the sea coast, and that the enemy will face him in the field, I have little doubt that he will get the best of this squabble as soon as his men are disciplined. He is bold and prompt; though I do not much approve of his ensconcing himself in Bilbao, which I told him before he went, he would find a bad position. He should rather keep to St. Sebastian, and move by the French frontier, from whence he can, *if he has money*, get his supplies cheaply and securely, and yet operate upon the rear of the Carlists; for instance, I would rather have made a forced march from St. Sebastian by Mondragon upon Durango, and so have fallen from the high ground upon the rear of the Carlists, than have moved out of Bilboa to meet them from the low ground. I suppose, however, his men are still too much of a mob to try such a march. What he will do when he has to take the field permanently I cannot conceive.

"Ten thousand men are an army; an army to move must have mules and convoys; will the Spaniards, who cannot pay their own men, pay his? Then will come the disputes and jealousies of his Spanish generals. Nous verrons!

"I remain, dear Sir, &c.
"W. NAPIER."

I hope Colonel Napier may not be right. My great fear is that the Carlists will play us the same trick that we played the Miguelites in Portugal. I look on the Basque Provinces *as Oporto*, and the Legion, in the position in which they now are, *as Don Miguel's army*. The numbers bear about an equal proportion, and I suspect jealousies are about the same. I hope I may not be right; but why do we not determine to act decidedly? At present I must conclude; and believe me, truly yours,

C. SHAW.

LETTER XIX.

Velorado, 3rd Nov. 1835.

Colonel Shaw to——

MY DEAR,——

I WROTE to George on the 13th of November from Briviesca, which letter I understood was to go by France. I have some fears it may not arrive. I left Briviesca on the 18th, and came to this village, where I have been getting on quietly and busily, in short, in good spirits. Any thing which happens to me, I am so foolish as to consider "prophesied," and I am quite amused when any thing extra happens, no matter whether it is an up or a down. I think the ups have it at present, as I have been receiving some compliments. If any thing happens to displease or annoy me, I do not as formerly get furious, but suffer patiently, and take (not to speak irreverently,) a dose of the Psalms of David. I never thought I could have come to that.

I have given George a carte blanche to act for me exactly as he pleases in all and sundry matters, and I shall amuse myself by seeing how he sets about it. I think I have carved out plenty of work for him to do both in England and Portugal. I am absolutely amused at the apparent scrapes I get into, but I know I shall get out of all, with flying colours, no matter how sharp the firing. I have it within me, I feel it, so do not disturb yourselves about me, but amuse yourself with some object more interesting. I am quite in the dark about Portugal. I saw, by a paragraph in Galignani's Messenger, that I am out of the Portuguese army. This is Saavedra's dirty work. I hope so, because I then can nick them; he in his hurry and spite having forgot that I am the only foreign officer having the rights of a Portuguese officer, that is, by act of Cortes I must be tried before they dispense with my services; but what I have done I know not. I am in blessed ignorance. I have written to Admiral Sartorius a long explanatory letter, telling him, that until he was settled, I thought it unfair to apply to him; but now I look at him as in honour bound to exert himself for me as having entered with him.* I think the letters may produce the desired effect. I have given him copies of Saldanha's and Duke of

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* My information as to Admiral Sartorius having received what was due to him was incorrect.

Terceira's letters, which may be an enormous power in his hands if he choose to work, which I really think he does. It cannot be possible that Saldanha has denied his letter to me. I will not admit of any shuffling. I know him too well, and I have both him ——— and in my power; and I know when, how, and where to probe them. I am told Saavedra is appointed Consul at Liverpool. I hope some kind friend will allow him to enjoy the comforts of intrigue, by letting it be publicly known, that all personal applications from relations of soldiers dead in Portugal shall be satisfied, and that he is ready now in terms of his letter to give £40 of land to each soldier. I told him long ago that he would make England too hot for himself. I write this to day in the hurry of returns, and preparations for the march which we begin to-morrow for Vittoria. I suspect we shall halt at Puebla, about three leagues from Vittoria. I do not think there can be fighting for some time. I have the greatest curiosity to see how both parties will fight. When more at leisure I shall write, but now I only say, kindest and best love to all.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XX.

Vittoria, 10th Dec. 1835.

Colonel Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

YOUR large parcel with the documents tumbled overboard in Santander Bay, was picked up and found, reaching me on the 7th. I leave every thing for you to do as you think proper; but it is absolutely necessary to contradict the reports afloat here (unknown to me), regarding that horrid letter of Saldanha. I shall never part with the original, but you see I send you what is sufficient. My letters, of which I have this day sent to Saldanha a copy, and the documents to Lord ———, should be published. Make no alteration in the letter on any account. You remark the latter paragraph leaves my future course of proceedings at my own volition. I am getting on well.

12th.—The more I look the more am I horrified with that letter of Saldanha. The not getting ——— letter, I see has been the cause of infinite mischief to me, and has now opened my eyes to some queer things I encountered here. I thank you most truly for managing the business part of all my troubles; but where my honour is attacked I shall follow my own way at the risk of all worldly considerations, and I know you to be the very person not to baulk me. It should go into the Naval and Military Gazette, and I am sure Mr. ———'s high feelings will do me justice, because that letter must have for a moment shaken his faith in my probity.* I have sent it for publication in Lisbon and Porto, and shall take steps to have it in Galignani's Messenger. In one point of view, if I do not overshoot the mark, it won't do me harm, provided my name appears in no way except in General Evans' despatches. Let ——— write to me. We hear all letters are opened, but this I can hardly believe. I shall send you a document through the Lisbon mails, and one through Mr. H———, so I hope one may reach you safely.

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* The letter forged as if from Saldanha.

If by chance I am shot, hang by the heels of —— if he be guilty, and show him up. This will be a variety to you in your new state of life. You have my best wishes. I hope you do not take your new affair so quietly as I do this of mine. What a queer fellow I have been from one thing into another. I am always on the look out for something new. Kindest love to all.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXI.

Vittoria, 12*th Dec.* 1835

Colonel Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

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As to giving you news of what is passing here that is quite impossible; but we are all shaking down to our proper level, only I am more and more aware that the letter of denial of Saldanha's has had till now a bad effect as relates to myself. I see you speak smoothly to him, and wish to let him drop easily upon his forgetting he had written it. That he forgets his having written it, I do not believe; and even if it were so, I would not give him a shadow of excuse, as he knows me well, and forgetting is no excuse for accusing a man of falsehood, and giving authority to blazon forth the accusation to the world. I shall make my honour as bright, and his character as —— and public as it is possible for man to do. Lest other conveyances miscarry, I enclose you a copy which I managed to make three at a time by the manifold writer. I hope you will be able to make it out.

Say to Patrick I have had many applications to take money from soldiers to give an order on him. I have as yet refused all, but it is not impossible that I may take £10 from a Serjeant-Major of the 5th, and send an order to pay his wife; but if I do, it shall only be because it would be unkind not to do it, but upon no other account shall I agree. The ice is about two inches thick, and the cold tremendous. My hand can no longer hold the pen. Again kind regards, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXII.

Vittoria, 19th Dec. 1835.

Colonel Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

EVEN in spite of your being solely engaged in paying attention to ———, I shall spend part of this snowy day in trying to give you some idea of how things have been, or how they are, and how I think they may continue. I wrote to you the day before I left Briviesca, the 17th of November, for Velorado. I remained there in quiet and detached, only making some excursions to intercept the march of the Curé Merino, and to dismantle a factious convent; for my activity on both of these occasions, the Lieutenant-General was pleased to signify his approbation.

From Velorado we marched towards Cuscurrita, along one of the finest trouting streams you ever saw, and quite full of two-pound trout; and as soon as we lost sight of the stream we entered the Riogo, the richest and most fertile part of Spain. Cuscurrita is a very rich place. We there got the order to march to Miranda del Ebro, passing Pancorbo.

I marched direct on Miranda, but I do not think I got any credit for my knowledge of the country, and the exercise of a little common sense. Here the whole army (Legion) assembled; such confusion, such want of arrangement, such want of experience were seldom witnessed. I felt almost sick, but as usual retired within myself and said nothing. The next morning, the Legion assembled at day-break in the plain close to the town, and formed tolerably. We here marched past the General in going into the Vittoria road, and I could not help suspecting that he thought the 2d brigade the most soldier-like of all; however, he said nothing. The road is at least as good as any in England, and made for troops; but still the ——— department are still so inexperienced, that the whole line of march to Vittoria was a scene of confusion, more especially at the village of Puebla, where I was obliged to act the part of medical man to the over numerous sick of the brigades in front by curing them with a cudgel, and making them leap out of the waggons. I was most zealously supported by that active fine fellow MacDougall. Here there is a pass, where with 100 men I could stop a whole army. We reached Vittoria about eight in the evening; finding the town illuminated, I never doubted that quarters would be prepared for officers and men, as the Quarter-Master-General's department had gone on two days before; but the troops, as at Castro, were mostly left in the street for hours in a drenching rain. It caused great discontent among the officers. I suffered as much as any, but had more prudence than to express my opinion; indeed, seeing MacDougall left in the streets, I had no right to complain. After being a few days here, the Legion was inspected by General Cordova, who certainly was pleased, as they looked exceedingly well. Entre nous, I resolved to cut a figure, and such fools are men that they were caught. Hardly any of the officers are decorated; so there I stood bedizened with stars and gold chains. I told O'Neale the decorations would make me no friends, before going out, and that I soon perceived; but I have no idea of hiding my light under a bushel (is that right?) when a fair opportunity occurs. At the ball given to us, the same thing. I forgot to tell you that when at Velorado, a circular came round from the General, saying, it would be the first and last time he should propose such a thing to the officers, but asking them to abstain from receiving pay for three months, to meet the necessities; in short, the old story of Portugal. Of course, all volunteered, and thus the officers of the Legion are now penniless; therefore, in the same state as I used to be when hungry, discontented, and sharp in temper. The old stories that used to take place in the Lisbon Cafés have commenced; rows and dismissals; in short, the old foreseen story. But the other day something more serious; Brigadier ——— had some dispute with —————————, the Commandant of the regiment, and put him under arrest, and ordered him to send in his resignation. The Lieutenant-General arriving unexpectedly that evening, sent for ———, offered to have him changed to another brigade to his personal staff; in short, behaved more than handsomely to him, and would not accept his resignation, on which the other insists, and it finishes on getting two months' leave of absence for England, for which he starts in a few days, avowing publicly his intention never to return. There is great fighting taking place as to the person who ought to have the regiment, there being about seven resignations written out among the field officers, if each does not get it. To make this better, the ——— ——— puts the Major of the — regiment in arrest; the Lieutenant-General orders him out of arrest; the Major calls out ———; the whole concern, as soon the Lieutenant-General starts for Pamplona, are put under arrest, and forced to be friends; ——— sends in his resignation, as either he or ——— must quit. ———, a friend of ———, is appointed in command of the — regiment by ———, as Major. In short, there is as regular a kettle of fish as you can well imagine, and how it is to finish I do not know; but Portugal is a joke to it. If the Cafés are not shut, and if we remain here fifteen days longer, they will all prove the truth of my words.

You will hear a terrible account of an ugly story which took place here ten days ago in the absence of the Lieutenant-General, and without the knowledge of any human being in the Legion. There is a regiment (attached to the Legion) of Chapelgories, composed of Spaniards, Biscayan, and Basque Spaniards, and French; in short, a sort of regular irregular corps, commanded by Jauregui, the famous El Pastor; but from what I have seen, they are the most plundering crew I ever encountered. The whole of the Spanish troops left this under Espartero, to make some movement as was supposed. The Chapelgories were quartered in some villages about a league distant. They were called out and formed, they supposing for a fight, all happy and pleased. As soon as they were formed, the Spaniards surrounded them with artillery, cavalry, and infantry; and the regiment, which consists of about 1000, were in some sense decimated, ten men being marched to the front, and there shot and left. The reason of this detestable cruelty was, that a chapel had been pillaged, and the report was made to Espartero that it had been done by soldiers with red trousers. An inquiry was instituted, but the guilty could not be found, so he resorted to decimation; and as ill-luck would have it, with the exception of two, the sufferers were the best characters in the regiment. After the execution, the regiment was marched into Vittoria, looking as gloomy as you may suppose; and next day a great proportion were disarmed; and thus the matter rests, El Pastor being in a great rage; but what General Evans thinks of it I do not know. Of course, the affair will make a noise, both British and Spaniards considering this too severe, as shooting one man would have had quite a sufficient effect.

General Evans is now gone to Pamplona, and how long he is to be absent I do not know; but the sooner he comes back the better, as I see he is the only head, or rather the only person that many of the officers stand in fear of. MacDougall commands temporarily, so that he has a difficult part of the play.

I showed Evans my letter to Saldanha, with the other two attached. I expressed myself very strongly, and he said he saw there was no help for it, but that I must publish. Tell Hodges, I yesterday gave a dinner to eight of the Terceira men who are with the Legion. Why does he not write to me? Of course you will be prudent about this letter, as you see it contains family secrets. I think we must move from this before a month, as I suspect our credit is not great, and the chest very light; indeed, I look forward quietly to great and manifold difficulties, but I see success in front. Try if you can get me my half-pay; as surely, the British officers who served Donna Maria are quite as well entitled as those serving in Spain, and let me know if any money has arrived from Lisbon. I wrote to you last week three letters with documents, by three different channels; and as I am determined on publication, I now enclose them. Never mind consequences. The cold here is intense. Best and kindest love to all.

Your ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXIII.

Vittoria, 25 December, 1835.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THIS is Christmas morning; and well do I know, when you are all assembled this afternoon, that I shall not be forgotten among you. Little do you imagine how deeply I think of you all, and I cannot let this day pass without writing a few lines. I got a letter the other day from ——, dated 23 Nov., saying you were all well. But the last accounts I have from any of you are dated 30th Oct. My only comfort in going to the post, when I see all others getting letters from home, is that some horrid private hand is entrusted with mine. If there be misery to one absent from home, it is to know or suspect that some private hand is employed, and one can only comfort oneself by abusing him. This day I dine with all those officers here who served with me in Portugal, about thirty, and I have an innate comfort in thinking that all have a friendly feeling towards me, and I to them, except two who are indebted to me for every thing they possess, but in the Portuguese fashion, have rewarded me with black ingratitude. By the bye, George sent me out a copy of a letter written from Lisbon by —— to the Courier. I for some time in Lisbon assisted in supporting him and others, and had the greatest difficulty in preventing him from being sent to the Castle of St. George, for attacking —— in his own house. You see what —— has been doing with me. You surely could not imagine I would be so foolish as to take personal satisfaction of a person, who, as a man, has lowered himself to such a degree; and rest assured I have no intention of fighting by deputy; but I will hang on the heels of that man until he is forced to call out for mercy. I can now account for many things which puzzled me; but his conduct has so disappointed me, that my faith in human nature is more and more diminished, and I see the truth of what you say, that we must place confidence only in a higher quarter. The manner in which things are going on here is to me an enigma. As far as I myself am concerned, all proceeds smoothly; I am most comfortable, with a gentlemanlike well-informed staff, and am on good terms with all, seeing the truth of what I said of the officers daily manifested. In my brigade also there are no complaints either against officers or men. But still I know I have enemies or envious detractors in the rear; but all will come to light in proper time. I was destined to have ups and downs, and it is strange how circumstances have dragged me before the world, as witness recently in this affair of Saldanha's. I have sent my letter to him, to Galignani's Messenger, and I shall have it published in Porto, Lisbon, and I hope in England. You wise people may perhaps think it imprudent to publish it in England; but I must have it done, as where my honour is concerned I consider prudence a humbug, and under these circumstances I would rush on, with ruin, in a worldly point of view, staring me in the face. Cold feet or a sore lip make me forget all troubles, and the weather is here most intensely cold. By the bye, I was obliged to do a good deed yesterday (though it may trouble Patrick), but I shall not repeat the dose. When you get this, write to him, that I hope he will pay to the wife of Serjeant-Major ——, 5th regiment, the sum of 6*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* and let me know when he has done it.

I suppose you are all busy in arranging matters for ——'s marriage, as —— says it is to take place shortly. I am sure no one more sincerely wishes him happiness than I do. I was glad to hear such good accounts of ——'s success; it proves to me that no man knows of what he is made until tried, therefore no one ought to be afraid to try. I see many here in a great state of agitation at any little thing which occurs. I believe I have a great character for coolness, which, if translated, means either experience, or knowledge that the causes of these agitations are mere trifles, therefore one ought to get no credit. Do you ever see Hodges? If so, tell him that Captain Meade, who is on my Staff, is the gentleman who was Secretary to Count Miraflores, in the Spanish embassy in London. He was first on General Evans' Staff, but I was happy when he was sent to me; and I believe hardly any thing would now tempt him to leave me. He is an honourable, high-minded, well-informed man, intimate with all the Spanish Grandees, and I believe an admirer of Mina! Where is Lord —— ——? His protegé from ——, I fear, has mistaken his profession, and ought to have stuck to the desk; but there is nothing wrong about him. We are terribly off for medical men; but I have contrived to get one to my brigade, whom I knew all the time in Portugal, and whom I respected; and Alcock is close at hand. He, like myself, has had his enemies, but his merit has carried the day, and he has had his promotion, and is now attached to the General's Staff. Many have had promotion, but scarcely one of my recommendation; but the black sheep are daily showing themselves, and gentlemen will at last take the position they ought to hold. I do not blame General Evans.

You can form no idea of the difficulties on all sides with which he has to contend. I think he is led astray often by some person near him, but who that person is I do not know or care, as in time murder will out; but he has far greater difficulties to encounter than he ever thought of, and than he is yet aware of; that I see full well. How long we shall remain here is quite uncertain; if we move in this weather the hospitals will be immediately filled.

Hoping to hear soon, and giving kindest love to all around you, and in Edinburgh and Ayrshire. Believe me, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXIV.*

El Burgo, two leagues from Vittoria, towards Salvatierra, 13th Jan. 1836.

Col. Shaw to Col. Hodges.

MY DEAR HODGES,

Do not be astonished that I have not till this moment addressed a letter to you. You wish to hear the story, so I begin.

George can show you the General Order of the 17th of July, making me Brigadier; and Alexander can tell you it was by Brigadier-General Evans' order that Moore made me the uniform for that rank. I landed at Santander in that uniform; and two days after was handed the "clerical error" ungeneralling me! * * * * * I sailed from Santander in Liot's steamer, and found from him I was to be badly received; that I was a bad one, and a notorious intriguer. We could not land at Portugalette, and were disembarked at El Castro, where I got an order to march for Portugalette. I saw at once that soldiering was not yet well understood; but had to obey, and took my own measures. I sent round to all the neighbouring villages, ordering rations for 1,500 men to be ready in two days, and started instantly with my 400 men. Such a road and such a country you never saw; 20 men equal to 1,000; but what with marching quick, and sending the bugles to sound first half-mile in front, and then as much in rear, I must have made them think I was a large force. Their Guerillas made their appearance only on the heights in our rear, when we had cleared the worst part, and there I met General Chichester's brigade, very wisely sent by the General to my assistance.

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* Portions of this letter are omitted—the topics having been treated of in previous letters.

* * * * *

In about a week I went up to Bilbao, and just had time to shake hands with General Alava as he was going on board the steamer for Santander. This I thought a bad sign for me; but when I entered the square and saw in it four real bad ones that I had known in Portugal as officers and men (and whom I had mentioned in London as such), I can hardly explain to you my feelings. On going to the General I saw long faces; he received me well, but after a little told me, that it would not do to have National Brigades; in short, that my promised Scotch Brigade was broken up. He added that Colonel —— and Major —— raised the greater part of the men. I smiled and said nothing, as I saw there was some underhand work which before long would show itself. I soon after met Alcock, who told me that I was in bad repute and a famous intriguer!

I returned to Portugalette prepared for storms. The first unpleasant breeze came in the shape of a request, to give my reasons in *writing* for taking certain measures, as Colonel Tupper had stated that I was the cause of discontent and mutiny which had taken place on board the steamer, &c. &c. I replied in the most matter-of-fact manner, giving an extract of Tupper's own letter to me, saying he was proud to command such well-behaved men, &c. &c. My answer was a complete floorer. Two days afterwards, the order for brigades came out, I getting what was supposed the worst regiment of the Irish and the 5th Scotch, then consisting of 115 men. I could not believe the General capable of this, and I was right, for I received a letter from him, giving me the choice of the 8th or the 5th. Of course, I took the former; but the Irish regiment was taken from me, and I got the 4th, consisting then of 170 men. I saw the object was to keep me the weakest, so I laughed and vowed I would have the strongest, which I now have, both regiments being about 500 bayonets each, and very few others mustering 400.

* * * * *

I then got an order to fortify Portugalette. The first thing I did was to throw down the defences which had been made by the Chief Engineer ——. I knew I was right, but luckily —— quarrelled on other matters, and resigned, therefore I suppose what I did was right. Some time after this, I was ordered up to Bilbao; never approached the head-quarter people, and only had to do personally with the General, who appeared glad to see me. When Head-Quarters were established at Briviesca, a horrid place was allotted for me; but just as we were going in, a letter came to say that by express command of the General, my brigade was to go to head-quarters. I saw the tide was beginning to turn, but why I know not. I had some long conversations with the General, and saw we should get on well; but as he became seriously ill, I concluded I should soon be sent from Head-Quarters. It was so, to my joy. I was sent to Velorado, a very dangerous spot at the bottom of the mountains. Informátion came from Head-Quarters to be on my guard, as the celebrated Curé Merino was trying to pass by my way; but when the information came, I was found in possession of all the passes, so as to drive him in upon General Mac Dougall (a fine honest fellow), who was too strong for him. I suppose Mac Dougall had written something about me, as I received a Military Secretary's letter, complimenting me for activity, zeal, &c. &c.

The General wrote to me, that I might wear what uniform I pleased; but catch me putting on a Brigadier's uniform until I appear a second time in orders. There was to be a grand review of the Legion by Cordova; I got blue facings put on the same marine jacket I showed to Don Pedro at Belle Isle, which had white facings at Oporto; and the same gay gold-laced blue pantaloons; with my Commendador star and the gold collar of the order, (to draw attention from the old coat,) my immense feather and cocked hat, I assure you I looked fine enough for a field marshal, not to speak of an *ungeneralled* Colonel as I was.

I tell you truly, I wore these orders out of sheer ill-nature, as, except Brigadier Evans, no one else had an order. —— told me it would make no friends. I knew he was right; but, as I told him, I do not fear my enemies.

Some days after this, as I was marching my brigade to drill about one mile and a half out of town, I was astonished to find the rest of the Legion formed on the road. They had been all warned to accompany the General on a reconnoissance, except mine. As I was out, I was sent to a village near to a fine plain. While on the plain a mist came on, and the enemy's cavalry came all round popping. I formed squares, and retired in order along the road; and, as one could not see more than 100 yards, I galloped to the rear of the square with the Major of the 8th, who is a smart officer and an excellent bugler, and there sounded the advance, and then started away again, thus bringing all the shot on the sound and away from the square. As the firing continued, the General and all his Staff came up, and I was found fault with for not having a rear guard and flankers out. I did not defend myself, but said, as if I were wrong, that I and my Staff had acted as such; but the idea of having a rear guard and flankers, with the cavalry close in upon me, who might have in a moment snapped them up, was new to me.

General Reid was sent out of town with his brigade to fortify villages, or rather to destroy churches. As he crept on towards the enemy, I was, to my joy, ordered forward to support him. I was sent here after some days to the extreme advance, where from the woods and hills I found we were fired at when it became dark. I instantly set 400 men to work; and, as I have a good many of my own Oporto officers, the place in a few hours was completely sheltered, and strong enough to hold out against 20,000. The Staff were much pleased!!! The fact is, the thing was well done, and MacDougal' was very honest and very complimentary.

I have now given you a history of myself, as it will open your eyes to the working of the machine. I speak out plainly as to our affairs, as I know you wish to have the truth; but I trust to your discretion in keeping it very much among friends. Promotion here has been prostituted; and such an expense entailed on Government by these proceedings, as must soon call for serious reprehension. I cannot understand upon what principle the promotion has taken place. There has been no action—no fighting—no shot—of that I am sure on account of the hubbub that was made through Vittoria about a musket being hit in the square of the 8th. Some officers, who, while at Oporto, I sent to the depôt for inefficiency, are promoted here! and, (curious enough,) the gentlemanly good officers who were at Oporto are almost all in the same rank they held there; who is to blame for this I do not know. It is the act of the General; but I think his mind is occupied, and perhaps he listens to others. I may be wrong; but I fear no one likes to speak openly to him at head-quarters, and perhaps he is occupied with serious matters; and probably he is afraid of the press, and of what will be said in England.

I showed him my letter to Saldanha. In reading it he said, "You give him the lie." "To be sure Sir; unless, among bad ones you give things their proper names, it won't do." He told me, I ought perhaps, to publish it. I said, "I had sent it for publication before I showed it to him; but I felt convinced it must have hurt me in his opinion, and with many others here who did not know me." He said quickly, "Oh! no, no;—I speak of the injury among your friends at home." I then said, seriously and solemnly, "General Evans, no friend who knows me at home would ever suppose me capable of what Saldanha says; and the opinion of men who could imagine me capable, I despise." I saw distinctly that some one had primed him against me.

There is a terrible scarcity of money. The officers are without a farthing, and are comparatively starving. Many of the sick have died from having no comforts. Almost all their baggage has been plundered by the women and skulkers at Santander. I think almost all the —— officers will take the first good excuse to go home, as likewise all the fine ——— officers; in short, many curse their stars that they ever entered the service. The men, however, are contented, and all those who were with me in Portugal consider this war "clover;" always plenty to eat—covering at night—some beds—and as much money as in Portugal.

The other day at dinner with the General, I was asked, "Was the Portuguese war as bad as this?" I laughed, and said, "The dress I have on at present is what I wore at Belle Isle, so that I had not much opportunity of wearing it." I do not believe we can muster more than 4,000 bayonets.

The French Legion marched into Vittoria yesterday. I should think, in this neighbourhood we have nearly 18,000 bayonets, six batteries of good artillery, and about 1,400 good cavalry. As to the enemy, they patrole to within 250 yards of this place; but neither I nor any one else know any thing certain of them. As to success, we are certain of it; but I do not think it will come so quickly as others do. I do not believe the Portuguese will come. Never was such a cold-blooded attempt made to ruin me as that of Saldanha. I think it may be the cause of my getting paid; but depend on it, when I may be shot from the next wood, that I think little of money compared with honour. Rest assured he will find me a troublesome fellow.

With best respects to ———, believe me ever,

Yours very truly,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXV.

El Burgo, about two leagues from Vittoria,
on Salvatierra-road, 14th Jan. 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

IT would be folly on my part to write to yo a long sentimental letter about your marriage, wishing you happiness, &c.; because you know well that if there be a human being in this world who wishes perfect happiness to you and your lady, I am the man. I dare not tell you how callous I am to the fear of death. I have had such comfortable, happy letters from all at home, that, if I am to be shot, I should almost wish it to be when all in whose welfare I am wrapt up are as happy as they wish to be.

Do not think me in bad spirits; quite the contrary. I am in difficulties, and I foresee many before me; but I take pride in thinking I shall overcome all. That was a sad blow from Saldanha, and it shows that I am not considered the honourable man I thought I was. Such conduct has deeply wounded my feelings. You know I am rather determined; if I saw poverty and ruin staring me in the face, I would endure both, rather than not show that man up in his proper colours. I hope you got my letter to him, and that ——— has published it. By this time I trust it has appeared in Galignani's Messenger, and in Lisbon. Throw prudence and law-suits out of the window—take advice from no lawyer—dash at it, and let it be published.

In one of your letters, speaking of Lisbon, you say, "Do be frank; tell me all that you think can be brought against you." In one affair I was thought to be mad, and often was asked to tell what "I had done." I always said, "I do not know of anything." So far from having signed the contract which they wished to show to Hodges, if you look through my papers, you will find additions to the proposed contract, which was sent to me for perusal; the chief addition being, that the soldiers were to receive British rations from the Portuguese Government, until the £40 of land was allotted to each; likewise, that a copy of the contract should be signed by Don Pedro and the Minister of War, and by commanding officers of regiments, and be lodged in the hands of a neutral party. There was no signing of any contract, either by one party or another, as far as I know. Many people can swear that I was apparently on intimate terms with ———. I heard of the Spanish affair about three weeks before leaving Lisbon. I saw the necessity of being rapid in my motions, and was astonished at his drawing back and throwing impediments in my way; I became suspicious, and by mere chance found out that he refused to do the same justice to the British that he had done to the French. From one thing to another, my eyes were opened. Saldanha sent me to the commission, telling me he had given an order there to pay me one-half of what was due to me; I told him they were such a set, that they would either deny it, or say they had lost it. I went there, and asked for it; it was as I suspected; Saavedra saw I was excited, and sneaked into another room. I then addressed Colonel Sampayo, telling him I knew it was not his fault that justice was not done to the foreigners; that it was the fault of these men, who ought to be ashamed of themselves. I shook hands with the Colonel and left the house. I met ——— the same day twice in the street, and stared him full in the face, as I would do any fellow whom I despised.

I did not dare to send to you the original letter of Saldanha; if it had been lost I should have been floored. As soon as my letter to him is published, and when I get a sure opportunity, it shall be sent;

but surely the certified copies I have sent would be sufficient, and it is necessary that I should be able to show it here. If General Evans makes the slightest false step, he will be run down by his own friends. It is yet impossible to judge; but I suspect twenty years spent in the political world are not a good preparative for soldiering in this country. I am now in advanced posts, therefore am happy; and never go near Vittoria, except when forced. I will not close this till to-morrow.

16th January.

I think we shall move to-morrow; the Spaniards marching, I believe, in the direction of Villa Real.

&c. &c.

(Signed) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXVI.

Vetonia, half a league from Vittoria, 30th Jan. 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAD nearly finished a letter from El Burgo, dated 24th; but on reading it over, it contained so many truths, and expressed such strong feelings, that I have this moment burned it, not thinking that even you would believe all I said. On the 22d, I got your letter, dated 22d December, referring to the kindness of ——— and ———, to both of whom give my very best thanks. As to the law-suit, in my present state, I really dare not take a serious view of it. You wise people know best these things. I do not care a farthing what is said or printed of me, because I know that my friends care as little as I do; but to make an apology would be a bolus I could not swallow. I cannot do it; but I could have no objection to say, that, as Saldanha has deceived me, so it is probable he has deceived others; and that I was very wrong to say what I did, as I was led astray by having confidence in him.

* * * * * * * *

On the morning of the 16th, the Legion took the field, by the Salvatierra road, while Cordova, with the Spaniards and French Legion, marched to Villa Real. When half a league from El Burgo, we took up a position as though we were 100,000, and saw the enemy on the other heights in front of us. In the middle of the valley, on a height, was a small village, where there were about thirty of the enemy, who retired on seeing a company of Spaniards approach. To the left of this village, at a short distance, was a sort of sugar-loaf hill. As soon as the enemy retired, General Evans, all his Staff (say forty), all our generals and staff, excepting myself, made for the hill, to see the enemy. This was all natural enough; but I supposed they would return immediately; instead of this, there they halted. They did not seem to keep a look out; no troops were sent to occupy the village along with the few Spaniards. Of course, what I forsaw took place; I dared not send them troops to assist them, as that would have been silently finding fault. The enemy came on in force (say 500), and drove them scampering away. This was the first soldier-like work. The village was of no use to us, but "we must not be beaten." Nearly 3000 were sent against the Carlists, when they left the village, wounding two officers, five men, and killing one. Then it was necessary that we should fire artillery and rockets; but against whom I could not see rightly, although I witnessed everything. The Lancers formed to charge, but were stopped by a large ditch, which common sense might have told them was in front, else the enemy never would have remained in extended order. As night came on we retired, with no one chasing us, "according to the established principles of war." I received a sort of wide order, and had the brigade housed before many others were off the field. Next morning, the 17th, I got an order at half past seven, to be formed at a league distant, at seven o'clock! I explained the cause of being late to General Evans, who said nothing; but this confusion in orders must harass him much.

I forgot to say we saw Cordova attacking, on the evening of the 16th, and the enemy retiring to the heights away to our left. We marched through Assua, crossed the river, and ascended the heights there, taking up a very good position with the village of Zuasa Gamboa below us in our front. Here we big-wigs all assembled, hearing Cordova's musketry; but I remarked the sound always came from the same spot, which opened my eyes as to the Carlists not being so easily thrashed. As it got darkish I heard——propose to bivouac in the wood in front, (at this time the ice was about two inches thick); leave was granted, I kept at a little distance from the General and heard —— volunteer to bivouac on the bare heights: "the devil!" thinks I, "what next?" I then pointed out to the General the necessity of occupying the village below; he said, "The ——— brigade and yours had better move down." Off I started; in five minutes had my brigade on the move; but ——— would not be out-done by ——— so he volunteered a bivouack on the heights; "very well," thinks I, "good night," and I went down, taking good care to make myself intimately acquainted with all the paths, and posting my picquets well, so that there might be no excuse for moving me. I and my Staff got into good beds with sheets, the fires on the bivouac on the hill, with the snowy hills below, really looking quite picturesque.

On the morning of the 18th, ——— discovered that this was not the climate of India. He complained to me of rheumatism in his leg and shoulder, and seemed quite astonished at it.

Reports began to get wind that Cordova had retired to Vittoria without saying any thing to General Evans. I could not believe it; but this day seeing the General starting off in Cordova's direction with a strong escort, I began to smell a rat. He returned that evening, the troops still on the heights. This was a tremendously cold night; and the 20th there was such a thick fog you could not see twenty yards. The General sent for me about four o'clock, and asked me if I could hold the village; I asked if I was exposed, he said "yes;" I said then, "yes; I can hold it, but I wish you would give me a reserve." He immediately ordered the 5th. About eight o'clock the Quarter-Master-General came to me to ask me about the roads and bridges, and if I knew of any good position. I pointed out what I thought, but said that if the enemy were at hand, and if we attempted any such movement in the dark, we should be cut to pieces. The Quarter-Master-General ought to have been acquainted with all these matters, but the weather really was very cold; and this movement of Cordova had left us all in perplexity. At ten o'clock at night I got notice that the whole Legion was to retire across the river quietly and quickly. When daylight appeared (we bivouacked in the position I had pointed out to the Quarter-Master-General); I I dare not tell you how unknowingly some of the picquets had been placed.

I had this morning, the 21st, a good deal of conversation with the General, It struck me he was resolved to think and act for himself, and that he was now aware that Cordova had intended to lead me into a scrape. In the afternoon I was convinced of it, as we had to retire through a difficult country with a numerous enemy in our rear, and the retreat was managed in a simple, sensible, soldier-like way; General Evans deserves great credit for this.

Reports were rife of Evans and Cordova quarrelling; in short, I believe the secret was, that many of the Legion officers had never calculated on suffering so much cold and hunger, and several are anxious to make a row and to abuse everything, so that they may have some plausible excuse for resigning.

On the evening of the 23rd, Espartero passed through El Burgo to Alegria, with a division of 7,000 men. He told me he was to go next morning to Salvatierra, and then return by the castle of Guevara. He moved in that direction, and we occupied the position we had on the 16th, the enemy showing about six Battalions, and 3 or 400 cavalry. Espartero got within a league of Salvatierra. I was very much amused to see some of our staff with their swords drawn, galloping about with a few lancers between the two lines.

I assure you that in the quietest day in Oporto we had more firing in an afternoon than there was during these two days; but perhaps it may be magnified, not only into a battle, but into the glorious victory of Arlaban. Towards the afternoon we retired to our quarters, "according to the principles of war."

On the 26th, the fortifying of the churches of Matauco and El Burgo was completed, and they were supplied with ammunition and provisions; and arrangements were made for continuing them as our cantonments. Any one might have seen that there was no use in this; General Evans, guessing it, came to examine and judge for himself. In the afternoon of the 28th, I was not astonished to receive a note from him directing me to take measures for abandoning El Burgo. As I was prepared for such a thing, there was no difficulty; but in retiring, I came upon brigades to which orders had been neglected to be sent.

I have got into capital quarters here, and would have liked to have remained where I am; but I give you a military letter referring to to-morrow.

Head Quarters, Vittoria, 29th Jan.—Sir, I am directed by Lieutenant-General Evans to inform you that he purposes making a movement the day after to-morrow, to a distance of at least two leagues, and the troops will be absent some little time.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

This is a great mystery, only known to all the servants and Staff in Vittoria; but as I do not care one farthing where we go, I shall not ask, but I strongly suspect we are pinched for provisions and money, and that our credit is not very good, so that we must move to a new country.

The weather is dreadful, and sickness increasing. Fifteen officers have died, about 40 are sick; I should think nearly 300 men have died, and there are upwards of 1000 sick, of whom I should think 400 would die. Fourteen medical men are in bed; in short, we are in a sad state. Mark what I say, difficulties are so thickening around him that Evans must think and act for himself, and from that day things will, I hope and trust, go better. I am resolved to do my duty religiously, and to speak the plain truth, let the consequences be what they may. Seven officers have resigned from sheer disgust; among whom is a Major ———, a very good fellow, a most capital officer, well known to ———.

I dare not tell you how anxious I am to be once more among you all, but fate has decreed otherwise; as a friend, I should be unhappy if I left this before the war were finished; and from what I saw of the manner the Carlists manœuvred and showed front, I know they will be a most troublesome enemy.

I have seen soldiers of all nations, but never did I see anything exceeding the splendour of the French Legion; they are, however, strange to say, mostly Germans.

Vittoria, 2nd Feb.

I know they would give me a disagreeable post, out of my turn of duty. On the night of the 30th

I received an order to be Commandant here, with letters of excuse from the Adjutant-General for putting me on, out of tour of duty. I think the General meant it as a compliment; and to prove I thought so, I have this day written to him to say I have, in one day, increased the Legion 300 effective men, picked up out of stragglers, &c.

The Legion marched for Trevino yesterday morning to fortify that place, which will take time and great expense. The Carlists were in our villages a quarter of an hour after our departure, and hung on the rear of the Legion in its march. I am left weak here. The enemy will insult me, but you shall see I will play them a trick, being now left to myself. We have in hospital about 1100 men and 600 convalescents. Kind regards to all, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXVII.

Vittoria, 18*th Feb.* 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I WROTE a long letter to you from Vetonia, dated the 31st, and I think finished it here, dating it on the 1st of February. The scenes that occur beat all that I could have imagined hollow. Such a want of arrangement, such confusion, such a lot of masters, and no-masters, and such a consequent number of deaths. In short, I can say no more, but will try to give you a faithful picture, taking particular care not to exaggerate.

I told you I felt convinced that I should be made Commandant here, either for the purpose of keeping me away out of the expected fights and honour, or with some slight idea that I understood a little of my profession. As a proof it was not in my tour of duty, the Adjutant-General wrote to me a letter making a sort of apology. The order for the Legion was to march at eight o'clock. I arrived here at that hour, and went to the ——— office, no one there. I go to the ———, not out of bed; I rouse him, it is not his business. I go to the ——— house, find him in bed; go to the ——— house, find him in bed, no orders. I instantly made up my mind and resolved to act for myself. I saw the General; he made a sort of apology for putting me on this duty. I said, "Never mind, I am always ready for the good of the service." After a little conversation I said, I had made up my mind to go through it, but that I should be severe and even despotic; but I looked to him for support, especially against the officers who did not march with their regiments; he told me he would support me. The Legion marched out at 12 o'clock. The hospitals at this time were choke full, four or five in a bed: discharging none except to their graves (about fifteen or twenty daily,) and having, exclusive of these in hospital, (twelve hundred,) a depôt of convalescents of nearly eight hundred. To this depôt I bent my steps, seeing numbers of officers in the streets. I fell in all the men who could stand, taking a Portuguese surgeon with me, and in less than one hour had turned out upwards of 300 stout fellows, by means of words and the flat side of my sabre. I ordered them to march next morning to join their regiments. They were very knowing, only 250 getting ready, all the officers except two having disappeared.

I was resolved not to be beaten. I stopped all officers' rations, who did not make their appearance. This brought two or three to light, and next morning I managed to march them away with 150 more men. Still no more officers presented themselves. I then stopped the rations of the servants as well as of the masters, and on the second day brought upwards of twenty to light. In less than five days I sent upwards of 500 men to join their regiments.

The hospitals were very bad, but this convalescent depôt was terrible. I believe no officer had gone through it; and no wonder, as the filth was shocking. All were lying huddled together on the bare stones of a convent without windows and no blankets. I entered where there were a lot of Scotch; I said, "Boy, what's the matter wi' you?"—"An awfu' sair head;" —another, "Unco sair taes," i. e. death!—"And what is the matter wi' you?"—"Oh! he is dead, and so is the man near him;" and sure enough there were three poor devils all dead, with their mouths close together, to keep each other warm. I picked up in this way about twelve dead or in the act of dying.

Entering a small room in a corner, I was nearly knocked down by the effluvia. Here nine men had been for four days without any surgeon to look after them. I suppose they are now all dead. I proceeded to another dark room, and there seventeen men had been for forty-eight hours abandoned, all suffering from severe dysentery. How to remedy this was difficult, as I was told there were no blankets, nor sheets, nor beds, to send to the hospital. You will not believe it, but I set to work, and in two days obtained about 600 blankets and 900 pair of sheets. I then employed the whole of the 8th regiment in removing people to the hospital and burying, and thus had a beginning. The scarcity of medicines was dreadful; but with the active and willing assistance of Alcock, and the Portuguese medical gentlemen, it is quite wonderful what has been accomplished. The hospitals are now tolerably comfortable, and I managed so that the convalescents had a comfortable breakfast and dinner. All are getting better, but there must be still 900 on the list. About two-thirds of the medical men have died, and a great many officers. Poor Cadogan and Codd, who were with me, are in their graves; and at this very moment the funeral of Captain Montgomery (a friend of Hodges') is passing my window.

Mine is a curious situation. As soon as I saw Montgomery insensible, I ordered all his papers to be sealed up, having promised his nurse, if he recovered, to reward her well; but all in vain. A great many others will die; indeed, I have ordered two funeral parties for this day. I believe two officers are to write by this post to Montgomery's connexions.

The waste of public stores has been dreadful. I have gathered a great many together. The snow has been lying about a foot and a half deep, which has very much aggravated our sufferings. General Evans returned from Trevino about a week since, having sent in his brother with a very bad leg. Human nature is a strange mixture; I do not hesitate to say that my services here have been of the utmost consequence, and I know by some they are acknowledged; but my putting to rights what has been wrong, has been, I fear, a severe rebuke upon the conduct of others. I went three days ago to beg the General would relieve me of this disagreeable command, as it was not in tour of duty. He said he should be much obliged to me to continue, as he assured me it would not prevent me from joining in any thing of consequence. He then added, "I am going to make great reductions, only to have three brigades instead of five; but you are to have one of them, and to have three regiments instead of two." I told him I felt obliged. I see clearly he feels well inclined to me, and has every confidence in me, because, in giving me an order, he always says only, "Do as you think right; I leave it all to your own discretion." I believe him; as, if I did not, I should feel much offended. I know the great difficulties he has to encounter, and I do not think he is well supported. He has not many friends, and most are frightened to tell him how matters stand. His Military Secretary, Considine, is a clever fellow, and Evans has great confidence in him. The scenes which occur are so extraordinary, that I assure you it is quite indifferent to me, who is for Evans or against me; into personal feelings I do not enter, as I have chalked out my line independent of all petty views and objects.

The changes that are to take place, as far as I hear, are 1st, 2nd, and 5th regiments to be divided between the Legion. Brigadier-General M'Dougall to be Quarter-Master General; Brigadier Evans to be on his brother's staff without pay; Brigadier-Generals Reid, Chichester, and myself, to have brigades. Economy is to be the order of the day, as I believe the Spanish Government have been complaining of the expense; and most justly so, as the promotions and appointments have been quite ridiculous, I would almost say—shameful. I foresee intrigues within intrigues; but, of course, will do my best to keep clear of them. I feel certain Cordova is doing every thing to bring the Legion into disrepute, and as long as he commands they will have no credit. The Carlists have played a clever trick by taking Valmaseda, while he was away at Pamplona; in short, I think they are good soldiers, and feel persuaded that they will work us. A great many officers have been sent away, and a number of good ones have resigned in disgust. I know many are so tired of the affair, and have found it so severe, and so different from what Bicknell and Moore's shop made it appear, that they will take advantage of this proposed reduction to be off.

Well, I got all your letters, with the Courier of the 19th. I am glad my letter to Saldanha has pleased my mother. Your letter is good. I had a very good letter from Lord —— on the subject, offering to become the means of reconciliation. I have not yet answered it, but I shall, and then say, that if Saldanha makes an ample apology, and likewise denies that he authorised Saavedra to write that letter in his name, offering the new contract (he told me he did not give authority), I may think of reconciliation. I will not pretend to give you political news or army movements, because I think they all depend on circumstances, and that there is no plan, only that Mina is much desired both by foreigners and Spaniards.

Your affectionate brother,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXVIII.

Vittoria, Feb. 26, 1836.

Col. Shaw to Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

YOU will be glad to hear that I have at length obtained more than justice, being appointed to command the finest brigade in the service. I have the three Irish regiments, which I think a great compliment; and I have had my ups and downs as I expected. I have more before me, but I feel myself every day becoming a changed man. I am here as if in a fight, trying to do my duty and not fearing consequences. I am a queer creature; I have no human being near me whose opinion I think better than my own. I am not desponding, quite the contrary; but a night never passes without my holding friendly communication with the Supreme Being. I suspect if you heard me you would think me too familiar; but I speak right out, and I think I am listened to, at least if I did not suppose so, I should be most miserable.

29th Feb. Every day I have been in reality gaining ground; therefore I suppose according to rule I am making more enemies. The deaths still continue: and because I am in good health I am getting more authority. General MacDougall has this day started for Madrid, to say we have no money and no provisions. Do not on any account let my name be brought forward either in public or private in conjunction with any individual here, or I am ruined. They do not see it; but now we are at our worst. I foresee a change for the better, and let George sport that opinion as his own. All Scotch people are well; and Major Rait is very deservedly made Lieutenant-Colonel. Of course, I get no promotion, but of this I am proud, as I am the only one here who has received it for actions in the field. God bless you all; but I cannot write more except to say excuse my faults, but with them all I must and shall ever remain to you and to all others the same

Affectionate
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXIX.

Betonia, two miles from Vittoria, March 10, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

On the 9th, I got your two interesting letters of the 19th and 22d of February. You cannot think what a pride and comfort it is to me to see that I have friends who seem never to forget me when there appears to them any thing for my advantage. This letter is to be one explanatory of all my views and feelings; therefore I trust to your prudence and discretion in not letting it go further than it ought to go, as otherwise I may be placed in difficulty. You know full well that I considered myself badly treated, and that in no way did I get justice. This I felt deeply, more deeply than I could express; but I soon saw I had the heels of most of them in my profession, and I felt confident we should all in time take our level. There were people who were eaten up with jealousy and ill-will towards me, but why I know not. I kept distant, and still do, and shall continue to do so. I was kept in the back ground, and there remained, ready however to show myself when an opportunity occurred.

On the 31st of January, there was an order to march, when honour and glory were expected to be gained. Of course, my old *friends* got me appointed, out of my tour of duty, Commandant of Vittoria; I suppose, to keep me out of the dangers of a fight. I calculated the weather and the roads would not let them fight, so I did not care, and to my duty I went: and before ten days, had made such a reform, and saved so many lives by the exertions of self and staff, that I believe the whole Legion acknowledged we not only had done good, but were forced to allow we knew what we were about. I ask for nothing; but the General, left to his own discretion and judgment, appoints me to command the three Irish regiments, decidedly the best and strongest Brigade in the service. This was too much, and so when a march was spoken of, and more than a month of Commandant's tour of duty was past, it was tried to keep me in Vittoria, because they could not get any one so good. Now was my time to speak. My wounds had been plaguing me; Reid was ill of the fever; Evans with a bad leg; M'Dougall off to Madrid; so I distinctly stated the injustice, and said that I would take advantage of my leg and be likewise sick, and do no duty. On the 4th of March, ——— was put in command of the 3,000 men going out, but afterwards I was named to go with the General in his place.

About two leagues out of town, towards the enemy, I went forward to reconnoitre. I had a narrow escape, as about twenty or thirty gave a volley at those who were at a distance, not seeing me who was within fifteen yards of them. The General came up immediately, and made the necessary arrangements. I told him that it would be better to shove the men into fire, so as to make them speak of something else than the fever. By this time they were in the heat of it, and it ended in Captain Hogg, of the 8th regiment, being promoted, on my recommendation, to a Brevet Majority. The cantonment of all the troops rested with me; and next morning, when we retired to Vittoria, the General gave me the command of the five battalions at the outposts, telling me I might do what I liked. Before twelve o'clock next day, I had patroled two miles further than had as yet been done, and by two, had a nice little skirmish of my own, where our fellows astonished the enemy, losing one rifleman. With all this the General was pleased; but fearing to be again made Commandant of Vittoria, I did not go into town.

I suppose you are aware I have a great character as being an intriguer; so, after a little consideration, I thought it best to go smack to the General and read your two letters to him. I did so. After I had read them, he said that he thought it a matter of calculation for myself; but he doubted whether the advantages here before me were not preferable. We had a great deal of confidential conversation, with which I assure you I was much pleased. I told him it was right he should know the application did not originate with me, as I could not bear the idea of quitting a thing I had commenced; but if I got the offer of the appointment (which I thought very probable), I feared by refusing it to displease my friends, but that I could not resist telling him that I had been shamefully treated here, by being gazetted Brigadier, and then harshly struck off on the plea of a "clerical error;" when, besides Le Marchant's signature, I had his own Secretary's. He instantly stopped me—"What! Considine's signature?" "Yes; I have his signature twice, to my being a Brigadier by your command." He did not say a word more for some time, but seemed to think much. I said, I thought it most unfair that I should be put in orders in the harsh way of a "clerical error," when the fault was in no degree mine, but that of his two chief officers; that I had felt it sorely, and I frankly confessed I felt it still. He said, No wonder that I did so. We got so intimate, that I told him I preferred soldiering a thousand fold; and that if I did refuse the appointment, I hoped my friends who had exerted themselves would enter into my feeling, and not blame me for not leaving a service into which I had willingly entered, the more especially, as numbers of officers were now leaving it because it was a bad service, and that we were in present difficulties. He said, "That is all very well, but you must not forget yourself; yet I am not sure whether you have not a better prospect here, but judge for yourself." In short he spoke in a fair, honest, honourable impartial way, such as would have pleased the most fastidious; and I have little doubt but that now all is right. Here we parted, and at all events, I am glad that we now for the first time understand each other.

But you wish me to come to the point, and say what I intend to do. I really as yet cannot come to a conclusion. The temptation is great; but I see a very fine field opened to me here, which I fear, if abandoned, I might ever regret. I am daily studying my profession and mankind, and cannot help seeing that I know a good deal of the former, so much so, that I think I ought to continue it. I have not the least idea of the style of the appointment; but I frankly tell you that I like to be in danger and difficulty; and I have a queer presentiment that something very strange is yet to occur to me.

As to what you say regarding Saldanha, you surely do not think, when I have the game in my own hands, I am going to throw it away. I believe the world acknowledges that both of us are brave, and I do not see that firing at each other will do either of us the least good. Your opinion with regard to —— coincides with my own; indeed, I would blame him if he acted for me in such a way as might hurt his own interest. I heard from him and Sartorius, the latter advising me to take legal measures, and to call on him as a witness. I wrote to him a few days since, asking the name of his lawyer, and who was the best opposition speaker: and enclosing him a copy of a petition I had some intention of laying before both houses of the Cortes. I send you a copy. I might have made it much stronger, but I have kept to points on which I can bring witnesses, if they dispute it. Make what use of it you like; but I think Baron Moncorvo ought to get a copy of it, and if there were a possibility of its reaching the Queen, and if her Majesty's awarding me what I ask without coming through the commission, all might be satisfactory. I have told Sartorius there are about fifty officers and 1,000 Portugal men, more than one half of whom intend to go to Lisbon for their accounts when this war is over. The publication of Saldanha's letter has done me good here, seeing that *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

Our weather continues dreadful. Yesterday the snow lay nearly one foot and a half deep. To-day is a mild stormy day. Our sickness has begun to diminish. Money was given out yesterday, and plenty of clothing is expected from Santander to-morrow; so that, if we have ten days' rest, to a certainty we shall have a Legion. General Reid is ill of the fever; Colquhoun, of the artillery, very ill; and Kinloch of the Lancers will, I think, die. Officers are dying every day; and so many are sick that the duty can with difficulty be carried on.

We have had a few desertions, at which I am not astonished. Who can tell Londonderry such lies? Where we got the 150 prisoners whom he made us murder I know not, as we keep at too respectful a distance. I hope my name will not appear in the papers.

Tell Patrick, that Sergeant ——, who used to wash for him, is now Ensign, as well as —— who belonged to the police. It was a lucky thing for Dade he went home, or he would have died. We are in dreadful want of medical men, half having died. What has become of Griffin? This living, as a General Officer, without pay is not very profitable. They say we are to get pay to the end of February; if so, I shall be surprised. There is a talk of our going to Pamplona to be under Mina; perhaps, if so, Hodges had better write to him.

As you do not mention ——— in your letter, of course she is quite recovered. Tell her that my mind is not adapted for lady correspondence in this place of death, confusion, and filth; therefore I do not wish to begin under such disadvantages.

Let —— mark, read, and digest my proposed petition, and then say whether I should not have received a little more than his nephew, who in three different fights . . . . If I begin I shall make them wince; but I shall finish by desiring kindest and warmest love to all from, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

We are under orders to march at a moment's notice. I think it a humbug.

LETTER XXX.

Antesana, March 11, 1836.

Colonel Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

SINCE I wrote, the weather has continued the same; last night there was a great fall of snow, and the roads are nearly impassable. This day Brigadier-General Evans, with Captain Byrne, starts *via* Santander for England. The latter I have entrusted with the most valuable papers I have, and with some others which you may peruse for your amusement. I have not sent the original letter of Saldanha, but have sent one in his hand-writing for you to compare. You will find a letter in your papers from me, addressed to you with, "Not to be opened till it is known I am dead." Burn that letter without reading it, as in looking at the copy which I have here, I feel it was not written in a fit state of mind. Burn it without breaking the seal. I have a letter in my baggage addressed to Colonel Godfrey, or Captain O'Neale, or Captain Wooldridge, which will explain my present wishes, and probably I may put another in; however, if not, do for me what you think I myself would do. Now do not think me, from mentioning these things, more anxious or melancholy than usual, for the fact is, I have for some years seen death hovering round me, and I look upon the old gentleman with little dread. The truth is, I think things much mismanaged here. We shall march in the course of a day or two; (the baggage was to have marched this morning, but is countermanded). The enemy must know where we are going, although I do not; it is said, by Murguia, Valmeseda, Bilbao; if such is the case, they must be prepared to give us a warm reception, and I feel convinced that ——— has been so annoyed by reports at home about our doing nothing, that he wishes a fight; and if there be a set-to, my own idea is, I shall be in the centre of it. If I do meet with a mishap, some of them will be ashamed of themselves. My own opinion is that ——— ——— are more employed in writing letters concerning the ——— ——— than in thinking of us; and that ——— ——— goes home to defend himself against the attacks of the people who put paragraphs in the newspapers. I understand he is a high-minded nice gentleman, and I have no doubt is as brave as a lion; but I fear he pays too much attention to public opinion.

We have had a dinner, where I heard some speeches not according to my taste. The Lieutenant-General made a remarkably sensible modest speech. ——— made the most tremendous speech I ever heard concerning ———; and next day a Court of Inquiry was ordered, of which Chichester, myself, and commanding officers were members. I objected strongly, and determinedly against saying or reporting anything of a man while absent, and warned them they were brewing a pretty kettle of fish for themselves. Of that I have no doubt, as I suppose the Court of Inquiry will be made public. I do not know whether ——— has behaved ill or not, but there will be a row; and a clever fellow could thereupon make out stories which would shake the Legion. I need not impress on you the most extreme prudence in speaking before ———, or any officers who have been with the Legion, opinions which may be supposed to be mine; as it would cause me trouble here, and I am at present sick of troubles. Listen and say little, but do not surrender your own convictions. ———, who has been so kind as to take charge of the papers, is a gentleman-like, shrewd, clever fellow. When he comes out he will be glad to take charge of any thing for me. ——— has a pretty prospect before him, and he will be forced to publish, and most probably may bring forward my name, and that of ———, who has gone home to find out which is the strongest party, and join that. You can say to——— that you know such is my knowledge of that man, that you will take it upon yourself to withdraw my name from any publication in which that person's name appears; and do this. You got my letter declining the brigadiership. The General told me he would answer it, but he very properly has not as yet done so. Every day convinces me that ——— is his right hand.

The Legion are now a fine set of men, well conducted; in short, I think I could walk over the world with them. As an instance, when I had the 4th and 8th regiments—I had one brigade punishment; and now with the three Irish regiments, consisting of 1800 men, I have not yet had a punishment, and these men are suffering great privations. This ought to be known to the credit of the poor defamed devils. I have had so little to do with money, that I almost forgot to tell you that an order is issued to give us our regimental pay up to the 31st of March, and our staff pay up to the 30th of April; which I think very shabby, but the staff give the orders. This I think shabby for us to be paid before the regimental officers; however, it is to be given in bills on England, so that I hope in a few days to enclose to you two bills. I have signed the estimate, but shall believe nothing until I see it. I have been obliged to spend more money than I wished, having no pay; every thing is very dear and bad; but we live regularly, so none of us have had the fever.

I fear you will see me figuring in some horrid private letter, as to flogging a man, then drumming him through the brigade close to the enemy, and ordering him to get a kick on a certain part, when forcing him to go over to what the General Orders say, is "An army composed of deserters, thieves, assassins, and traitors." The fellow walked rather slowly; it was raining, but a threat from me of a volley in his rear made him step out. The fellow ought to have been hanged.

Five caught in the act of desertion have been sentenced to be shot. It would be mercy to shoot one; but the General declines to do it. There have been only three desertions for the last three weeks; which astonishes me, as none of them have had a sight of money.

12th, morning. Last night arrived your packages of the 24th and 27th of February, with all the interesting news; all of which I finished before going to bed. The marching is put off, as well as, I suspect, the payment. However, I think provisions may force us to move. The weather last night looked better. Cordova gives us big wigs a dinner on the 13th, at least, so he says. I am inclined to think my best address still is Vittoria. Be extremely cautious how any opinions are given as mine. I shall write very shortly.

CHARLES SHAW.

I must tell you I get famous fun with the Irishmen. When flogging the thief before sending him over to the Carlists, one of the Cork boys, the 10th, said to another, "I say, Pat, do you think they will give him his arrears before they send him away?"

"By the powers! what a question, don't you see they are now giving him his back pay?" Some of them, in marching home through the clay fields, had a great quantity sticking to their shoes. They knew me in Portugal; so the joke passed quickly about their now getting the Portuguese contract fulfilled, about having a certain quantity of landed property.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXI.

Betonia, March 14th, 1836.

Colonel Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

ABOVE I give you a copy of a letter which goes by the same post as this. It is the last quiet attempt of the sort I shall make, and if Loureiro fails me (he is now Minister of War), which I think more than probable, I will at once proceed to extremities. I have a delicacy in proceeding against men who, I think, are inclined to be honest and honourable. I wrote to you three days ago, acknowledging the receipt of your letters of the 19th and 22nd of February, and stating that I had shewn them to General Evans. I likewise explained what occurred at the interview, and inclosed a copy of a proposed petition to the Cortes, forwarded to Sartorius, who by the bye should be more determined. Last night I received Hodges' letter of the 25th of February, for which I return him my best thanks. I shall send him an answer in a few days. Be prudent in not committing me for what I may say to you. I assure you it requires the greatest circumspection, and so much am I aware of this, that I never go near head-quarters, except when on duty. Going in on duty to Vittoria this day, I there met the General, who after some conversation, said to me, " Now that your brigade is so strong, I must put you in orders as Brigadier General." So I suppose I shall appear as such to-morrow or next day. I only said, "I am obliged to you." To tell you frankly and honestly, I think General Evans an honourable fine fellow; but I fear he is placed here without a human being who is his friend. This very afternoon he has acted in a way that will redeem him and the Legion very much, and that in sight of Cordova, and all his Staff. In reality, the thing was wrong; but I am positive the effect produced will be good and great. It was thus related to me. The two Generals went on a reconnoisance, when Evans, with a party of Lancers, and his staff, seventeen in number, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Rait, charged a party of six of the enemy's cavalry, who retreated through a village. They pursued them at full gallop a mile further into another village, where there were a body of 200 cavalry. They either could not or would not stop, went right into the centre of them, upsetting them, Rait bringing away one prisoner, killing one, and wounding another. This was done in view of the Spaniards, who were quietly and scientifically advancing a mile in the rear. Rait, who is a fine fellow, was decorated on the spot by Cordova.

As usual, some kind friend has been sending extracts from the papers to Brigadier Evans. I found him to-day with an answer to some attack to send to England. I told him frankly he was too much of a gentleman to think so deeply of these matters, and I hope he will not answer. It is curious that the very men to whom the Lieutenant-General has been most kind, appear to turn upon him.

Our weather this day has changed for the better. I wish we did not move for three weeks, and then the Legion would do us credit; but as we are within six hours of a fight, there is no saying more than that I shall give the Irishmen their full swing: on that I am determined; and I shall force Lord Londonderry to shut his Vane (vain) mouth. There have been about forty decorations given for that affair of the 16th and 17th Jan. I dare not tell you what a paltry affair it was; really no man at Porto would have called it a sight. ——— is here trying to do something. I have done my best, but it is very difficult to lend a lift to a man of no exertion. We are to have plenty of clothing from Santander in two days, and very shortly all the Legion will be paid to the 22d of February, so I have great hopes of redemption. With kindest regards to all who are dear to me, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXII.

Vetonia, March 24th, 1836.

To Colonel Loureiro, Lisbon.

MY DEAR LOUREIRO,

I WROTE to you a few months since, upon hearing you were appointed Minister of War, stating that, from your often expressed opinion, I had no doubt you would see justice done me, and that I should be settled with according to the contract of Admiral Sartorius. I further expressed my belief that you would have nothing to do with the contract which was offered at Cartaxo, not one iota of which has been even attempted to be fulfilled by the Government. In writing to me concerning it, Marshal Saldanha employs Captain Jervis to say, "that shame and disgrace ought to rest upon the heads of those who could have proposed such infamous terms, and that he had nothing to do with it." Two months after this I showed to him a letter written in his name by Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, not only proposing those infamous terms to the officers, who refused to accept, but absolutely stating that if the men did not accept them, they would be deprived of the gratuity to which they were at that time entitled by the contract of Admiral Sartorius. When I showed the letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra to the Duke of Palmella, he expressed disgust, and Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, in the presence of the Duke of Terceira and myself, allowed it was all a "humbug;" but that he was not to blame: and so much were you yourself and Count St. Leger ashamed of such conduct to the men who had served Portugal, that you seldom or never afterwards visited the Commission. I will not go further into particulars. I feel I have justice on my side.

I lately sent a sketch of a proposed petition to the Cortes, enclosed to Admiral Sartorius, and at present I am arranging to take legal steps against the Government for the fulfilment of my contract. I do not disguise from you that it is to me most disagreeable, and I wish to avoid such a sad necessity, if possible. Law is tedious, annoying, and expensive; but I would prefer losing every farthing I have to suffering the least injustice. I claim nothing to which I am not entitled.

A Commission appointed by the Government sat at Atalaia, by which it was adjudged that there were arrears of pay due to me, up to 1st of January, 1834, of about £—; likewise £— advanced by me on account of Government to a Company at Terceira; two years' pay as Major, for wounds; pay and allowances as Colonel, from 1st January, 1834, to 25th June. 1835, deducting the monthly sums I had received during that period, and four years' gratuity as Colonel. As from being in the Portuguese service I could not draw my half-pay, I consider myself justified in claiming that likewise from the 1st Dec. 1831, to 25th June, 1835. At present I am not in want of the money; but I hope to avoid proceeding to disagreeable disclosures, which would have the effect of damaging the characters of many. I shall be very glad if you will take my affairs into consideration, and propose to me some periods of payment, not inconvenient to the Portuguese Government. I appear to have received £——, but I pledge my word, that, taking outfit into consideration, money advanced to company, loss of British half-pay, and the expense, &c. of cure of wounds, and loss of baggage on the 29th of September, the whole sum I have as yet received from Portugal for four years' service, amounts to only £273.

&c. &c.

(Signed.) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXIII.

Forunda, about a league from Vittoria, on the Murquia Road.
25th March, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

ABOUT ten days ago I wrote to you, saying that, after due consideration, I thought it right to accept of what you alluded to, if my friends thought proper. From your letter of the fifth of March, received yesterday, I am fully confirmed in my first decision being right. I mentioned to you likewise, that I had shown the letters to General Evans, and that he had told me, without any application on my part, that I should appear in orders that night as Brigadier. Next day this did not appear; but General Chichester and others congratulated me, as they had heard him in the field give the order to the Military Secretary. The appointment not even appearing two days after, I happened to call, and he introduced the subject, saying he had no doubt I was surprised at not seeing it in orders. I said I was indeed. He stated a difficulty had been started, that the friends of ——— would consider it a slur, if I were promoted over his head. There is not the smallest doubt but that he is anxious to promote me. He must see that I am really and truly his friend; and that I have never for one moment allowed personal pique to interfere with the good of the service. At last, he said to me, "Could you not write a memorial to me through the Military Secretary? but I do so regret that your Brigade has not been in fire." I laughingly said, "It has been in fire. I am ashamed to speak of it, but you yourself must allow that where all these decorations were given for the 16th and 17th of January, not more fire occurred, than when I commanded on the 4th March, where, you know, you promoted Captain Hogg for his gallantry. I know we dare not seriously say we have been in fire; but there is an excuse for you to say I have been in fire." Upon this he said, "It is very true; write a memorial and bring that strongly forward." I immediately told him I thought ——— and all of them lucky to get so much rank and decoration for so little, but that as for me I did not care a farthing for those things, unless earned in the field. I sent the following to the Military Secretary.

"Sir,

"I beg you will lay before the Lieutenant-General this my memorial. On the 15th of July, 1835, I was appointed Colonel on the Staff of the Legion, and ordered to Scotland to raise three Scotch regiments to form a brigade which I was to command. On the 17th of July I appeared in General Orders, signed by the Adjutant-General Le Marchant, as Brigadier-General, by command of the Lieutenant-General; and on the two following days, Captain O'Neale of the 6th regiment, and Surgeon Taylor of the 8th regiment, presented to me letters written in the Military Secretary's (Colonel Considine's) own hand-writing, ordering them to report themselves to Brigadier-General Charles Shaw, by command of the Lieutenant-General. Within these few days the Lieutenant-General has had the kindness to inform me I should appear immediately in orders as Brigadier-General, and as my name has not yet appeared, I have thought it right to make this communication. It is needless for me to mention my exertions, besides the expense I incurred in recruiting. I landed in Spain, considering myself, and being considered by my friends, a Brigadier-General; therefore it was with great pain that the first order which was seen by me in Spain, was that my appointment was a 'clerical error:' so I have appeared and now appear in my native country, as having assumed rank to which I was not entitled; and this by no act of mine, but being authorised so to do by the signatures of the Adjutant-General and Military-Secretary of the Legion. All other appointments of officers signed in this manner were considered valid, but an exception has been made as regards me. As I had been promised the command of the three Scotch regiments, and such was expected to be the case in Scotland, besides the 'clerical error,' I found that even these regiments were taken from me; this of course was for the benefit of the service, but still another opportunity was given to state that I had been recruiting under false pretences in Scotland. As the reduction of brigades has taken place, and as I command the strongest brigade in the Legion, and which I had the honour of leading into action on the 4th of March, when an officer was promoted for his conduct, I hope the Lieutenant-General may not think me presumptuous in requesting that my name may appear in orders as Brigadier-General, having once appeared as such in General Orders of 17th of July, 1835, and being again promised that rank by the Lieutenant-General within these few days. I should hope my promotion would not hurt the feelings of any officer, as in July, 1833, I had the honour to command a brigade of my countrymen in one of the greatest actions in Portugal, and I am a Colonel of nearly three years' standing.

"I am, &c. &c. C. SHAW."

I sent this letter in, which you will allow is a puzzler. He saw the justice; but, as I have always thought, there is an "*imperium in imperio*," he said he would lay it before Generals MacDougall, Chichester, and Evans. He had forgotten ——— was senior to me, and he was told it was not the custom to pass over officers of rank, (although in promotions he had not attended to seniority in other ranks,) and he was afraid of being accused of injustice.

I need not tell you that nothing should get into the newspapers touching this bad treatment of myself. I must not on *any* account be mixed up with the malcontents who have gone home, and who would be more than happy to have me join their ranks. Recollect, I did willingly enter this service, and while I remain in it, I must do my duty not only actively, but take care that I am not the means of injuring the service in the Legion. I am not sorry, I assure you, that my name has appeared in such terms in the papers for my exertions, as an immensity of good has been done, but it is very wrong that so much could be left to any individual to do. The men and regiments are getting into capital order; but in some quarters there is no system, there is no exertion, there is no plan: in short, I am dead sick of the manner in which matters are carried on.

That journey of MacDougall to Madrid has, in spite of his exertions, turned out exactly as I said it would.[*] He came back full of promises: the accounts of the men were ordered to be made up immediately to the 29th of Feb. to pay them to that date; officers were to be paid up to the 1st of April. No money, however has yet arrived; therefore this is another humbug. It is unaccountable how well the men behave under all circumstances. I have about 1800 Irish in my brigade, but little or no flogging; in short, no British soldiers ever conducted themselves better; in fact, the Irish are fine fellows. Colonel Kinloch has just escaped death, and must return home. I hear —— goes home in disgust. Write to Lord ——— that his protegé ———, after being in delicate health, caught the fever and was carried off in two days. I have not been in Vittoria since his death. Laurie and Mackie have had narrow escapes; in short, except my staff and self, almost every one has suffered. There is an examination going on at present, which will probably prove the baker, butcher, and wine-man, in a conspiracy to poison the food for the Legion.[†] At all events the desertion which has taken place has been caused by seducing the soldiers.

We have heard that Lord John Hay is to lend us assistance. We require it. I do not believe that Cordova will ever allow the Legion to fire a shot unless he can contrive to place them somewhere to be sacrificed. Such is my opinion of the man, a mere courtier and intriguer.

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[*] General MacDougall, while in Madrid, gave to the Spanish Government, not only a history of the sufferings of the Legion, but a most triumphant answer to the calumnies against it.

[†] Two of these men were executed.

I see Napier is reinstated, therefore I shall have no difficulty with my half-pay; at least he is in justice as much entitled as Evans or I, or any of the Legion officers. I have little doubt but that he must be employed here immediately. *Entre nous*, I wish he could have me with him with 1000 men, and I think we could do something; but if my wish were known here it would be treason. Newspapers come here free, so if there is any thing interesting let me know.

The robberies of the officers' baggage at Santander have been terrible. I have likewise been a loser. I really think that Government ought to reimburse them, as many young men are nearly ruined. I can give you no public news; only I suppose we must shortly have a move, although it cannot be above a few days' march, as we have neither provisions nor money; in short, if we had not good English news, we should have been floored. I doubt the truth of these reports, however, *because* there was an illumination at Vittoria on account of the news.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXIV.

Santander, 1st April, 1836.

To James Shaw, Esq. 2nd Light Cavalry, Madras.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I THINK it was at Berne, after our trip in the Tyrol, in August, 1831, that we parted, I for England, you for Munich, and I wrote to you at Paris from Belle Isle, in January, 1832, and on my arrival at Oporto, in August, hearing you had sailed for Calcutta, I took the chance of my letters to England being forwarded there. By this time you must be aware of the strange scenes I had in Portugal, and of my again embarking with the British Auxiliary Legion, to attempt to drive Don Carlos once more from the Peninsula. It is only lately I have heard of your arrival at Madras, and your appointment to the 2nd Light Cavalry, and of the great kindness of my old friend Sir Frederick Adam to you. As I have little doubt but that you will soon be sent to the field, I shall write to you all that has occurred since my arrival in this country, both in a military and medical point of view, so that you may compare the European with the Indian style of warfare, and thus render some service to the "Hon. Company of Leadenhall-street," by selecting what is good, and avoiding that which experience has proved disastrous in our warfare. You may, I fear, think that some of my remarks are rather severe, and you may very naturally ask why I, who command a brigade, did not alter such untoward combinations? But my situation here is very peculiar. I shall attempt to explain it to you. You know I am a half-pay Lieutenant in the British service, and that by dint of labour and good fortune, I worked myself up in Donna Maria's service to the rank of Colonel. For the last year and a half that I remained in Portugal, I was the only officer on shore who held a British commission; although there were many officers there who had been in the British service, but who with great prudence had sold their commissions rather than risk them by entering a

Foreign service. The escape of Don Carlos from Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, from the residence of poor Canning, having excited great attention; I, with all the world, heard that a British Auxiliary Legion was forming in England. Saldanha, who took much interest in the affairs of Spain, agreed with me in thinking that it might tend to the interest of the common cause, as well as to the following up of my own personal objects, if I should engage in the cause of Donna Christina with the same zeal with which I had embarked in the cause of Donna Maria. Entering fully into these views, I returned home and was appointed to command a Scotch Brigade. The first idea in the formation of this Legion, was that no officers should be admitted into it, except such as held British commissions, they being allowed, for some particularly good reasons, to possess the privilege of drawing their half-pay in Spain, a privilege which was never accorded to us in Portugal; in short, the Spanish Auxiliary half-pay officers were led from this open support of Government, to expect that this service would be as the British service, and I at once saw that there would be much disappointment, and that the Auxiliary officers might forget they were Spanish officers, and likewise that many would value themselves by the dates of their British commissions and not by their experience. Since I landed in Spain, I have found my suspicions to be but too true. Officers of experience were seldom consulted upon points which I think they ought to have known better than many others, from their many years' experience; and if they attempted, or now attempt, to recommend any thing, their suggestions have not hitherto received that attention to which they were and are entitled. Thus I do not consider myself responsible in any way for either the good or the evil which has occurred except in my own particular brigade. I do not feel offended at not being listened to by a few of the senior officers, because they made part of the glorious Peninsular army, and I suspect it is only now that these officers are aware what an extraordinary man Wellington is, and of the terrible difficulties he had to encounter, difficulties which he overcame; in short, I suspect commanding officers of regiments and brigades there, by his wonderful arrangements, had no more trouble as to rationing or quartering their men, than officers of companies have here. With regard to the British officers on half-pay who have never seen an enemy, and who have only been accustomed to the regular detail of a garrison or barrack, it is quite natural they should have a jealousy of those of their own rank who have had more experience in the field. In some of the regiments, if a man is unsteady, the Commanding Officer calls out, "You d—d Portuguese fellow!" to a soldier, while probably the Captain of the company in which the soldier is, has seen twenty times more real service than his Commanding Officer, and in return, seeing some British pensioner unsteady in his company, calls out, "Steady, you old drunken feather-bed!" All this is very wrong, and has been attended with bad effects in every way; therefore I hope in India there is none of this folly between the Company's and King's troops. Since I have been in this country, I have written home regularly, giving my opinion of affairs as they were conducted. What your politics are now, I know not, although report is rather inclined to say, that "you Indians" like neither improvements nor reform, the old "jog-trot" being the best. You know how keenly and deeply I feel as to the extension of liberal principles, and nothing has astonished me more than (with very few exceptions) the opinions of many officers of this Legion. Instead of being, as they ought to be, "Liberty Men," they are in politics quite on the other side. I have therefore been thrown more into conversation with people at home than with the individuals around me here. We are called mercenaries. I disclaim the name, because we are fighting for a principle; although I assure you, if I did not feel for the cause, I am certain I could not serve with zeal, and this is the apprehension I entertain of those officers who are not embarked heart and soul in the affair, as is your humble servant.

You doubtless heard of the terrible state in which the hospitals were at Oporto, in spite of all the exertions of Dr. Alcock; and such deep impressions did the sufferings of the men there produce on my mind, that, although not a medical man, still from my being in command of a regiment, a certain power was given to make arrangements, which led me to pay particular attention to the health of soldiers. With the assistance of Mr. Blair, the Surgeon of the regiment at Setubal (where I was left to myself) I felt proud, at the disbanding of the regiments (then about 600 strong), to leave only three men in hospital, two of them from accidents. On my arrival in London you may suppose how delighted I was to find my friend Alcock at the head of the medical department, as his experience in difficulties made him decidedly the most proper man; but he had deadly sins on his head. He had never been in the "British service," and he was, to boot, very young in years, and *only* had been in Portugal. Perceiving that he would not be allowed to continue at the head of the Medicos, I recommended my friend Dr. Arthur (without his knowledge), but another had been fixed on, whose bodily strength I felt would fail before long. The greatest proportion of the young surgeons were appointed through interest. Many of these were persons whose abilities were much below mediocrity, but nevertheless they were esteemed capable to treat soldiers in the Queen's service. For the first three months that the Legion was in Spain, the health of the men was so good that many were led to suppose that doctors were of no use; but it was quite forgotten, that during these three months the climate was good, the clothing as excellent as ever was given to British soldiers, the provisions good and regular in their distribution, and the quarters, although churches and convents, not at this season detrimental to health. To give you an idea of how little prepared we were for sickness, I recollect it being made a standing joke at Briviesca against a surgeon, for having made a requisition for the hospital for about 150 night-utensils, drinking jugs, plates, &c.

There were at this time only about thirty sick. The weather was cold and wet, and I admired the foresight of this medical man. ' For the first three weeks we were at Vittoria, out of about 6,000 or

7,000, we had not perhaps 150 sick, and, strange though it may appear, this good health was the cause of all our future misery. Well did General Mac Dougall call on the different departments to be prepared for an overpowering number of sick; strongly did I impress the necessity of making a store of medicines, lint, splints, night utensils, &c. for what we were to encounter; but no, there was as yet no necessity, and no provision was made in the sunny hour, for the wintry day.

The long foreseen, but unprepared-for, sickness at length arrived like a thunderbolt. One afternoon I had forty-one sick, and next morning 249 were reported in a high fever. The increase of illness among other brigades was even greater—200 of these men of my brigade, of course, could not at once be sent to hospital. A sort of temporary place was fitted for them in their convent, and as there were few beds, the blankets of the strong were given to the sick; thus, from this circumstance, more sick were on the doctor's list next day. Officers suffered from sickness as much as the men, and from the severe duty the medical men had in the general hospitals, they had no time to visit the officers in their quarters, who thus, poor fellows! were left to die through neglect. This fever caused a sort of delirium, which, as soon as it appeared, was the signal for the servant to commence robbing his master; and though I hated Vittoria, still I am forced to say, that many of the officers were saved by the exertions of its inhabitants, until the sickness increased to such an extent, and was so fatal, that the inhabitants became frightened and selfish, and did all in their power not to allow officers to enter their houses. I saw many instances of neglect; but there was one of the accomplished Captain ——, who was decidedly recovering, and whose servant had orders to give him a tea-spoonful of some mixture every half hour. The servant left his master, got drunk, and was found next morning in that state asleep on his dead body.

The troops were sent to the villages in the country, to see if it would be of benefit, but it did not produce the desired effect. The commissariat was badly, or rather not at all regulated; the pioneers of the regiments in the villages were always late in getting the rations, and thus, from want of regular food, sickness increased. The men's shoes and clothes were destroyed by the working parties engaged in fortifying these villages; and when the men laid down at night on the bare floors, they rose next morning with their feet benumbed.

Few medical officers* being able to do duty in Vittoria, the commanding officers of regiments were obliged to send their regiments' surgeons to the hospitals there, and naturally thinking their men would be better off in Vittoria, a load of sick were every morning sent on the unladen ration mules. These poor sick were deposited at the gate of the hospital, but finding no room for themselves, and being now on no ration return, (from being absent from their regiments and not admitted into hospital,) of the two evils the poor fellows chose the least, and hobbled back to their villages; thus escaping starvation, but often meeting with death.

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* The greater proportion of the medical men from their exertions in Vittoria caught the fever, and either died or were unfit for duty.

These circumstances being reported at head-quarters, a General Order was then issued, for commanding officers of regiments to form convalescent hospitals; but along with this probably would arrive from forty to fifty convalescents, pushed out of the hospital by the medical men, who were forced to make vacant beds for the dying. On the arrival of the convalescents at their regiments, how were these poor creatures to be fed, the rations for that day having been already served out before their arrival? They were obliged to wait until the next afternoon, when they were included in the ration return. The convalescent hospitals were in the meantime established, but commanding officers reported with what cruel and bad effects they had been attended. Now, however, when the mischief was over, a general order comes to do away with those convalescent depots, and again were the convalescents obliged to commence their march to Vittoria. Strange as it may appear, although the ground was, during this time, covered with snow, the cold intense, and the men in fever, the mortality among these moving "to and fro" was not half so great as it was in the hospital. How is this to be accounted for? Is it that Nature, with her pure air, is the best doctor?

During the greater part of this time the legion was very badly off for shoes, and yet General Cordova seemed resolved, by marching and countermarching, to kill the men piece-meal. The legion was now ordered to Trevino, and I was appointed commandant of Vittoria, a duty from which I recoiled, more especially as it was out of my turn of duty, and above all, because I suspected the horrible state in which I should find matters, so far as sick and convalescents were concerned. I fear I have not that respect for human nature which I ought to have, being apt to consider man, when giving way to selfishness, and not held up by some high motives, as the most brutal and crapulous animal alive. As soon as the legion had left Vittoria, I went to the convalescent depôt, an immense convent sufficient for nearly 2,000 men,—indeed the three Irish regiments had been quartered here. There must have been in this depot 1200 men, one-half of them, at least, being the worst characters of the legion. The commanding officers who had marched, having been led to understand they left Vittoria for the purpose of fighting, were thus glad to get rid of these "*mauvais sujets*." Until I disembarrassed myself of these characters, I saw it was quite impossible to commence a system, and here I found how articles had been served out to the legion. Many of the men in this depôt were willing and able to march, but had no shoes, and in the regimental store of a very weak regiment I found nearly 300 pair of shoes. I divided the shoes, first among the good and willing, and then among those who were tolerably strong. As for the bad characters, it being as cold in the convents as in the fields, I struck them off rations, telling them they had their choice,—to starve as prisoners in Vittoria, or join and be fed with their regiments at Trevino. I further gave orders to the sentries at the gates, to allow no men of the Legion to enter Vittoria without passes signed by the chief medical and commanding officers. Thus I kept the numbers within some bounds. I went up stairs into this depôt, and feel convinced that no officer had ever been there before. Here men forgot they were human beings, and their filth and nastiness exceeded that of brute beasts. Nothing like a night utensil to be found for the men, some too weak, and many too lazy, to exert themselves. Those who were unable to rise were in a horrid state. Never can I forget this scene! A state of things brought on decidedly by want of foresight and management. Many complained of sore feet, which the doctor informed me was the precursor of death. It was hardly possible at this time to get men to exert themselves, and it was therefore necessary to flog those who would not assist in cleaning away the filth. Officers were afraid to enter this pest-house; in short, many of those who tried to do duty caught the fever, and died. After getting this place in some order, it was reported to me that some of the legion had deserted to the enemy. Being much excited, I wrote a strong letter to General Evans, I fear, not sparing some of the departments, and I think, even saying "I was astonished all did not desert." While thus employed, every day I was receiving most pressing letters from General M'Dougall to send him medicines to Trevino, as the legion would all die, and referring to what he had long foreseen. The chief medical officer was in bed,—there were no medicines,—and now the medical men called for tressles, boards, blankets, and sheets.

I know it will be said this was an epidemic, and that this might occur to any body of troops. To a certain extent I deny that; but in writing to you allow me to express a hope that as long as you are an army medical man, you will never attempt to shelter yourself by excuses, until you feel convinced you have done your utmost, if not to stop, at least to mitigate the fatal effects of any epidemic. Will any one tell me that this disease would have been so fatal to so many of the legion, if officers and medical men here had been accustomed to meet with difficulties, and had not all their lives been used to every thing so much at hand, that they forgot that they had ever been, or ever would be, without it? People will say that the legion were of a bad class. I think I can judge of them; and I assure you I look forward with sorrow and horror on the sufferings that the British army have to endure in the first severe campaign, from this want of experience of difficulties and of war. Remember besides, that the House Guards at home have issued an order, while giving leave to officers, that they pledge their honours they are not to go to the Peninsula. If the Horse Guards acted properly, and for the real substantial benefit of the army, they would hold out inducements of all sorts for officers to go where there is real war, so that they might coolly and impartially judge of its horrors and difficulties, and thus avoid many perplexities, when they enter into actual warfare on behalf of their native country, if that sad alternative should ever occur. Mark what I tell you, that the most ignorant officer of the defamed British Auxiliary Legion, if he should go out with any expedition of the British army, would be invaluable, and must be employed sooner or later.

I neither did pretend, nor do I pretend to more ability than the greater number of the officers of the legion; but experience taught me not to be daunted by difficulties, and in less than two days I gathered for the hospitals 250 bedsteads, 600 blankets, and 900 sheets—all out of the quarters and stores of the British Legion.

Now, if these things had been prepared to meet the sickness, will any one tell me that many lives would not have been spared? In days of old, or as is sometimes said "in chivalrous days," warriors used to be ashamed to remain at home while there was war to be seen. Even George the Third sent his sons to study war under the great Frederick of Prussia; but now there seems to be a sort of dishonour thrown on a British officer, if he attempts to make himself master of his profession any where, except in the fortified lines of Dovor, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. I will only say, as the late Lord Liverpool said on a very different occasion, "It is really too bad." Could you believe it possible that I have been blamed for not following the regulations of the British service, in having funeral music at the burials of officers and men, the latter being carted in waggons, and the others carried as we could best manage? The very music of the dead march is trying to the nerves of the man in robust health. How cruel it would have been in me to have that sound knelling in the ears of the dying. The callousness of men to each other, when all are alike suffering, is dreadful. The fatigue parties to dig graves for the dead, never made them deeper than just to cover the corpses, and two or three times these fatigue men threw the dead bodies on the snow, and ran away.

All these circumstances, of course, rather disgusted officers, and many were on the look-out for complaints against the General, or the service; in short any thing to get an excuse to go home. I by no means wish to include all in this, as what astonished me was the zeal and ability of many of the officers, who, whenever an action was spoken of, left their beds of sickness, and appeared on the field. Among these I must mention Lieutenant-Colonel O'Meara, of the rifles, Cadogan,* and others.

I do not know what your regulations are in India, with regard to decorating officers; but if we carry on the system with which we began, namely, decorating for the most trifling affairs, I assure you the officers must become regular Daniel Lamberts, otherwise they will not have chests capacious enough to hold these decorations.

I got into great disrepute on our retreat from the spot where Cordova had left us to be massacred, by acting in a manner rather strange to the ideas of "*regulation*" officers. I am sure I was justified in what I did; at least, I would have had no respect for myself if I had acted otherwise.

While we were out on the field, and I was anxiously pointing out to an officer where his sentries should keep the greatest "look out," you may suppose how astonished I felt when all his attention was turned to find fault with this advanced sentry (the most advanced of the whole army,) for having his jacket not properly buttoned!

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* Brigade-Major Cadogan's zeal cost him his life.

While we had our own Legion troubles, all began to suffer from the disputes which took place between Cordova and Evans, and a system began, the bad effects of which I have seen since my arrival here, and I feel convinced they will increase. I mean the writing of letters to the newspapers against Cordova, who is our Commanding Officer, and, unfortunately, these letters bear intrinsic proof of being written by one of General Evans's personal staff.

However, I now refer to more agreeable matters. About the end of March a complete change was made in the arrangements of the Legion, producing certainly great improvements, as we have now got General MacDougall and Major Jochmus at the head of the Quarter-Master-General's Department. The talent and zeal of these two officers are beyond all praise; and it was wonderful to see what exertion will do. The three Irish regiments, decidedly the best brigade in the Legion, have been put under my command, and if you had been like me for years accustomed to deal with Glasgow weavers in the shape of soldiers, you would enter into the delight I have, in commanding these light-hearted, willing, easily managed fellows. The Scotch do their duty well; but I am inclined to think the Glasgow weavers are not the *élite* of Scotland. As we were embarking at Glasgow, the banker from whom I got funds, and who is a great anti-popery man in Glasgow, and a staunch supporter of popery in the Peninsula, said to me on going away, " Well, Colonel Shaw, we are much obliged to you in Glasgow, for taking so many blackguards away." My answer was, " I am obliged to you ; but I regret that I leave a greater number of blackguards behind me than I take with me."

I could mention many things to prove to you, that there is a great deal of bitter feeling in England about the Legion. To prove, however, what we really are, I send you the route of the three Irish regiments, upwards of 1600 bayonets, from Vittoria to this place. As we marched through Vittoria, on the way to Puebla, the appearance of these regiments would have done credit to any in the British service. I was delighted with the fellows for giving three cheers on quitting the gates of the detested Vittoria. During the whole march, there was not a complaint against a single soldier; the officers excelled each other in the zealous performance of their duty ; in short, I am proud of them, and I feel convinced they will do me honour in the day of action.

I hope to embark to-morrow for San Sebastian, and, if not shot, shall again write to you.

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXV.

Antesana, a league from Vittoria, to the left of the
Murguia road, 4th April, 1836.

To Colonel Hodges.

MY DEAR HODGES,

As you say in your letter to me that you may probably leave England about the beginning of May, supposing that you would wish to know the real state of affairs here, I shall endeavour to make you acquainted with them. As, however, when I write or speak, I generally say what I think, you must consider this as an after-dinner conversation over our wine, and of course will regard it as intended for yourself alone.

Never regret for one moment that you did not come out here; although I do regret it, because, from the terms you were on with our chief, I know you would have spoken plainly with him, which I really believe few do; indeed no one: but he has terrible difficulties on all sides, and from all people. However, it is difficult to say what should be done. The curse of this Legion is idleness, the mixing of politics with military matters, and the immense quantity of writing. There are orders innumerable, few of which are practicable, and the moment an order is entered into the book every thing is considered as done. If a remark be made, or something hinted at as practicable, a regular shout is raised of its being contrary to the British regulations; while little or nothing can be conducted according to this said British practice. If any change is to be made, or anything to be done, it is quite easy to discover it by the mysterious countenances. Some of my friends are much amused with my apparent wisdom and foresight; while any youngling, who has been a few months on service, especially in Portugal, can tell what is to happen. I foretold we should have desertion. On this point the Legion has suffered much; and if the men had not been the best men, and best conducted that ever left Britain, there would have been mutiny from mismanaged treatment, want, irregularity of pay, and the plunder of their baggage at Santander. The poor devils stand quite patiently being charged with hospital expenses, though few or none received comforts or medicines; but were to a man plundered of every article with which they went to the hospital—such as shirts, trousers, and shoes. In the face of want of money, and want of necessaries, an order is printed at head-quarters, from memoranda of Sir H. Vivian, calling the particular attention of officers commanding regiments to its details, almost all of which are impracticable here: as for instance, Art. 8.* "Be most particular in having the men's accounts regularly settled, and both officers and men paid up to the day!!!" 9. "See that your Commissariat is in every way efficient before you take the field, &c. &c.!!!" 11. "Take every precaution to avoid wanting food, either for the men or the musket." 13. "In respect of dress; three or four pair of good socks, three shirts, two pair of good shoes, two stocks, a good great coat, and necessaries!!!" Where are they to be got, and how can a man carry these over the roads and up the hills? 14. "At all times when your men have been exposed to wet, insist on their putting on dry things!!!" Where they can! It is now half a foot deep of snow, and the poor devils are shivering wet, trying to cook in the open air with green wet wood; but nothing hurts the bodies or spirits of Irishmen. But why put men in mind of their misfortunes and wants? Now for Mr. Guthrie's MS.*—"Breakfast; let them have a hot breakfast!!!—dinner, hot if possible!!!—sleep; the soldier should not, if possible, sleep within eighteen inches of the ground!!!" This can only be done by hanging them by the neck on trees, as there is no straw or beds of any sort; but he is, by order, to sleep on a mat of hay, or straw, or rushes, or anything dry, *i. e.* stones. "Rising; every man should strip naked and shake himself." He is rather naked when he goes to bed, and he will do the other without order. "Carts; every regiment should have two carts for its sick, lame, and lazy." With me the lame get no rations the day they are behind, and I provost the lazy; but how carts are to move in this country away from the royal road, I know not. "Sick; if sickly, let the surgeon find out the cause; and each surgeon to carry twelve sets of bedding for immediate use!!" How? "The provost should always flog on the breech (!!!); this does no harm to the men." This order is and has been strictly obeyed; but Mr. Guthrie may as well tell me that lobsters do not feel hot water.

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* For this document see Appendix.

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* See Appendix.

Really this is too bad; if I did not laugh I must weep. Now I say distinctly that at this present moment these orders should not have been given out, as they are impracticable; and they make soldiers think of what they ought to have; placing officers in command in great difficulty, as the men imagine it to be the fault of the officers. I could go on pointing out much; but what is the use? Some think that everything is to be done by courteous and sweet language; but people are cloyed and see through all that; and others make a great splash, but it is *vox et preterea nihil.*

I keep to myself as much as possible. I suppose George told you the chief, without any application on my part, offered me promotion, which I accepted; but I suppose, and he did not like to put it in orders, there is an *imperium in imperio.* Although few will believe it, I hate rows. I spoke out determinedly, showed I knew my value, and had right and justice on my side.

This weather is most extraordinary; nothing but snow to be seen; of course stopping movements. About a fortnight since, our commissariat was in a shocking state; it is not much better now, and Faxardo took the liberty (with justice) of finding fault with the town authorities, and likewise with Cordova, who in a fit of passion ordered him out of this in twenty-four hours, leaving us as we best might. You know we are blockading the enemy. Never was such infatuated nonsense. As a proof that the Carlists are starving, the outposts have stopped many mules, leaving the enemy, laden with fish and blankets; and I see on the tops of their mountains as many cattle as would have kept us in

Porto for twenty years! I suspect from the presents which have been offered to me by these muleteers, that some of Cordova's party find this blockade system a money-making affair. The mules come through our lines by one line on their way to Miranda, Haro, Madrid. They enter by another line (of course laden) for the Carlists, but where I know not; but foul play there is, and unless stopped, the war can never end. The Legion is in splendid order as far as the men out of hospital are concerned. My brigade consists of the three Irish regiments, upwards of 1600 bayonets, and if I can manage to get them quit of their knapsacks, depend upon it we shall do something. If the British Government were to employ an agent to pay the Legion on account of the Spanish Government, they would much sooner put an end to the war, than by sending out muskets, &c. &c. Send money; but never let it enter a Spanish authority's hands; they should also send out a ship-load of biscuit, and give authority to Lord John Hay to give it to the Legion when required. The British Government are as certain of getting money repaid as they are of getting paid for muskets. This, I assure you, is most worthy of consideration.

General MacDougall returned, with promises to be paid the moment proper accounts were rendered; but, just as I said, these accounts will be disputed till one-half of the officers and men are knocked off. There is not the least appearance of money, and how the Carlists do not make use of this among the men, I know not. It has been said that a Committee of the House of Commons was deliberating with closed doors, concerning the Legion, and had requested Brigadier-

General Evans to come home to superintend the recruiting. So you see what fine fellows we think ourselves. Stuff, stuff! But I believe he is going home, as much to defend himself against ———'s attacks (which is not, in my opinion, necessary,) as for anything else. You must not place every dependence on what is said by the officers returning home. I have hardly yet seen a true account in the papers. As to drunkenness, there is little to be seen. It may be owing to the wine not being strong; but such is the fact. There is very little crime. There is a good deal of provosting, of which I rather approve, as it prevents serious punishments. Colonel Colquhoun has been very ill, and will not be ready to work for a month: Kinloch and General Reid are also ill. Our Artillery is still a regular quiz. They say, if it is on parade, and some of the Westminster Grenadiers call out, "Cab!" the horses make a rush towards that side of the road.

Ever yours,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXVI.

Antesana, one league from Vittoria on the Murguia (Bilbao) road, April 4, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

ON the 31st I received two packages from Santander, one from you, enclosing letters, &c. of the 10th of March, and another enclosing newspapers and my mother's letter of the 17th of March, and yours of the 18th of March, sent by the Royal Tar. I confess I like soldiering, but I have got a little sickening. When with the 52nd, I saw every thing conducted so well and on such proper principles, that it implanted in me a deep respect for a British officer. When in Portugal, if I saw queer things going on among the Portuguese managers, I used to comfort myself by saying—"Ah! if there were British officers at the head, how different would it be." Well, I find many here are like the Portuguese, and I have as much respect for them as for the others, both being alike, but they have different modes of doing the same thing. But let that pass. So Saldanha has confessed he did give me such a letter, and ——— says his is a forgery. I think it possible ——— did not write it, but that he knows who did. I think you ought to send the letters out to me in order that I may be enabled to find out the writer. ——— showed to Captain Mackie and Mr. ——— of Lisbon, a certificate from the Duke of Terceira, and Saldanha, in his own room, near to the date of that said forged letter, but Mackie cannot recollect whether it was in the form of a certificate or letter. It is possible that the letters have been written by his clerk, who is capable of any thing.

I enclose to you two letters on the same subject, for ———; so choose which you think best. They are written in different styles. The great object I have in view is to prove to the world I tried Saldanha by soft means before I essayed hard; and endeavoured to persuade him to join with me for his own sake to see all claims settled. As to the action at law, how is it getting on? Captain Mac Niel can swear that he was entitled by his contract to two years' gratuity, and that when ——— gave him only one year he objected, and handed in a protest, which ——— instantly tore in pieces with his own hand, and threw on the ground before many witnesses who are here. I can produce three or four nearly to the same effect. Sergeant Greenock was entitled either to 40*l.* of land, and British rations until that land was given, or to six months' gratuity as a sergeant. He was offered on board ship by Mr. ——— 12*s.* 6*d.* instead of this; but on Mr. ——— telling him he could get no more, he took the 12*s.* 6*d.* and signed the titulo, stating the injustice. I can show others who got nothing, some 10½*d.* To Ebrell, who deserted from me, he gave 33*l.*; while to others who had fulfilled their contract, and had served nine months longer than Ebrell, he gave 5*l.*, 2*l.*, 15*s.*, 10*s.*; upon no principle, but his free will and pleasure. He altered all the accounts sent in by the commanding officers, which were made out according to contract. And if my square box arrives from Santander, or in the other two, by looking through the defaulters' book, you will see the names of, I think 109, who were, after all their services, brought in debtors of 1½*d.* to the Portuguese Government. I got a letter from Santander, saying these boxes would be shipped to ——'s address by the Royal Tar. I wish I knew exactly what I must prove against ——— and it would be easy. He gave Colonel ———'s servant about 49*l.* and Griffin something about 30*l.* I sent you a copy of my proposed petition to the Cortes, and afterwards my letter to Loureiro. I really wish my petition could have been put before the Queen's husband. I likewise sent to you my memorial, written at the wish of General Evans, and his private letter and my own. Of course you will not show the latter, and say nothing about the former. A few days afterwards General MacDougall came out to me, and I went with him and Chichester to Brigadier-General Evans. I there let out all my grievances in a cool determined manner, and showed them there was no excuse for what had happened; so that there was not a dissentient voice, except Brigadier Evans, who said, "Oh! it was a mistake of Considine's, and it is no wonder, he has so much to do." I said, "General Evans, it is easy for you to say mistake, when it does not concern yourself; but as there have been four mistakes with me, I think it no mistake; and I feel hurt—much hurt."

This silenced him, and I said, as for myself, I did not care one farthing, and was ready to decline promotion in a moment to prevent dissension in the Legion; but I feared by doing so, it would show that the Lieutenant-General could not get those orders executed which he gave, as he in the hearing of General Chichester and many others had ordered my name to be put in orders. To this General Chichester assented; and I then said, "Recollect, I wrote to *you* to say the General had told me I was to be in orders; and that probably *you* had mentioned it, and that in your defence of me, my name not appearing, *you* must mention it." This seemed to make them reflect; but they were pleased when I said *you* or *no* one would move, as it might hurt the Legion at home; so don't. I then went home and wrote the following to get the General out of the difficulty, as well as to show the value I put on rank here, and above all to be clear of more rows at present.

"*Forunda*, 31*st* *March*, 1836. My dear General. As you may have remarked that my whole soul is wrapt up in the good of the Legion, and as I am most anxious to avoid any disagreeable discussions; and as such may be caused by an over-anxious desire on your part to be of service to me, I hope you will not be offended by my declining for the present the *unsolicited* promotion which you so kindly offered to me. As every promotion I have had has been for services in the field, and as I have no doubt we shall soon meet the enemy, if you should think me worthy of promotion after the first action, I shall be proud to accept of it.

"I am, my dear General,
"Yours faithfully,
"CHARLES SHAW."

"To Lieutenant-General Evans,
Commanding British Auxiliary Legion."

He began to speak to me on the subject when I saw him two days afterwards, but I declined entering upon it. He told me he would answer me; but in my opinion he had better not. I have little doubt that many will call me a fine fellow, and others a d——d fool; but I am neither, as I do not really care a rush about the rank, but I hate injustice. Brigadier-General Evans says he will explain how handsomely I have behaved. If he says so to you, tell him to act the same way, and pay Moore for my gay uniform which was ordered at his suggestion by Alic, *as the proof of the pudding, &c.*: and just tell him that for the good of the Legion neither you nor any of my friends will say any thing; but his brother has hurt himself much, in appearing the tool of others; every one speaks of it. The opinion here is that Mr. ———, M. P. and Dr. ———, M.P., recommended the greater proportion of officers to the Legion. I am very happy with my own brigade, and keep away from all. If I get what you so often allude to, I should wish to have one fight with the Carlists, as I see my Irishmen will brush like devils. I have just got a note from Mac Dougall, saying the Brigadier starts from London on the 6th, and proposing to give him a dinner to-morrow, which I must agree to, travelling through the snow. This is most extraordinary weather. This day looks as though we should have snow for a month, and we are dying with cold. The sick were getting better, but this will drive them back.

I am, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

5th. There is no doubt but that in a few days we shall march towards the coast; but whether to Catalonia or Santander I know not. Sixty-four horses of the Artillery are to be sold to-morrow, so I suppose they will break them up as they ought; but I hear the cavalry do not go.

LETTER XXXVII.

St. Sebastian, 24th April, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I ARRIVED here this morning by the James Watt steamer, from Santander. On the 13th I got the order to move for Aranjuez, and then heard it was thought more prudent for the Legion to march to Santander, there to embark; and on that evening I reached Puebla, where I was laid up with a horrible lumbago: but joy at quitting Vittoria made me suffer patiently. 14th, Arminon, Miranda; 15th, Pancorbo, St. Maria, Cubo, Busto—by a beautiful road not laid down in the map. 16th, Oña, where the magnificent convent and wretched town are. 17th, crossed the Ebro, and a very long march to Cubillo. 18th, Soncillo, Vertus. 19th, splendid valley, through which runs the fine trouting stream (Pazn,) Alceda, Ontaneda, St. Vicente. 20th, Bargas, ferry at Carandia, Reinado, Cornargo. 21st, Pina de Castillo, and close to Santander, where we halted; when I embarked with the remainder of the light brigade and part of the first regiment of my brigade, expecting the remainder to-morrow. It is quite ridiculous how the enemy allowed us to disembark here so quietly, as they are in force round the neighbouring heights and houses. There is not the slightest doubt, but that we shall attack in a day or two: indeed, when the remainder of the Legion arrives, we must do so, as there are no quarters for more troops in town. Our men are in such high glee, that I have the fullest confidence that we shall thrash them: but of course we shall lose men. Surely Don Carlos is mad. One of his Generals sent General Evans yesterday an answer that he had received from Don Carlos, as to whether he was to carry into execution the decree passed for shooting foreigners. The answer from Don Carlos was,—"To prevent all mistakes, you will rigidly carry into effect the decree, only granting a few minutes for religious duties, no matter the nation or rank of the individual taken prisoner." So there is a fine piece of business. I shall inform the men of the decree before going into action; I do not know what I may be tempted to advise them to do, as such people must be brutes. It will be ugly work, but surely such remorseless beings should be swept from the face of the earth; though I do not exactly like being the brush. My men are in splendid order.

I got a note from the General, in which he says, "I hear that there are some very severe articles in the Courier against the Legion, written by an officer of high rank; but my firm conviction is, that you never have written a line against us." I have not since seen the General nor the articles; but of course, after I begged of you not to publish any thing of mine, you have not given them to ——. However, if it be so, I shall tell him they are mine, and prove the truth of them. This clearly shows, at all events, that some kind friend has been pointing me out as the supposed author; so that if what has appeared be not really mine, I shall astonish the kind friend.

We are going to run our heads against strong walls; but we shall knock the walls down nevertheless. If I do not get shot, send me out my musquito curtains, and, if possible, a neat net to cover my horse from the horrid flies.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXVIII.

St. Sebastian, 28th April, 1836.

To Mrs. Shaw.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

ALL my letters have almost been addressed to George, but that I thought of little consequence, as I knew that you were at least made acquainted with the contents; but still I think I ought to address a letter to you personally, or bodily, as the lawyers would say. However, my mind is not in a good state for writing. I find that I can only be intent on one point at once, and that object is, how to attack the enemy most efficiently, and with least loss to ourselves. I have quite determined how it should be done, but I have my doubts whether it will satisfy all parties, either here or at home; as nothing but a long butcher's bill can satisfy young soldiers, or John Bull, *alias*, readers of newspapers.

I told George in my letter, of the repetition of that sanguinary order of Don Carlos, as to murdering the foreigners if caught. It has produced a very indignant feeling among officers and men here, and the war will be very brutal. I have had long discussions with myself how I should act. Some commanding officers have read the decree to their men, and have called upon them in retaliation to give no quarter. As for me, I shall not express my feelings to any one, until a few minutes before going into action, when, if not prevented by orders, I shall beg of my brigade to give quarter; but offer ten guineas to any man who can catch either Don Carlos, or any of his chief people. I myself could not think it a great sin to shoot such horrid detestable brutes; but as for the poor creatures who follow them, I would as soon think of shooting a flock of sheep.

Since we left Vittoria, every thing has been better. The bread, wine, meat excellent, and the people here particularly inclined to be civil. I have capital quarters at this place. St. Sebastian is a very nice town, Most of the inhabitants from fear had gone to France; but as a steamer plies between this and Socoa four times a week, all the best families are returning. The enemy on the land side have their lines so close to us that no one dares go out; our horses have therefore no exercise. What the enemy mean I cannot comprehend, as the moment all the Legion is arrived, we must and can walk out. The amusement here after dinner, is to go on the ramparts, and look at our artillery practising. It is a very interesting sight, and I am not astonished that Don Miguel had so much pleasure for so many months, in seeing the balls and shells taking effect on us, and the houses of Oporto; it really is very amusing, because our artillery is so bad.

You may tell ——— ———, the day before quitting Vittoria about his protegé, Hartfell (alias Thomson). Curious enough, I had taken an interest in this boy, and had two or three times, before I knew who he was, kept him out of harm's way. I attached him to a medical man to assist, and brought him down with me. He is now here, and I will take the first opportunity to send him home; but as every one to whom I gave money in Portugal cheated and turned round upon me, I am not going to expose myself to the same treatment in Spain.

George gives me a hit about my vague letters on business. I know he is quite right; but at present I cannot help it. I live in a world of my own, and have long chats, and laughs with myself.

I see a lot of boats from the French coast in the distance, and have sent down to see what is going on. My poor servant Mawson, who has been with me so long, is nearly dead. We never have had more than a few words, for the last four years; but we are great friends, that is to say, we have a mutual dependance on each other, and no one else. I have got up a dozen times, to know what all the firing is about, and it seems the Spanish artillery are like the Miguelites; they amuse themselves with half an hour's shooting after dinner: only here, they have not so much opportunity to do mischief.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XXXIX.

San Sebastian, 3rd May, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE just returned from the General's house, where all the big wigs were assembled (including the officers of the Spanish marine); and I am delighted that the General has been so determined as to follow his own opinion, in not attempting to cross the Urimea; as our loss in such an affair would have been dreadful. But there is such an impatience shown by many of the officers, that, "nolens volens," I think he will be forced into a fight, even before he gets his whole Legion assembled. As I cannot go to bed to night, I shall keep myself awake by endeavouring to give you a description of San Sebastian and the enemy's lines in front of us; and, although it is past midnight, by going to my window some parts are visible, from the flames of the splendid and immense convent of St. Francisco, to which the enemy have set fire. Although I have been a marine, and should be able to describe ground by the points of the compass, I feel at a loss; therefore you must try and place yourself at my side. In coming by sea from Santander, when you have passed Sañtona some distance, you discover a high tower situated on the point of a bluff promontory; and approaching nearer, about a mile to the left, you see a bold high rock, crowned with a turreted old castle. When you get between the first discovered high tower, which is the light house, and the old castle, which is the citadel of San Sebastian, you enter a bay, in the centre of which you find the Island of St. Clara. Passing between this and the citadel, you make a slight turning to your left, and, within a few hundred yards you discover, situated at the bottom of the citadel, the town of San Sebastian.

After landing I ascended the citadel, the walls of which still retain the marks of the celebrated siege. From this height there is to be seen one of the most magnificent views in the universe; but the enemy's lines and positions being my principal object, I shall try to describe them to you. Placing your back towards the sea and looking straight forward towards the country, you trace the royal road to Hernani, passing through the glacis of the town, until it reaches the convent of St. Bartholomew. There it turns to the right, winding up the heights until it reaches the houses of Ayete about a mile and a half from the town, whence it proceeds through a sort of table land, until it disappears between the

Venta Hill and the heights of St. Barbara about three miles from Ayete. In looking to the left, you see the remains of the broken bridge over the Urimea, and a road conducting to the convent of St. Francisco, which, making a turn to the left, shows itself behind the sand hills, from which the Portuguese, during the memorable siege, moved to the assault by fording the river. This road passes between some houses about a mile from St. Sebastian, and is hidden from view by the high mountain upon which the British artillery were placed to act against the citadel. The mountain also shuts out Passages from the foreground, but still you can discover the village of Alza, and further on, the heights about Oyarzun. The river Urimea is seen winding close in upon the hill of Puyu, which is about a gun shot to the left of Ayete. Here the Urimea takes a sudden turn to the left, to the bottom of the hill of Ametzagana, having the village of Loyola on the left bank. You see it afterwards diverging to the right, watering, or flowing through the village of Astigarraga. The river is lost to the view at a point where you discover about fifty yards of the high road from Hernani to Irun. On all those points were to be discovered parties of the enemy, but they were in greatest force where they had cut the road in the village of Ayete.

I had now the bird's eye view, and descended to the glacis to examine more narrowly the lines which they had thrown up for blockading the city. No sooner had I left the gates than I was saluted with a distant musket shot from the heights on the other side of the river towards St. Francisco, and from those on the rear and right of St. Bartholomew, and from a barricade on the Hernani road towards the left of this convent.

If your imagination can carry you along with me, you perceive hills in the shape of three immense hogs lying nearly parallel, with the hind quarters of the first and second, resting on the Urimea river. On the snout of the former is placed the convent of Antigua, loop-holed and barricaded in the most efficient manner, touching the extremity of the bay of St. Sebastian. The first hill (or hog if it explains the thing better) has his side towards the town cut with parallel lines, and the highest point of his back covered with houses barricaded in every imaginable manner. Behind this first hog lies the other of rather a smaller size, but not reclining so much, his snout touching a marsh in the rear of the convent of Antigua, all parts of his body fortified in a manner similar to the first. Then comes the third and largest hog, which lies nearly parallel with the other two, but the hind quarters, on which is placed the fort of Lugaris, are in a deep impassable marsh in the rear of Antigua. The whole of this monster's head, body, and hind quarters are covered with strong and most scientific lines fortified according to all the rules of war. On the side of the bay, to the right, opposite to where we are standing, is the steep hill, on which the light house is situated, the roads to this part of the country being all blocked up. Now hoping this will explain how completely we are shut in here, it is right to say, I foresee from what has occurred within these few days that an experiment is to be made to ascertain whether or not the Legion can fight.

As the lines are very strong I did not think an idea would be entertained of attacking them, and that some plan might be thought of for the purpose of turning them. But it was recollected that the Portuguese, under the gallant Snodgrass (an old 52nd officer), had forded the river Urimea, to attack one of the strongest fortifications; and therefore why should we not cross the river at his ford, to attack some sand hills under cover of our own artillery, and only defended by a few infantry? This appears at first very feasible; it was, however, forgotten that twenty-three years had elapsed since this siege, and that at all bar rivers, the fords are continually changing their positions, and at this season, on account of the melting of the snow, the river was not only more deep, but the current so strong, that men could not stand up against it. The anxiety, however, to do something was so great, that, to tell you the truth, I almost feared the columns might have been ordered to march into the supposed fords, before having proved them. A large party went from the General's about eleven at night, when the tide was favourable, to judge if it was possible to pass the ford at the bottom of the river, or the Portuguese ford. Both fords, I believe, were found impracticable. While they were there, I thought it was as well to examine those at the bridge, which were found in the same state. When returning to town, I met Colonel Cotoner, the Commandant of the Chapelgoris, and Captain Escudero, both aides-de-camp of General Evans, who had been at the lower fords. Cotoner is a very brave, good, and prudent officer. He was much excited, and begged me to go with him to the river, as he said he felt convinced, unless something was done to prove its unfordable state in all points, that half the Legion would be drowned. He had a a famous guide, and down he went within thirty yards of the enemy's sentry. He called on Escudero and myself to follow him, which I most unwillingly did, expecting every moment to be shot. He went after the guide into the ford; but before they had gone three yards both were up to their necks, and nearly carried away. We went immediately to the General, where I found officers commanding regiments, as if assembled to receive orders to cross; but the report of Cotoner put an end to the Council, and to the intention of fording. This anxiety to fight is so great, that I fear, as we cannot cross, we shall attack the lines before the whole Legion is here.

May 4, *four o'clock.*—Well, it seems almost certain that we shall attack the lines. Why not wait until more troops come, and until we may have the use of steam-boat guns against the Antigua Convent? I am just come down from the top of the citadel, where all have assembled, planning and discussing the best manner of attack. The General himself, I clearly see, is of opinion that we should not attack till the whole of the Legion shall have arrived. I hope he will adhere to his own opinion. The French Consul, who is a great sportsman, and who knows the *locale*, has been explaining to me the nature of the ground, which, he says, is almost impassable without a few days' dry weather. I backed the General's opinion as to delay, as much as I could prudently do among officers, not one of whom knows me. I do not think some are aware of the danger of attacking such lines with men who have never seen a shot fired. But I now finish, in the hope that General Evans will decide for himself, and that we shall wait for more troops. This letter goes by one of the Socoa boats.

Your affectionate Brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XL.

San Sebastian, 4 May, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

WE go out to-morrow morning; I think very unnecessarily. However, as I expected, I have got what I think the post of honour, which in all probability will finish me. If so, I trust implicitly to your fulfilling all that you may think my wishes; and, to prevent mistakes, I enclose you a letter certified before this attack was thought of. I am tired of every thing, except the love that, living or dying, I shall always retain for those who are, and have been, so dear to me.

Your ever affectionate Brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

Half-past twelve at night. Go out
at two in the morning.

LETTER LXI.

San Sebastian, 2 o'clock, May 6, 1836.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THE steamer is detained, so I write to you once more. I and my brigade are so fatigued and cut up, that we have been allowed to return here for the night. We had a terrible morning's work of it; the brigade, having lost, in killed and wounded, about 400 men, and 27 officers: others not so much. How I escaped, I know not; kind Providence was my protector. My watch is smashed, the ball having cut through cloak, coat, trousers, drawers, and shirt, and only bruised me. A spent ball hit me on the chest, and my gaiter was cut across by another. We had dreadful lines to force; very steep, vomiting fire; and the clay up to our ancles made us so slow, that they picked as they chose. The enemy not only behaved well behind their lines, but charged out, and twice or thrice put us for a moment in confusion. Alcock is slightly wounded; Mitchell will lose his leg; Mackie and Hogg wounded badly; Hamilton escaped; Swan and his two majors are badly wounded. The officers had dreadful work. I gave orders to very many of different brigades, and almost all fell killed or wounded; but the enemy will not resist us again so boldly. I am very fatigued and excited, and could cry.

I have re-opened this letter. I do not know what the General will say of me; but, both during the action, and after it, he was more than just. Do not let your kindness speak of me, except among yourselves, as I do not wish it. Godfrey behaved as my friend, and all the Portuguese recommended by me behaved like heroes; but many are hit. Well, I am glad that you are not to be annoyed at present with the news of my death; and I am most heartily glad that I can say I am as I have been, and ever shall be, with love to all,

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES SHAW.

I do not think we shall have much severe fighting for some little time.

LETTER XLII.

St. Sebastian, 9 May, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

THE last letters which I have sent to you, were written under such a state of excitement, that I hardly know what I have said to you. I think I referred to the impatience shewn by many for a fight, and stated that we almost got ourselves into a scrape by determining to ford the river, before we had well examined whether such a step were practicable; that, finding the fords impassable, we went to the top of the citadel, there to discuss the propriety of attacking the enemy's lines, or of attempting to turn them, before the arrival of the remainder of the Legion. The discussion, with regard to the attack, was very warm. I certainly saw no necessity for this hurry, and I am positive the General was of my opinion. You know I command the three Irish regiments: the 7th is commanded by Colonel Swan, the 9th by Colonel Fitzgerald, and the 10th by Colonel O'Connell. The two latter officers were on the citadel while this discussion was going on. I suppose I must have shewn by my countenance that I was very much against the attack, and that some remark might have been made, which I did not like, so I instantly called Colonel Fitzgerald, and pointed out the houses which he was to take with his regiment; and then called O'Connell, and shewing him a fine green field on the other side of the enemy's lines, said, "O'Connell, you will bivouack the 10th there to-morrow-night." Thus I was now one of the keenest for the attack. MacDougall shewed me the plan and order of attack, which I send to you. When I received it I feared that this plan could not easily be carried into execution, except in as far as the first line was concerned, owing to the great steepness of the hills. Besides, the enemy had cut up the fields with ditches and parapets. But now for the fight. As it may interest you and others at home, I shall try to give you a description of what I myself saw, and thus perhaps you may get into the secret of a real fight. I shall tell you of repulses and retreats; yet, withal, I have the greatest respect for the bravery of men, who though repulsed have the hardihood again to return to the attack.

The Chapelgoris, and the regiment of Segovia, were put under my command. The orders for attack which I gave were—the troops to be formed at half-past two as an advanced guard; 1st Company Chapelgoris; Light Company 9th Regiment; Light Company 7th Regiment; Rifle Company 10th; Regiment of Chapelgoris; then 9th, 7th, 10th Regiments in Sections. The Light Company, 7th Regiment, to carry axes and pickaxes; Light Company, 9th Regiment, to carry ladders.

My Spanish pony was at my quarters at two o'clock in the morning; and, mounting, I found the streets full of the men falling in quietly. It was drizzling rain, which I thought a bad sign, from the slippery state the fields would be in. Calling the officers of each regiment of the brigade to me, I gave them instructions to be particularly cool and quiet in action, requesting officers commanding companies to give their words of command in a steady, loud, determined voice, and directing the subalterns not to repeat the words of command, but to see these orders quietly executed, stating that I considered nothing was so apt to confuse young soldiers as the hearing numerous orders repeated in succession. I expressed a hope that the prisoners would be well treated, as I felt convinced that it would tell much more to our honour in England. The brigade then left the town, and formed in close column of sections on the high road, with the leading regiment the 9th, having its front section resting on the St. Bartholomew Convent. Going from the head to the rear of the brigade, I begged the men to be very quick, and to close well up to each other, to be particularly silent, and to attend solely to the commands of their officers, to fire as little as possible, and never on any account, without seeing the eyes of the enemy; recommending the bayonet as the most useful weapon, but telling them I knew, that kind-hearted Irishmen would not kill their prisoners unless they resisted, "and then (said I) there is no help for it." The advanced guard now consisted of a company of Chapelgoris, the three Light Companies, the 9th under Captain Cotter,* whom I knew to be a gallant officer at Oporto, the 7th under my young friend Hamilton, who was always with me in Portugal, as brave a young fellow as ever lived, and the 10th, under Captain Connor, a smart officer. I will venture to say that the whole British service might be gone over, and not three Companies could be found superior in appearance and drill to this advanced guard of my brigade.

The Light Brigade, under General Reid, was on the left. The order was given to move forward about a quarter of an hour before the day broke. Most unluckily for me my advanced guard got orders from some one to follow the Light Brigade. We marched up the high road until we came on the enemy's barrier, who, after giving a few shots, retreated. I immediately ordered my old friend, Captain Mackie, who was so useful to me at Lordello, to take his Grenadier Company, and level this barricade. He was most active in doing so, while the musket-shots were beginning to fly. The Light Brigade to the left had now begun to cheer, and some of their wounded were beginning to run to the rear, thus passing my brigade, which were halted for a moment. Seeing wounded passing to the rear is always trying for young soldiers, but much more so when halted. One of the Westminster Grenadiers, who had lost his two fingers, was passing the barricade. He was covered with blood. He was on the side of the road which overhangs a precipice about forty feet deep. He was telling the men they were led up to be slaughtered,—in short, shaking their courage. I ran up to him, caught him by the throat, and had him so placed that a slight shove would have sent him to eternity. I then whispered in his ear, "You coward, if you speak another word you are a dead man." This had the desired effect, and the barricade being now tolerably level, we moved forward. Leaving the high road to our left, I descended a steep slippery hill with the 9th, and getting to the bottom, had to ascend one still steeper. Seeing a few furze-bushes, which in some measure screened the 9th from sight of the enemy, they crept up in this way, under cover, followed by the 7th and 10th in succession. The head of the 9th, led by Colonel Fitzgerald, entered boldly, and took possession of the houses and some narrow lanes. Here I felt the want of my advanced guard very much; however, the 9th were formed for another charge, down and up the same sort of hills, crowned with houses and long lines of loop-holes made with turf dikes protected by deep ditches.

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* Lieut.-Col. Cotter killed on the 16th March at Hernani.

The men reached the top of the hill with a view to descend, but such a murderous fire was opened upon us from all sides, the moment we showed ourselves, that about 50 were killed or wounded at once; and, in spite of the exertions of the officers, the men retreated to the shelter of the houses and lanes close behind them. It is very difficult to get men to stand, when shelter is close in their rear. Here the fire of round shot, grape, and musketry was very hot, and the scene of confusion from so many officers being knocked down baffles all description. Not hearing the Light Brigade making any progress on the left, and having the right secured by the Brigade of Chichester, I resolved to get through one of the lanes leading to the high road on our left, where I thought the Light Brigade ought to have been by this time. The enemy had thrown up two barricades in this lane; taking with me about fifty of the 9th, with Captains Street and Thompson, the former of whom I had known to have been a smart officer at Oporto, and the latter was quite to my taste, from being so quiet and anxious to lend assistance wherever necessary. We climbed over the two barricades until we came to the third barricade at the high road. I ordered Street, with some men to get over and I should follow. He did so, but soon however, saw the impossibility of remaining where he was. I was glad to see him clambering back again, although he left some of his men there killed and wounded.

We were now in the lane, busy pulling down the barricades, and re-forming the 9th for making another charge. I ordered them to follow Colonel Fitzgerald; but just as they seemed inclined to follow, I got that blow on the watch which made me stagger and lean against the wall.

By this time, ten of the 9th officers were knocked down, but still I ordered Fitzgerald to charge. On he went, followed by young Thompson; but the fire was so hot the moment the men showed themselves that they could not face it. I went to the 7th, who were formed behind the houses where we first entered; I made them a bit of a speech, and ordered two companies to advance to the ground which the 9th could not hold. They went on nobly, and were advancing, but seeing the enemy close at at hand, they naturally, but unfortunately, halted to fire. This gave the enemy time to throw a volley into them. My old friend Warner dropped dead, and four officers and about sixty men were killed or wounded. Perceiving it useless to persevere, I allowed them to come back to shelter. It was now daylight, with a nasty drizzling rain; to the right of this ground, I saw a row or hedge of dark green holly, leading from the top to the bottom of the hill which it was necessary to descend. The 7th was the only regiment which wore white trousers. The idea entered my mind that I should send two companies, under Major Beckham, to the holly hedge, where they would be so well seen, the whole fire of the enemy would be directed against them and forget this difficult point; I ordered them to the spot; they went on famously descending, but were most terribly peppered.

At the very moment they began to descend, a very fine gallant fellow, Captain Mould, of the 10th, came up with his company, and I said, "Now, my good fellow, cross the valley in extended order, and take the house on the opposite side, where I hope to find you in a few minutes." He moved his men as if on parade, and went down the hill; the enemy, paying no attention to him, were busily employed in firing at the two companies of the 7th with white trousers. I instantly collected a few of the 7th and 9th, and at this moment General Evans and all his Staff came up on foot (bear in mind we were up to our ancles in clay). He called something to me; but this was not a moment to be lost. Now was the time to get down the hill over the spot covered with the dead of the 9th and 7th; and with cocked hat in hand, huzzaing, a party of the 7th and 9th advanced. When half way down I slipped, and had a bad fall; but the fire was so hot on this spot, I soon got up and began to ascend the hill to the house where I had sent Mould. He was a very handsome gentleman-like lad; and here, within ten yards of the house, I found him alone, lying weltering in his blood. The brave fellow recognised me, though his eyes were glazed, and said,—"Colonel Shaw, will you give me a glass of water." I said,--"Oh, certainly; get one instantly." But as it was over with him, I did not stop, nor dared I stop, as the house I must have, at all sacrifices. I there formed, with the assistance of Colonel Swan, about fifty of the 7th and 9th under shelter. Major Mitchell, of the 8th, to the right, now saw us. He came running to me. I asked him if he had any of the 8th. "Yes; about 120." 'Bring them here." He brought them up famously. We there formed them; and I said to the Scotch that, as they were not in my brigade, the Irish must have the honour of charging first, but that I knew they would support them. This they agreed to. I said, "Now, Colonel Swan, you lead off the charge with the 7th and 9th." "Yes, Sir." This was an ugly spot, and the men were taking time; I got impatient.

Their former peppering had sickened them a little; they did not quite like to move. Swan did his best. At last he led ——— nearly alone, and dropped instantly from a bad shot in his thigh. I then said, "Now, 8th, I can speak to you as a Scotchman. I know you will follow your officers, Majors Mitchell and Hogg." "That we will." "Now; fix bayonets." They led up the lane famously for some distance; but the fire which opened on them at forty yards was most horrible. They left about eight or ten in the lane, four officers wounded; and I called to Mitchell, who still remained there with six men, to retire. In doing so, they went past the house; so, finding myself alone at the dear-bought house, and five of the enemy coming down, I took to my heels, followed close by them; but towards the right, not to the rear. Here I found the 1st Regiment and the 10th, formed with four companies of the 9th, and a few of the 7th, in a good strong house, taken most gallantly by my old Portugal friend, Boyd, of the 10th regiment. I sent up a party to secure the house from which I had run away; and now having a footing on the second ridge in advance, our whole attention was turned to get to the third ridge, on which were their two batteries, and their last strong hold. Chichester's brigade and mine were now jumbled together, (neither of us knowing what had become of the Light Brigade,) but as mine had had the greatest mauling, I pointed out a place on the other side of the valley, (much more deep and extensive than the others, and separated by a marsh,) where a few men could shelter themselves from the fire of the lines and batteries. Chichester sent a few of his men to that point, and I ordered all my scattered 7th and 9th to the same spot. They had great difficulty in getting there, but I saw it was a famous place. General Mac Dougall here came up, and asked me, if there was no possibility of getting there by another road. At this moment, a nice brave young fellow, Captain Scarman, of the 1st, coming up, I said, "I don't know; but here is a young fellow who can and will do any thing I order him; I know him of old, in Portugal; won't you, Scarman?" He said, "Yes." "Now, come with me." From the window of the house I shewed him a road, and told him all the others could not stand the fire, but went by the road to the right, while I wished them to take the path to the left. He said, "I will do it." While watching him ascending by the path I had pointed out, I saw that brave fellow, Chichester, organizing a charge, although with very few men. I saw Colonel Ellis and his Aid-de-camp Captain Knight, boldly leading; but what I expected occurred. The enemy seeing how few their numbers were, fixed bayonets, and down they came in a splendid manner, at a most rapid pace upon him and his party, bayoneting every one they could come up to, poor Knight being one of the first who fell. A Lieutenant Connor, of the 9th Regiment, the most extraordinary leaper, and perhaps most active man in Europe, had a very strange encounter with three of them, but he escaped, leaving his forage-cap and sword in their possession. It was frightful to see the cruel manner with which the enemy drove their bayonets into the poor wounded, and the coolness with which they plundered the dead, and stripped them, (although under a heavy fire,) was still more horrid.

This charge of the enemy drove us into decided confusion; in fact, for a moment I thought the day was lost; I hurried down to the 3d line and through the marsh, to assist and stop the fugitives. This was not difficult, but to get them to advance was not so easy; I do not wonder at this, as the men's physical strength was now exhausted from fighting in the deep clayey soil. Here were the two militia regiments of Segovia and Jaen formed as a sort of reserve with some national guards. Some of our men were passing them to the rear. Addressing the Spaniards (who had not yet been in fire,) "Now my brave fellows! show the English what *valorosos soldados* the Spaniards are. *Avança, Vamos.*" They moved on to the front, and then I called out to our fellows, "Shame on you to allow Spaniards to get in front of you!" You would have laughed to have seen the effect this produced; all returned, and then we resumed our old position and formed for another attack. My old friend Wooldridge was this day attached to the Adjutant General's department, but I know not how or why; wherever there was difficulty, there did I see him close to me, and I am sure there was not an officer or soldier that did not witness his exertions and those of my friends, Brigade Major Neale, and my Aid-de-camp, Captain Meade. I cannot tell you how proud I felt of these three. The cool and self-possessed bravery of the Portuguese officers was remarked by all. Do not suppose I detract from others: by no means, as there were numerous instances of chivalrous bravery among all; but I wish to make a distinction between that and the cool prudent bravery which is only acquired by an old soldier. Here the experience of MacDougall was conspicuous; he gave directions for two bodies to be formed, one in front of the left of the enemy's battery, and the other in front of its right. I had the formation of the one on the right; and here I found a number of the first regiment, some of whom had served with me in Portugal. They had suffered most from the charge of the Carlists down the hill. After they were formed, I addressed them, and ordered them to charge up this road; they led off, but the first five who turned the corner in sight of the enemy were knocked down. This halted them, and they quietly told me it was absolute death to attempt this road; I crept up to the corner and an ugly nervous spot it was. The road was rough and rocky; and just round the angle was a pool of blood with two men lying dead in it. This blood had collected from the different dead and wounded on the upper part of the hill. I came and explained this to MacDougall, and it was agreed that the left column would charge the enemy and give three cheers, which was to be the signal for the right to advance. The left made the attempt; but their first effort was stopped by the leaders being knocked down. We then gathered a few of the 7th and 9th and took them to the right; and as they were not so well aware of the ticklish corner as the 1st, I placed them in front to lead the charge, and at this very moment who should come near to me, but Neale, who was known to all the men. When I pointed out the glory he would acquire, and to the men the brave manner in which he would lead them, you would have been delighted to see how the little fellow drew his sabre and placed himself at their head. I felt convinced the chances were that his career was about to finish; but just as he was on the move, I saw Major Thompson of the 1st, so I gladly withdrew Neale. We again tried the charge, but the men were now so completely exhausted, that it was necessary to give them sometime to refresh themselves.

You may imagine my surprise, I will almost say indignation, that after these many attempts, without his knowing the difficulty we had in taking the two first lines, to hear some one calling out in a loud voice; "Colonel Shaw, the Lieutenant-General orders you to charge that battery and take it." This was the Adjutant-General, who galloped off towards the Light Brigade hotly engaged on the left, and not even giving me an opportunity to make a remark. I muttered something to the effect, that he had better do it himself, as I could not; but if he would put "Salt on their tails" they perhaps might be taken. Being excited, I expressed my feelings strongly to MacDougall for a few moments; but recollecting this was the first real fight that he had ever seen, I forgot it; but I assure you it was very trying to the temper to have such an order delivered loud enough for all the men to hear. To this moment, all of us on the right were quite in ignorance as to what the Light Brigade were doing; we only heard the firing stationary at the same points. MacDougall and myself now sat down under cover from the enemy's fire; both of us requiring rest as much as any of the soldiers. Just at this moment appeared the Salamander and Phœnix steamers coming into the bay with the 4th and 8th regiments on board. I was much excited, and called out "Thank God! there, the old Portuguese Providence is come again!" meaning, as you well know, that I referred to Providence while in Portugal, always coming to assist us in our necessity. A few minutes after this, General Evans joined us, and I will not tell you how pleased I was with the cool, determined, sensible view he took of matters. He gave orders, that as the men were greatly exhausted, and now with very few officers, that they should remain quiet until the 4th and 8th were disembarked; and ordering these regiments close up to the battery by a road out of fire, and not letting them see the slaughter, be ready to charge up the battery fresh, supported by the others. In the course of an hour, the first of the 4th, with Colonel Harley at their head appeared. I knew the greater part of them, so joked with all; and when the 8th came up, it was a regular string of jokes, some of them passing the word to each other, and using my name very familiarly.

All this time, the Phœnix steamer was firing her tremendous gun, the shell and shot flying above our heads a few feet, but with great effect into the battery, and most luckily for us, made an opening. The enemy at this time were a good deal reinforced, and continued to fight like devils, as they did all day. Now every thing was arranged for the charge, which was led gallantly into the opening made by the Phœnix, by a Captain Allez of the 4th, and on this spot he fell, and Godfrey with the 8th clambering over the parapet. It was a beautiful sight, and it now became a regular hunt. On the other side of the battery the enemy made a halt; and, although the General came up with sixteen Lancers, they were not afraid; but as I knew it was best to keep them running, I again led down the hill arm in arm with two old Portuguese sergeants cheering; and just as the enemy started, I tripped and went head foremost into a muddy pool, and there ended my fight that day.

The fresh troops followed them about two miles on the Hernani road, and there halted. We had twelve officers killed and about 160 men; and seventy officers and 500 to 600 men wounded. The enemy's loss, besides their artillery, must have been nearly the same. They had during the whole day about 300 peasants with cars, bearing off the dead and wounded. Their famous regiment, the Chapelchuris (white caps), composed of old sportsmen, has been nearly destroyed. This accounts for the number of our officers hit. The lines they had thrown up were not only beautifully finished, but laid out with the greatest science and defended beautifully. Indeed, I go round them every day to get lessons. They are said to have been planned by a son of the Duke of Rochefoucault; at all events, a clever fellow.

I think I have told you many times that I should wait quietly until some great fight took place, to find out who were who. I always said the General would break out. It is the case; and depend upon it he will now do well. MacDougall is of great assistance to him. I was struck with the difference of people in action and on other occasions. An hour after the fight, the General came up to me, and

I congratulated him on being where he was. He, in the hearing of many, made me such complimentary speeches, that, even though I did my duty, I hardly thought he would have gone so far. My brigade slept on the ground we had taken; I, as commanding, having the best choice, that being the platform of one of the guns; but it was impossible to sleep from the excitement and the noise of the crackling timber of all the adjoining houses burning, which had been set on fire by the enemy. Luckily, the night was dry; but I was fatigued in body and mind, and sorrowful at having seen so many officers killed and wounded under my orders. My Portuguese officers did me the greatest credit; and sorry am I for Mould and Scarman, and that young MacNeil, whom you saw with Calder. Neale was of the utmost use. In short, I had nothing else for it, but in the middle of the night to go aside and have a very hearty weep by myself, and then all was right.

I went into town next morning, and called on the General. I found myself made a Brigadier-General (now it is worth accepting). As I was going away, he followed me to the passage, and in a kind warm-hearted manner took me by the hand, and said, "I hope you do not think the promotion every thing you deserve from me. Depend on it, I know the valuable services you performed, and rest assured it is impossible ever to forget how grateful I am and should be to you."

I was completely amazed; now that he is himself he is another man; but pray do not repeat these words of his to me, nor bring me before the public.

It is hardly fair to my dear mother and sisters; but as your wife is a new sister, if she would value the watch, which, if it did not save my life, saved a bad wound, I shall send it to her; it is needless to try to mend it; indeed, I should not wish it.

12th. On the 10th I received your letter of the 3d; so you see I was right as to my thinking we should have a fight. My own idea is, that the enemy, if again attacked by us, will not make such a stand; and as to attacking us in our positions here, it is quite out of the question. I read to the General your words about my being the officer of rank writing in the Courier. He was annoyed at my referring to it. Tell Colonel Hare that his friend Cruise was every where, so useful, so exposed, and still escaped. Send to Neale's friends to say he is well, and promoted. Alcock is walking about. Mitchell is so well to-day, I hope he will not lose his leg. Mackie has an ugly wound; but a worse made by an ignorant surgeon trying to extract one of the knobs of the spine instead of the ball! Swan is doing well. MacDonald is nearly well. Shields, a very bad wound in the arm. The men in hospital are very well looked after; and all the people are most humane and attentive. Taking all in all, the conduct of the Legion has been most excellent, both in the field and out of it. My brigade, the Irish, have lost a great many more than the others. We are great friends; and if I get another opportunity, I shall show the Londonderry set, that at all events we will not disgrace the country in fighting. I would rather fight with Carlists here, than be badgered with fights like

—— and —— at home. I understand I am to get the third order of San Fernando, which is a star; so let you all look out for stars and garters.

With me, it is in fighting as in other things; if my feelings are excited I forget all consequences, be they good or bad. Of course, as I can hear easily, let me hear often, and let me have papers if any thing is in them. I think I shall write a short note to Mendizabal, to ask his influence in Portugal now. I think I am entitled to do so.

I never have seen your second correspondence with Saldanha; and you seem never to have got my letter from Antesana near Vittoria, enclosing two letters for you to make choice of. I am sure of one thing, that Saldanha is a queer one. I cannot write any more, but to say with kindest love to all and every, &c.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLIII.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

San Sebastian, 19th May, 1836.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

HERE we are still, nor shall we be able to move until we have thrown up works to protect the town from insult in our absence. My own idea is, we shall cross the river towards Passages to-morrow or next day; and then laying down the sea-coast as a base, commence our operations. This town is terribly crowded with troops. We yesterday had 500

British Marines disembarked, and this day we shall have 1200 more Spaniards with General Jauregui (the famous El Pastor). I suppose, and I hope, we shall get the use of the British sailors in laying our bridge across the Urimea, as the Spanish sailors are badly officered. I hope we may not lose many in crossing, because I see a plan by which a crossing might be effected without getting a man scratched. In the field of battle, I look upon death and wounds as nothing; but to go round the hospitals about the seventh or ninth day after a fight is very trying; indeed, nearly overpowering. To see the poor wasted emaciated moaning creatures, who, a few days before, you had witnessed huzzaing, and ready to follow you to death, is heart-rending. Many of the wounds are very bad. Colonel Tupper, of the 6th, is dead; and a handsome fine young fellow, named Price, whose father came from London to introduce him to me at Glasgow. We shall lose a few others. I dare not think of my poor friend Mitchell. He received the ball in the knee-joint, below the cap, and it has been cut out below the back part of the knee. He suffers dreadfully, and I much fear he will sink. I keep up his spirits; but he told me yesterday, he could not bear up against it. Alcock is quite well, and so am I, although I was afraid for some days. Mac Donald (Clanranald) will be well in a few days. I hear there is some paper in town, giving a description of the fight, in which my name is mentioned; but whether with praise or dispraise I know not, nor care, as it is quite ridiculous what a fine fellow I am *now*. I must do the General the justice to say, that he shows publicly and on all occasions the feelings which I all along thought he had towards me; which I suppose were first instilled into his mind by Hodges; but what with want of cash and politics, he is sadly hampered. In his general order of thanks, I am much amused with the following sentence. "At this moment the standard of the enemy fell into the hands of the Westminster Grenadiers." All fair, as it is a fact; but we had turned the enemy's flank, and chased them away, five minutes before the pot-boilers had got to the standard,—a red flag denoting "quarter neither asked nor given."

This moment the Royal Tar has arrived, and brought me all your packages and letter of the 12th of May. She starts this night, and I grieve to say I must send home by her my most faithful servant, I should almost say friend, John Mawson, who must go on account of his health. I need not mention, take care of him. He is so honest, so economical, so hard-working, so quiet, that he is a treasure; he must be kept among us. I wish he may soon be well enough to come out to me again, or that I may go home. He can be intrusted with any thing; in short, he is a terrible loss to me.

I have had the 3d Class of San Fernando conferred on me, which gives me a second star, so that, if I do tumble, the ladies may wear them as ornaments. I see the Courier says, "I caused my friends a great fright." I meant to frighten my enemies, not my friends. Many thanks both to ——— and ——— for their consideration in letting you know I was well. By the bye, there is a Serjeant ———, who was promoted to be an officer, but who was broken, for being drunk and suspected of some other misdemeanour. He knows Patrick, and wishes to make a story; but do not be tormented with him. I suppose he was justly condemned, although the etiquette of condemnation was not gone through; but I had nothing to do with it. A few days before we marched from Vittoria, I wrote long letters to George and Hodges. I hope they got them, as they were awkward letters to go astray.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLVII.

San Sebastian, 19th May, 1836.

Brigadier-General Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

THIS will be delivered to you by my servant, John Mawson, who, I regret, must go home on account of his health. He has been to me, for the last five years, a most faithful and honest servant, and I really do not know how I shall get on without him. I hope he may soon be well enough to come to me again; but, at all events, do what you can to keep him among us, and let him have money to a reasonable extent, when he wishes it. You may depend on his honesty; and he understands horses very well indeed. I shall gladly defray any expense he puts you to; but see that he is well cared for.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLV.

San Sebastian, 22nd of May, 1836.

Brigadier-General Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

My dear George,

I enclose to you two bills; the sooner they are presented the better. Give a liberal discount to Carbonell if he will cash them. At all events run no risk for yourself. I leave all to your own prudence; but as to writing more, I cannot, as I have been administering comfort to poor Mitchell, who is quite sensible, and who knows he is to die this evening. Poor fellow,—he is a noble-minded person. He repeats always—"My poor mother and sisters." He is so anxious to have a clergyman; but there is none in the Legion, and I cannot get him one, but he dies happy. All this harasses me, besides other things. I do not think we shall move for three days. I shall write at length; but at present no time. I have got your letter of the 22nd of April. Kind love to mother and sisters, and to all. Mitchell was the only officer left who embarked with me on board the Edward, so I must look out; but feeling myself to be in the hands of Providence, I am contented.

Charles Shaw.

P. S. I have many things to harass me, none more than the dying scene of my poor gallant noble friend, Mitchell. We ought decidedly to have had a clergyman with us, as it is quite impossible that our style can be comfortable to a dying man. However, he appears happy and resigned, and giving directions as though he was preparing for a march.

23d. Poor Mitchell died this morning. You had better break it to his brother. I send a letter to his poor mother to your care.

LETTER XLVI.

San Sebastian, 26th May, 1836.

Brigadier-General Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

My dear George,

I yesterday morning got your short note, written from ———'s office, by the Salamander steamer; one from ———, dated the 17th, and one from Hodges, dated the 18th. By the last post, I enclosed to you two bills of exchange, and by the Royal Tar (the seconds), and likewise a letter to poor Mitchell's mother, addressed to your care; I buried him in the castle of San Sebastian in a romantic spot. His funeral was most respectably attended. I performed the funeral service, and a difficult task it was, as I felt deeply every word I read; but now all is past. ——— urges me very strongly home, indeed all of you do so; but would it be proper for me to indulge myself and give way to your wishes? I dare not allow myself to think of home, because I wish so much to be out of this business; but unless I am absolutely driven away and forced to quit, I think I should be forfeiting my character to leave, as I am in for it. I deem it my duty to go through with it, unless I think my honour may suffer. The affair is badly managed; but I do not see how it is possible I can avoid being in it. When an action is going on, I become so keen that I totally forget danger, and I see quite distinctly if there be any difficulty I shall be shoved into it; indeed I could not be quiet unless I was up to the neck in it. The General is getting the same sauce as I got in Portugal, and I assure you I have a fellow feeling for him; and I should almost be sorry to leave him. A great proportion of those for whom he has done most, are badgering him, or trying to go home. Some had no idea of fighting being such a serious business, and others are trying to find an excuse to avoid such another day as the 5th. The General has had one or two long conversations with me, but I avoid intimacy. This affair has brought me into more confidential communication with him. He spoke about my always refusing to dine with him. I took the opportunity of telling him, my reasons for doing so were, that I might hear at his table things I would rather not hear, and that I might get intimate with people who might not understand me. Besides, I thought I could do my duty better to him by keeping clear of all intimacies. There is justly a great cry against his replacing ——— in his old position, after quitting the Legion, and I believe getting his gratuity. This has been a most impolitic act on the part of the General. I mean nothing disrespectful to ———. It is the principle which I condemn; and what is of more consequence to the Legion, it is absolutely in the face of a General Order dated the 10th of May, which was acted upon in the case of ———, who on the 5th of May was lying very ill in the hospital at Santander. The Order is, "San Sebastian, 10th May. All officers who have been absent from the Legion on the 5th of May, without the express leave in writing of the Lieutenant-General, are superseded from that date; but without prejudice to any claim they may have for compensation according to the 8th Article. This is not to be understood as attaching blame to those officers; but it is meant as an act of justice to those who have been present in the performance of their duty, so nobly and arduously performed on that day. It is also deemed but just towards the government; considering the comparative temporary nature of the service; nor has any officer, who has had the ill luck to be absent from the Legion, with or without leave, on duty or not, to derive any advantage from this action, to the prejudice in the slightest degree of those who have been present."

My own opinion is, that this affair at Madrid will end in a general revolution. If there be any of their murderous scenes, I shall sheath my sword in sheer disgust. In the present state of matters, if I was the General, I should remain here and hold my ground, as there is no saying how the feeling may turn against foreigners. I have no doubt, but that Mendizabal will re-enter; if he does, I would give him a puzzler. You know the contract may be read as for one or two years; I believe the General wishes it for two years, but I suspect he means to say (and I hope on no account will he swerve from his determination) that he has been so badly treated as to money, that he is now to finish; he therefore calls upon government to fulfil their promises, and get transports to carry the Legion home. If he had done this when they broke their promises made to Mac Dougall at Madrid, all would have now been right.[*] From private letters from Madrid, I know the Legion are at present in great repute; and people of all parties, who fear a revolution, place great confidence in Evans. I suspect great efforts will be made to raise money; and from what I know, I should think there is no doubt of the bills being paid that I sent home. I hope they may.

I always forget to ask what is the nature of that affair you speak of. But this is more a subject of consideration for my friends than myself. I should wish them to recollect, that I am rather fond of soldiering, if properly conducted; but I have seen such shabbiness, and many other things in this world, that I am very nearly become a philosopher. Did I tell you that I had a congratulatory letter from Carbonell, saying, that he had thrown up the Portuguese Agency, on account of the untoward dismissal of his friends the Ministers, and making many offers the first opportunity? His friends are now in; so I shall give him a stave. The General has offered to forward my claims to ——, and ask as a personal favour to forward them to Lisbon. I shall try. I shall enclose to the General my account, with a short note, and a list of services. You do not mention ever having received the power of attorney, which I forwarded on the 6th, certified by the English Consul here. I have never seen Galignani with your letter in it; in short, I have now forgotten the matter, which I believe I should not.

If the affair you speak of succeeds, I think I should wait here. I have no doubt the General would apply to his friends at home, to get me leave to stay—if so, the compliment would be so great, that I frankly tell you, with all its risk, I should not refuse. I shall not volunteer; but if I do stay, it will be for the sake of the Legion, as I am much attached to many in it.

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[*] The exertions of General MacDougall, at Madrid, to have justice done to the Legion, were above all praise.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLVII.

San Sebastian, 2nd June, 1836.

Brigadier-General Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

AT this moment I am in a hubbub, and only write to tempt you, or some one, for a letter. I fear some horrid private hand; in short I am annoyed, as I hardly think you would all have been so silent unless some one has been very unwell. You must excuse me for all this; but whether from excitement, or I know not what, every time I lay down my head to sleep, it is as if it were to be the last night, and I drop off, thinking what you all must be doing.

I shall give an instance of how I pass one day, say the 25th, which is a history of all days to this moment. At one o'clock in the morning the breakfast is on the table; before two I am on the lines, seeing all the troops in proper order ready to receive any attack. My position here is on the high road near Ayete, until an hour after day-light. I then go to the high hill (Puyu) to our left, where I place myself with a glass, to find out where the enemy's picquets are placed, to watch their movements, and to attempt the calculation of their forces near Hernani. From this point I dispatch my Staff, with orders to the different regiments to make corresponding movements with those of the enemy. At nine we assemble on one spot, and there take a very hearty breakfast, and then go round our own lines to the right, to see that all is as it ought to be, and this makes it one o'clock. This requires a fresh horse; then I take up my position to see that there are no movements of the enemy towards the other side of the river (where the army is, with the exception of my brigade and two Spanish regiments); as you must know, I am intrusted with the command of the lines and defence of San Sebastian on this side. It is a most important and responsible command with such a small force. This brings me to four o'clock, when I must go again to my high hill to observe the enemy, for this is the hour for relieving their picquets. At six, I again go round the lines to place my own picquets for the night, and give orders for the morrow. About eight o'clock we get into town, where we, or rather I, eat a most hearty dinner, with a good allowance of wine, and see the table covered for breakfast, and get into bed before ten, to be up at half-past twelve. Many droppings asleep have of course taken place; but little for me, as the whole responsibility lies upon me. I have been thought to have been too much on the alert, but I knew the danger, and the result has justified me. I act the despot, and listen quietly to every thing, make up my own mind, and then I must be obeyed. I dare say the papers will tell you all that we have been doing, at least I suppose they must be correct as to dates; however, I shall try to give you an account of what I saw. About the 25th I was informed the river was to be crossed, and that I was to be left alone with the Light Brigade, (my Brigade now consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th, and Spaniards). It was suggested that the points opposite to the fords should be overwhelmed with our artillery. The tide served at half-past seven on the 28th, a beautiful morning, and a still more beautiful scene from my station on the high hill. The enemy, with all their watchfulness, are in some respects very stupid; as, although our artillery were put into position about half-past five, they did not fire at them, nor even take any steps to line their trenches for the defence of the fords, till six o'clock. When the artillery opened, they had only 300 men of the same regiment which worked us so on the 5th; and it was extraordinary with what obstinacy they stuck to their point, in spite of a very heavy firing of round shot, grape, and shell. But in half-an-hour they started, and in a few minutes afterwards our columns moved through the different fords exposed to no fire. On the 29th, the General coming to me, I complained very much how the defence of the lines had been managed, and the few troops left me. He said he could not help it, but I must do my best.

The attack, as I expected, not taking place, I set all hands at work before four o'clock. You and every one would have been astonished how our fellows changed the whole country. About five in the afternoon, the enemy came down on my right to cut off one of my picquets apparently; but I suspected to feel their way. Of this I was soon convinced; for, hurrying away to my left, I found Carlist officers poking farther towards that point than was necessary. My mind was made up to receive an attack on the next day; and on the 31st, at two o'clock in the morning, I had the 7th and 10th regiments all formed. At that moment, a sudden blaze took place on one of their heights, and in an instant my lines were run in upon with screams and firing, which at first forced my advanced post to retire. I galloped up, and halted them, and there I found my right nearly driven to the rear. My left held fast, but a column came down the high road at full tilt on my centre; not a moment was to be lost. I got the men quickly into position, broke the back of their attack, got my reserve placed properly, then went to the front, where there was a tremendous fire, the enemy having their drums and bugles in the rear of their columns, sounding the chargê, and I with my bugles sounding to fire and halt, and pointing out the places for the men to direct their fire. It was not day light. The firm resistance of the enemy made me most anxious. Just as the day was breaking, I ordered a charge to the spot on the right, where they had advanced; this was well done, but the enemy's centre and left stood fast. I now went to a height, a little in the rear, to direct movements, and get the artillery and cavalry ready to advance, as soon as the enemy showed they could not advance further. At this time Reid came up, whose face beamed with delight at the change which had been made in the works. He never interfered with me, in short, behaved most handsomely. Then came the General, who acted in the same manner, and in about half an hour I not only retook my own lost ground, but followed the enemy close into their own lines at the Oramendi Hill, destroyed their barricades; in short, the thing was done handsomely, with a tolerable loss to them, and very little to ourselves; so I suppose I have got, and shall get, great credit for this. I tell you the thing was well done by officers and men. Being prepared at such a moment, makes me proud. I consider it a feather in my cap to have been able, with two regiments at that hour, to withstand such an attack.

I suppose I have risen as much as the Spanish funds have; but I should have preferred a letter. This morning they again attempted to surprise me; but although they caused great confusion among us for a moment, and killed my best serjeant, they made nothing by their movement. They came so suddenly that I could not mount my horse, having my toe bruised in the confusion of firing. This took place at one in the morning, which may give you some idea of the enemy we have to deal with. They have been so little accustomed to have the same game played against themselves, that I am determined some morning to do them a dirty trick. After the action, I sent my compliments to the enemy to cease sentry firing, which they did instantly. I shall do my best to humanize this unnatural war.

(Signed) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LI.

San Sebastian, 15th June, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

My dear George,

The Royal Tar goes this afternoon, and it was my intention to have written a long letter; but from having had no sleep at night, and being busy this morning in a broiling sun, I fear it is impossible. I got all the letters and newspapers by the Royal Tar, the latter of which I have not had time to read. We have been going on just as usual, only that the repeated lickings we have given the Carlists have made them less bold. I keep always prepared for them. They have begun in all directions to intrench themselves, and are now busy with sending proclamations in Spanish and English, (one of which I enclose for your amusement,) trying to get the soldiers to desert.*

As this was one of the falling signs of Don Miguel, I hope it may be the same as to Don Carlos; a few of our fellows have gone over, but only to escape punishment for stealing, or when in a fit of drunkenness. I am astonished, however, how they remain so steady with no money, and such harassing duty. I have been a good deal with the General lately; but, as you may suppose, I keep clear of intimacy.

The General, a few evenings ago, showed me a document he was forwarding to Madrid; but of course you will not mention the contents, until it becomes public. It must either do or undo us. Let the General hold the ground he now assumes, and he must succeed. Prudent people will say he has gone too far; but I, who think I know all the items, approve entirely of the whole matter; perhaps it may be because I wish to see the Legion have an honourable retreat from this country. He tells them plainly, as the contract is for one or two years, and the year is now out, he must have all his Legion paid up, or he puts them under the protection of the British Government, and will serve no more; he finds great fault, in a manly manner, with Cordova quitting the army, and issuing a proclamation, saying his troops must have three weeks' repose, thus plainly telling the Carlists they had that time to attack the Legion. He also finds fault with Espartero, a junior officer to himself, being put in command of the whole army, without saying a word to him, and returns to them the Grand Cross of St. Ferdinand, because sent through that channel, and reminds them that the recommendation of his best officers has not been attended to. He expresses no gratitude to Mendizabal's Ministry, as they treated his Legion shamefully; in short, it is a clever determined letter, from which there is no flinching. The first effect upon the diplomatic people will be rage; but a little consideration will bring them to their senses, as all is truth without exaggeration. I, who am very prudent, approve of every word of it, indeed should be happy if my conversation might indirectly have had some hand in it. If the bills be not paid, it is my opinion the Legion officers will strike; and it is just as well to do it now as at another time.

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* See Appendix to Vol. I.

Private letters from Madrid mention, that the

Legion is the only force on which the Ministry have any dependance; and, what to me proves it is, that yesterday, a despatch arrived from Madrid, saying that £20,000 was on its way, without being asked for. This I confess I hardly can believe. If the army marches from Vittoria, and does its duty, I do not see how it is possible this war can last, as we have about 14,000 men here, the greatest proportion of whom feel convinced they shall conquer. If our military movements do not extend beyond a week (quite sufficient) success must attend us.

They say here, that Catalonia and Arragon have declared themselves independent under Mina. The orders given to the Carlists are to give no quarter to any one whatever. On the 6th, the enemy took seven English prisoners; they were taken to Hernani, and kept there in the square, when the Carlist General entering the place made a dreadful row at seeing them still alive, and had them shot before his eyes. Deserters tell us, that one volley was fired through the knees—another through the stomach—their heads being tied to a wall, all naked. I believe it; and in proof of my belief, feel inclined to tell my men not to spare one of them. This is all very bad.

Yesterday an Englishman, supposed to be of the Lancers, who was in Portugal, came to their advanced post, and had an interview with an officer of the 10th Regiment. He said he knew I commanded the lines—that I was a good soldier, but a d——d rascal. This is the man I saved in Portugal.

I am very glad indeed to hear there is a chance of Mawson's recovery. If Alexander wished to see gunshot wounds, he can see plenty here. If I get hit I should like to go home to get cured. I shall send home, by the Royal Tar, a small box, containing the remainder of my Portuguese regimental books, which would greatly assist in making out accounts, if disputed. The General forwarded my papers to ——, with a strong request that he would exert himself in my favour. I had a kind message from the —— of ——— through ——.

Do not fear for me; I can bear a great deal, as I care perhaps less for the opinion of the world than any one, when I feel convinced in my own mind I am right; so do not fear.

Until the army from Vittoria moves, we should not stir, and not even then, until we hear the sound of their artillery. It is said they are now at Salinas. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Meara, who came out again the other day, has volunteered to be an honorary Aid-de-Camp to me; a compliment certainly; and he is a most capital companion and always ready for duty. I am afraid I do not keep a good table, which tells very much against a man; but I cannot help it, as I always forget, and I can eat anything, and am not very nice about the cleanliness. In short, I think I am a very queer-looking General, although I can turn out very smart when I choose. I get on famously with the men, as I take the same work they do; and when I pass, about one o'clock every morning, I hear many "Success to ye auld General!" and "More power to your Honour." The Irish are more easily managed than the Scotch. Many of the officers are knocked up from fatigue; but some have discounted their bills, and are living well. Tell my mother she need not send me the Soldier's Prayer Book, as no one can make prayers for me. A daily expectation of death finds better words than any one could give; and, as to the "soldier's funeral," it will not do for real soldiers. The Psalms are quite sufficient for me; but if Don Carlos thinks I shall treat him as Samuel or David treated Saul, he probably will be mistaken.

The life I lead is of too serious a sort to bear sentiment. In short, it is the only subject on which I am rather touchy. I have no one to whom I can open my mind; I therefore think and act entirely for myself. I shall one of these days write to —— and ——; tell the latter I shall do what I can about his recruiting expenses, which are justly due to him.

(Signed) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER XLIX.

San Sebastian, July 3rd, 1836.

Brigadier-General Shaw to T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I GOT your, my mother's, and ——'s joint letter of the 21st of June, but did not answer it at the moment, because I had nothing particular to say, and also, because the weather was oppressively hot. I answered your disagreeable letter before. My mother may rest satisfied, that business will not annoy me, nor interfere with my duty; and as to my feelings being hurt by any thing which can be said of the Legion, or of myself in the John Bull, or any newspaper, such things never disturb me; indeed, I like to see what people can say, as I take an amusement in seeing how this blessed world twists the truth. I told ——— what you said about the Spanish supporters in London being such humbugs. Are you quite sure you are right? I really believe you are; but I am a little amused by the determined manner in which ——— and ——— are resolved to floor this Spanish affair. As to me I am in it, and must go through with it I fear; but I cannot see those grounds for despair, because, with a very little combination, and determined conduct, the party of the Queen must succeed. It only wants this, to finish the business. As to there being a tremendous revolution here, I have no doubt, but that would occur immediately, if the Spaniards did not smoke or sleep; but as they do both, and have paper cigars, and are allowed to take their sleep, do not look for exertion of any sort. Of course, there will be many a row, but for a steady, long continued effort, they have not sufficient perseverance. The Carlists seem to be an exception to this; but they have acquired this character, from the childish manner in which they have been attacked, and from the almost impregnable state of their positions. They are not so active as they ought to be, from the way the Queen's party lay themselves open. In short, I think it would be easy to beat both parties.

I think I said to you in my last, that Mackie would die. I knew the ball had hit his spine; he popped off, or rather slept off without the smallest suffering, and I saw him buried close to poor Mitchell.

I am arranging evidence as to Portugal, which I hope to send home the end of the week.

As to the effects of Mr. ———, he left them in charge of ———, at Santander, and I have little doubt that ———— sold and drank them, or at all events, that they were robbed in the general robbery of the stores. But when he died at Vittoria, I am confident he had not more than a couple of shirts and a cloak, which of course would be sold by his servant before he was five minutes dead. That is the regular tour of duty with the men, and a certain class of officers. They will attend the funeral if it is a fine day, and there is an opportunity of showing off in the uniform bought at the sale of some dead friend. I yesterday got your letter of the 25th of June. As to the paragraph, I do not care a farthing; only in so far that, if I in any way appear in the papers, it must of course prevent me from hearing those things I now hear, and should hear. Of course I trust to your prudence.

There are curious things going on at present, upon which hangs the fate of the Legion; and the Chief is placed in difficulty in a matter, which I think simple. A great many of the officers have got their promotions, their ribbons, and their fighting, so some wish to be off at the end of the year, getting their gratuity. I read it, that, unless on entering they fixed one year, they must serve two. There are great discussions about this, and the men hearing the conversation of officers take it up; and unless the thing is quickly and determinedly settled, I should not be surprised to see the whole Legion refuse to turn out when ordered, or when the enemy is at hand. But I cannot impress the reality of this danger upon the officers; such an idea they cannot comprehend. If there is money enough, no fear. A letter from Lisbon says, that ——, ——, —— have all quarrelled, so when ——'s fall out, &c. &c.

If Alexander can get a little time from duty at the Middlesex Hospital, he never could have a better opportunity of seeing his profession than here, there being upwards of 600 gun-shot wound cases; and as long as he does not quit the town, he is perfectly safe. I should think we must make a move before long; but I think Cordova a rank traitor, and have no confidence in any one. I shall do what I can to induce the General not to make a move until he is certain all the others are in co-operation with him, as I fear they mean false to the Legion. The men are in good health and in capital fighting order.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER L.

San Sebastian, 14th July, 1836.

Brigadier-General Shaw to T. G. Shaw.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I SIT down to attempt to give you true details of our affair of the 11th, as I am sure there will be many garbled accounts. In telling you every thing, of course I shall be obliged to mention myself often, but prudence and affection for me will prevent you either from bringing me forward, or from making it appear that I am pulling others down. The General has been in bad health for some time past; indeed, I thought he would have died this day. He has been dreadfully harassed by different matters, but especially by being left in the dark as to where Cordova is, or was to be; and at this moment he knows no more than you do. News arrived that the enemy was making a move into Asturias, having first beaten our army of reserve; and although our force is not more than sufficient to guard our extended lines, it was thought right to make a movement in an opposite direction, with the object of preventing their sending more troops towards Asturias; and likewise, if Cordova was any where, that the enemy must draw away some battalions from his front to oppose us.

I make a point of never asking the General what he intends; and I dare say he thinks that Reid, who is Quarter-Master-General, tells me every thing. This is not, and never has been, the case. On the evening of the 10th, he said to me, "You know what you are to do." I said, No, and then I found I was to lead the advance to Fontarabia, and that I was to keep the move secret. I told him that that was needless, as officers junior to me had spoken of it two days ago, but that, as it might do good, I would go and spread the report that we were going to Santander to assist the Asturians, and thus mystify all parties. I did so, and it had a good effect.

Early in the morning of the 10th, I was on horseback arranging the rations, and directing how the brigade was to pass at Passages. I came back about three: had time to dine, pack up, and return to Passages to see the brigade cross. About one o'clock in the morning of the 11th, I ascended a very precipitous path, where I found the Marines brigade formed in front of Lord John Hay's battery, consisting of the regiments of Chapelgoris, 6th, and the 10th. We were now on the mountain with a high peak domineering us, to which point General Reid sent the 10th regiment. You never saw a more beautiful morning, with the most splendid scenery below, the beautiful Bay of Passages inland to your right, and the sea to your left, covered with boats and steamers, and all the rocky precipices pointed with troops. It was just break of day, and in the deep dark valleys you saw the vivid flashes of the enemy firing at us as they were retiring. I had received orders from the General, that an officer of the Chapelgoris, who knew the country round Fontarabia, in whom I had all confidence, should be in front; so much so, that I should keep close to him with the brigade, trusting that I should have the next brigade to support me, even if I appeared to be running into danger. I was quite happy, and certain of success. I got the order to move forward, and marched, keeping the top of the ridge of hills, having the sea on my left; but I was obliged to send back to say I had no guide. Seeing from the top of the ridge a small body of the Carlists moving on the roads below, and our being a good deal a head of them, all pushing for Fontarabia, and knowing the enemy had a bridge to cross, I pushed on, determined to get first to this bridge. Most unfortunately, up came a staff officer to say, the column was to halt. This halt was a sad blunder. I pretended at first not to hear him, but quietly said, "Is the General in the field?" He said, "Yes;" and that he was close to me. Of course I did halt, but with a patrol went to the front, in order not to have conversation with any one. Here I had time to see the sad effects of this unnecessary halt. The enemy below were still pushing on and making up their lee-way, while we were gazing at them. An order now came to me to move on, but to halt and take a different position close above the town. I pushed on, but was so astonished to see the other brigades halt in position on the tops of inaccessible rocks, and not hurrying forward, which was our only chance. I halted as I was ordered; but could stand it no longer, and immediately, on my own responsibility, sent forward some companies of the Chapelgoris to occupy the bridge; but when they were half-way, the enemy, from the halt we had made, got on the bridge before them. At this moment, General Reid arrived at this position, and after examining the place said it was strongly fortified; from this point it had the appearance of being so. I then said, let us either attack it, or looking at it retire, having made our reconnoissance; but it was determined to wait to see what the gun-boats and steamers could do. It was clear to me that the water was so shallow they could not be of much benefit, and it turned out I was right.

At this time, it was most oppressively hot, and the general came up in great suffering, and absolutely exhausted. Meanwhile the enemy had passed over about 700 men, and placed them in a strong position, half-way between the town and the bridge, in a wood which surrounded a chateau, with many stone walls. I said, if he allowed me, I would attack the enemy with my brigade, and hurrying on catch some prisoners at the bridge; or if they went to the left, run into Fontarabia with them. He allowed me, and I gave the necessary orders, but expected confusion, as too many were giving not only opinions, but orders. I withdrew to the place from which I could see the men draw up, to move off to the attack. They rushed on famously; but just as they were carrying every thing before them, one of the columns was moved to the right towards the bridge, instead of the centre road, between the town and bridge, — thus our object was seen. I was furious; but at this moment a troop of Lancers coming up, I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel O'Meara, and the officer, (Captain Baker,) to make for the bridge, and charge to the other side, even if he lost half his men. Away I gallopped up the centre road, followed by two companies, and turned to my left towards the town. I got into a house within 150 yards of it, without receiving a shot, and there to my joy saw a new wall, not very strong, and not high. Not a soul was on the ramparts, all keeping in their houses and below to escape the large shot and shells of the Phœnix. I found the two companies in a state of excitement to escalade, but prudence stopped me. I sent again and again for more troops, as my own brigade was knocked up with their gallant charge, and having some in possession of the bridge, the others were dispersed. I forgot to mention that the Marines were formed as my support, and they must have been astonished at the gallant and careless way the Legion entered into fire and charged. Indeed they did famously; Ross commanding the 6th, and Beatson the 10th, being both wounded, and distinguishing themselves much.

The enemy now arrived, in force about 2,500, and formed along the banks of the river, pouring in a very heavy fire. This made me a little nervous; but as the tide was rising, I cared not, as the bridge was my only point to defend. When the tide was falling, however, I saw the full danger of my position. I sent twice to find the General, to say my position would be then untenable, and that we must take the town; and that I thought we might get plenty of ladders in the neighbouring houses to mount the walls; but he did not get my message, or perhaps thought the matter impossible; and to my grief I heard an order given for the removal of the two mountain guns to the houses close to the town. I immediately sent to say my men were exhausted, and out of ammunition, and that the best fresh regiment must be sent to guard the bridge, to be supported by my brigade. The Spanish Marines had landed; indeed Fontarabia was cut off, and I never doubted, but that some of the numerous regiments on the heights would be sent down. In short, I felt convinced that we had the place in our power. At this time the firing was very sharp towards the bridge, and I rode towards the heights to hurry the support. On my way, I met a Staff-officer leading the Marines. He wished me to take them down, but I told him he must go himself, as I must see the General. He took them so far, but handed them over to one of my Staff, and went up the hill. I came back to the bridge, and two companies of the Marines were placed to guard the right; and I sent to Major Owen, to beg he would relieve the 6th, who were most advanced. Some of the Marines were coming up wounded, the officers and men all much exhausted. Major Owen sent to me to say his men were so knocked up, he could not relieve the 6th. I then ordered the Chapelgoris to do it; but sent word to Major Owen that on the Marines I depended; yet, feeling ticklish, and not knowing exactly how far I was authorised to give them orders, I resolved to go up the hill, and see the General. When half up, I saw the enemy advancing, and huzzaing, and the tide falling. I ordered the 3rd Regiment to the bridge, and one company of Marines advanced with them. I was sure some disaster had occurred, and hurried down, when I met Major Owen retiring with the three companies who had been at the bridge. An officer of the Marines told me, General Evans had ordered them to retire. I made no remark, gallopped off to the bridge, and sent Meade to the two companies, to ask the officers not to move them for a little. He was just in time to request them not to move; but the enemy had seen the three companies retiring, and the two making ready to retire, and they came swarming upon us, forming in bodies to advance the moment the tide would allow them. I forgot to tell you, they had opened a harmless gun upon us from Irun, but this was now brought forward.

The bridge and town are about a mile distant; and how to get away without being attacked on both sides, and the enemy getting through the fords, puzzled me much. As soon as they saw us on the move, the enemy rushed on, most bravely yelling; but it had no effect;—they were met at every point,—the men behaving as well in their retreat, as their advance. I was quite pleased with all except a very few. The whole of the Legion on the top were looking on. The enemy ran like deer, but we did it well; and when I came up, the General was standing on the hill looking excessively ill, the very picture of death. He thanked me for the manner in which I brought the brigade away. I was exhausted and agitated, and said, I did my best. I suspect there will be a great noise about this fight, but I hope to be kept out of it. We formed on the top of the heights, and the enemy had even the hardihood to try to attack us. We remained there till dark, when we took up a position higher up towards Passages. A tremendous thick wet fog came on, and down we threw ourselves on the ground. At day-break we began to retire, the Light Brigade bringing up the rear. Never did I see a better retreat. The enemy did not come near us till we got close to Passages, and then only about thirty in number.

The men were at this time mad from exhaustion, thirst, and fatigue; so that lookers on might have expected a mutiny. I crossed towards this place, and when near it found the troops drawn out. It turned out that the old governor had beat the alarm, called all to arms, as the Legion was in full retreat, harassed, and cut up by the Carlists. I have reported the matter to the General, who, I hope, will make him suffer. I have been much pleased with the troops. 'The General was brought back in a steamer, seriously and dangerously ill;

he is now better. Poor fellow, I pity him, and really could hardly bring myself to quit him, as I fear he has not many true friends near him. In a service of this sort, every one looks after his own individual interest.

I hate ingratitude and humbug. I regret much to tell you that ——— and ——— have resigned; why, I know not. They were good officers, but had been too lucky. I am very sorry about ———. I saved him twice, and advised him strongly against resigning, and even said I should wash my hands of him if he did so. He was stubborn, and sent in his resignation, though Captain! I saw the poor fellow in the field all day, without uniform, close to me, but I took no notice of him, and I suspect he has no money; but it is his own doing, and I cannot, and will not move for him; I dare say he bitterly regrets it. His friends will be much annoyed. I did, not only what I could, but more than I ought for him, only because I think him a most honourable young fellow.

I intended this letter to have gone by the Glasgow steamer, but as her departure is uncertain, and as I think my mother may feel anxious, I send by post. The only brigade which suffered was mine, but I am glad to find I have paid them back more severely than I calculated. They have lost two commandants, killed, and 300 *hors de combat*.

I knew I had peppered them, but I did not think so highly. Calder is shot through the arm, but not badly. If you see O'Connel, tell him Lynch is dead, —to be buried to-morrow; in short, unless some change takes place we shall all be buried here. I think the General very ill,—he is confined to his bed. I fear we are really in a very bad way; at least, all reports are against us, and that is the reason why I intend to stick by our Commander. On account of the General's illness, I have not yet sent my letter to Mendizabal.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LI.

San Sebastian, 17th July, 1836.

DEAR GEORGE,

I DISPATCHED to you, three days ago, a long and hurried letter, written principally for the purpose of giving you a true, yet rough sketch of the affair at Fontarabia, in order that you might not be led away by the many garbled accounts which have been sent home. The style in which all the officers find fault, must produce a bad effect on the Legion. I told you in that letter, if I recollect properly, some of the egregious mistakes we committed; but you would laugh to see me in San Sebastian, defending fiercely the movements of which I disapproved in my communication to you.

We are in a pretty hubbub, of which I should not think so much, but that those who have not seen such things, suppose that we are all going to the dogs. I look at it as a storm which will blow over.

You will hear the 8th Regiment refused to march until they got their pay; and when this was offered them, they insisted they were entitled to go home at the end of their year, which finishes on the 8th or 9th of August. The 6th Regiment sing the same song, and both appear to be resolute; but my opinion is, that if the affair be tolerably managed, not more than 100 of both regiments would avail themselves of the liberty, even if granted. This disease will spread itself among the other regiments; indeed it has already reached the Lancers, who have got excellent men, and some capital officers, but unluckily they do not pull well together.

I think I have told you before that, though General Reid and I are very good friends, we have occasional differences of opinion (our style of soldiering having been so completely different;) but I assure you it was with heartfelt sorrow I saw his letter of recall from the Ordnance Office. He must be home by the 4th of August. His industry and assiduity here do an immensity of good.

Colonel Colquhoun, if he has not yet received his order of recall, will soon receive it. I shall look on his departure as a real calamity. General Evans is most seriously ill; indeed, judging from his looks, I should say he is in a dangerous way, and it is impossible he can be strong enough for out-door work, under this scorching sun, in less than a month; and even then, he would be liable to a relapse. I think I have discovered that my *friends* here are planning another attack on me; but I am up to their manœuvres, and shall be prepared for them. They have begun to spread the report, that I look to be at the head of the Legion. They think this report will cause the General and Chichester to have a disagreeable feeling towards me. I suspect the General formerly listened to slanders and insinuations against me; but surely now, after a certain experience of my character and views, he must be heedless of these reports. As to Chichester, he is a brave, gentlemanly, honourable fellow, and I am sure, from what he saw of me at the meeting with Brigadiers Evans and MacDougall, (when I refused the Brigadiership,) he would not believe me capable of lending myself to any dirty work. As for the thing itself, I do not care one farthing. I shall pursue my own straight course, doing every thing I think for the benefit of the Legion, whether my own interest is promoted or retarded thereby. God knows, being a General here is no enviable situation. Already have I risked much, by speaking to the General exactly as I thought it my duty to speak. Poor fellow! he is in a most puzzling situation; in every sort of difficulty; and so ill he can hardly hold up his head. I assure you I have great sympathy for him. I am inclined to think there are some who take advantage of his illness to worry him into a concession of their demands. While he is thus tormented with military matters, out comes a Mr. ——— by the Glasgow steamer. Who he is I do not know; but the Staff say that he comes from the Westminster constituency, to express how gratified they feel with the conduct of the General, that he may remain here as long as he pleases, but wishing him to propose some one to succeed Sir Francis Burdett.

Such are the reports here, how much truth there may be in them I know not, but, *entre nous*, I wish all our attention to be turned to the Carlists, and let the Westminster constituency either go to the d—l, or settle their own matters! What are they to us here? You would laugh if you heard the remarks made by the officers as to the operations at Fuentarabia. The reports sent about are most injurious; and yet no steps are taken to prevent them. I yesterday put an officer in arrest at the Commandant's quarters, for repeating and propagating reports injurious and false, and asked the General to order a court of inquiry—the result of which I neither know nor care. My only object was to make people think for a moment before they spoke thus, in the hearing of the soldiers. Now that we are in difficulties many are wishing to go home. All these things must end either in the speedy breaking-up of the Legion, or in its being completely re-modelled. To do this effectively, the General must set about the work at "one fell swoop"—not caring whether he pleases or displeases people, but only retaining those who are efficient. To court popularity in a force so constituted, is labour in vain. The only way in which respect can be attained, is by following a line of the most rigid justice and impartiality. I am very tired of the manner in which I see many things conducted; so much so, that I almost wish I had got wounded, to have an excuse for going home. But so many have been returning of late, from the increasing difficulties of our position, that any desire I have to see my friends is checked by, I hope, a proper sense of duty. Nay, if a good appointment were offered to me at this moment, I should positively decline it, until we got out of our present difficulties.

How is poor Mawson getting on? By Alexander's last accounts, I fear the poor fellow is dying. Well, —his miseries will be at an end. Regards to all.

Yours affectionately,

C. SHAW.

LETTER LII.

San Sebastian, July 21, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I WROTE to you after my return from Fuentarabia, and likewise by Brigadier-General Evans, who went home in the Glasgow. I have been a good deal disappointed, at not having heard from you by the two last posts; indeed, so much so, that I feel certain some steamer must arrive here in a few days.

I think I told you of Godfrey's regiment, the 8th, having refused to do duty about their pay, and that afterwards it was all arranged and going on smoothly; but Chichester, in making a speech to the 4th regiment, attacked the 8th in some manner, hinting that they were cowards. The 8th hear this, they crowd round Godfrey, and call on him to resent this language; he reports to the Lieutenant-General that the men will not serve under Chichester; the General tells me, I must take them. As I had no trouble with the Irish, I rather hung back, but of course did any thing for the good of the service: so they were sent to me. They received me, certainly, with great enthusiasm. It is an ugly business, and I fear the effects. All was going on tolerably well, only some little grumbling about their year being out, when Colonel Kinloch of the Lancers, authorised, as he says, by the Lieutenant-General, calls upon all those men of his regiment who wish to go home, to put down their names. About half do so, and he sends this document to the Lieutenant-General, who I am sorry to say received it. Thus the principle is in some measure allowed. Kinloch is sent to inspect the 2d regiment of Lancers at Vittoria, and Colonel Wakefield put in command of the 1st. All, with the exception of sixty, wish to serve; but these sixty are sent in here to be well quartered, while the rest of the Legion are in bivouack!

I look forward, I assure you, to the whole Legion being broken up. There has been mismanagement from beginning to end, and I wish I was honourably quit of it. But I am in for it, and shall go through—hoping to assist in preventing more evils.

The General is now placed in such a situation that he must throw away all his gentleness of feeling, and act upon what will be called by many, harsh princiciples. Recollect, my ambition, since we are in difficulty, is not to be classed among those who have returned home, and a certain party here, who wish, I think, to cause general confusion, so that the whole Legion may be sent home in the mass. Still, I should be glad to have an honourable opportunity of getting rid of the affair, as things are carried on quite contrary to what I consider right.

It is wished that the Legion may attack Hernani: we can do so, and take it, if a combined movement is made with other divisions; but otherwise I think we could not succeed, except with an immense loss; and then we should not be able to hold it. The only object that ever I could see in taking Hernani, was to cut off the supply of provisions from France; and that we could not prevent. It is folly to think of attacking Hernani now for that purpose, when the enemy have already gathered in their harvest, and, for the next six months at least, are independent of all outward supplies.

I am more and more convinced, that Cordova has played foul, and that the poor Legion will be shoved into some bloody action, so that the large balances due to the officers and men may be settled or delayed in that manner.

The General continues very ill indeed, and I do not think he will be fit for work for a month to come. He is terribly worried. You will hear of a letter the General had from Madrid, saying the contract is for two years, and not for one. I have been advising prompt and harsh measures; but although there is mercy in this, the General will not listen to it. I am made President of a court of inquiry, where I shall have a difficult part to act; but I do not care, I shall do my duty fearlessly. It would be a comfort to you, to have as many troubles as I have.

The General is rather better. I have been often interrupted; so conclude with begging kindest love to all, from

Your ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES SHAW.

In order that the reader may understand distinctly some of the following letters, it is necessary first, that I enter into a brief explanation of the circumstances out of which the letters I refer to, have arisen. On going to Spain, and while in that country, I gave the most positive injunctions, that on no account whatever should any newspaper be furnished with information as to what was going on there, either directly or indirectly, through me, or by means of my correspondence and communication with my family and friends. On the march from Vittoria, while I was at Miranda del Ebro, General Evans wrote to me, to say, he had received letters from England, stating "That an officer of rank in the Legion, had been furnishing the *Courier* newspaper with some very ill-natured remarks about it; but he felt convinced I was not the person." To this insinuation, I at the time did not deign to reply, but wrote to my brother in England stating the suspicions of General Evans. My brother discovered that the report regarding me had originated in Colonel Carbonell's office, and he instantly sent a message there, stating, that whoever said I was the author of the letters in question, stated what was false. I received a letter from my brother, informing me that he had done this, and then I went to General Evans, to show him the injustice he had done in suspecting me.

Does General Evans *now* know, who was the author of these articles, and *who* were the people who gave information to the newspapers? If he does not, I shall only express astonishment, as I do not wish to mix myself up with squabbles. But if he had looked to those who were in daily communication with him, perhaps he might have fixed on the true correspondents; indeed, since my return to England, I have obtained proofs of what I never suspected.

I take this opportunity of stating, that before the *Courier* of the 23d of July arrived, with the account of the affair of Fuentarabia, a friend called on me to beg of me not to go near General Evans, as he knew there was a plan going on for the purpose of destroying our good understanding; as it was thought by a certain party that I had too much influence with the General. I laughed at this warning. A few days after this, the *Courier* newspaper arrived, with an account of the affair at Fuentarabia, in which the name of "Shaw" is more conspicuous than that of "Evans."—I am voted to be the author of this article, and General Evans, in a very ungenerous manner, calls on me to disavow it! The first feeling I had on his asking this, was to resign on the spot. But knowing that this was the very thing desired by my "*friends*," I took temporizing measures, and wrote to the editor of *Courier*. If I had been in my usual good health, I am convinced I never should have contradicted a paragraph in a newspaper, the publication of which I had not authorized; nor should I have suspected (which I did for a few days) that my brother in England might be the author of the paragraph; which he was not.

Nevertheless, I look on the article in the *Courier* as one of the most fortunate circumstances which has ever occurred to me, as it brought to light a system of unfairness and jealousy, which sooner or later must have upset me, if I had remained with the Legion. The only pretext or excuse which General Evans had for behaving to me in such an ungenerous manner, was a belief, or suspicion, of my being a correspondent of the *Courier* newspaper. I now annex a letter from ——— the editor of that paper;—and I call the especial attention of the reader to the latter part of the said letter, by which it appears that the description of the Fuentarabia affair, as given by ———, cannot be considered by General Evans a very incorrect account, as, contrary to his usual practice, General Evans has never thought proper to publish his own despatch of that engagement.

I now resume the Correspondence with the letter in question.

LETTER LIII.

345, *Strand, February* 20, 1837.

———, Esq. to Brigadier-General Shaw,
10, Davies Street, Berkeley Square.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN reference to what passed between us the other day,* I have only to repeat to you my assurances, that you will at all times find me ready to refute in the most direct and unqualified terms, the rumour, which you tell me prevailed at St. Sebastian that while you were there or elsewhere in command of a brigade of the Auxiliary Legion, you had made to me communications, relative to military operations in Spain, which appeared in the Courier newspaper. Nothing can be further from the truth. I not only never received any letter or note of any kind from you during your absence in Spain, excepting always your letter of the 7th of August, 1836,* published in the Courier of the 17th: but I remember distinctly, that on one occasion, when I requested your brother Mr. Shaw of Woburn Place, whom I met in society, to let me know the correctness of some details, which were said to be contained in letters from you, written soon after the storming of the Carlist lines before St. Sebastian: he positively declined to comply with my request, in consequence of an injunction which he declared he had received from you, to take care that no information communicated by you should find its way to the public press. He obeyed that injunction literally so far as I was concerned. The article written by myself which appeared along with your letter in the Courier of the 17th of August, sufficiently explains how the account of the Fuentarabia affair was made out. I have never been able to bring myself to believe, that General Evans afforded any countenance to the rumour of your having, while under his command, made or authorized communications of what was going on, to be made to me. I am very greatly mistaken if General Evans was not constantly in the knowledge of the chief source from which the information published in the Courier, relative to the operations of the Legion, was derived.

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* The author expressing to Mr. ———, how deeply he felt hurt at General Evans still insisting that he was the correspondent of the Courier, Mr. ———, with his natural warm feeling, sent this letter.

Yours very truly, ———

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* Meaning the letter written at General Evans's instigation, and when I was very weak from previous severe illness.

LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. Shaw.

San Sebastian, August 6th, 1836.

My dear Mother,

This is my birth-day, and I am sure you have not only not forgotten it, but I believe you are at this moment thinking of me. I told you I got your letter, which had been opened by some one, and also that of the 27th of July. I do not know what I have been about lately, that makes you so afraid of my becoming a reprobate. If you saw the life that reprobates lead here, that itself would be quite enough without thinking of future consequences. I feel you mean all well towards me, yet moments will occur when the shoulders become overburdened. First, you know I am serving among a people for whom (with some valuable exceptions) I have little or no respect; every action of theirs is selfish, and they possess the clever but mischievous faculty of turning the noblest thoughts and acts of men into vulgar common-place and egotism. I am contending against an enemy, a defeat from whom is a great disgrace, and a victory over whom is no great honour; I am obliged to see things going on, which I disapprove of; in short, I am constrained every moment of my life, to be exercising forbearance and patience, and now and then looking out for the power of doing practical good, which may be a set-off against the many evils I have committed, or still may commit. My dear mother, you must recollect the life I have led for the last five years, or even eight, and that my drills have been dreadfully and harassingly severe; at present I have had a difficult part to play, surrounded by envious and jealous-minded men. How I have begged that my name or letters may never be brought into the newspapers! and how unfortunate that, on the very occasion when I was most anxious to be held in the background, I should be lugged forward! You cannot form any idea of the jealousy of certain people. This has been shown to me very distinctly, since that article appeared in the Courier. The consequences to me, will be most disagreeable; but now that I am shoved into the business let me fight my way through it, and let not any one, either directly or indirectly attempt to remedy the matter, if George has really given my letter to the Courier. The General has all "*my friends*" on his side, and they appear quite delighted with their intrigue. He is very ill, and I think it may be some time before he can go out. Things are not going on as they should do. I too have been seriously ill for the last five days; but am to take a beef-steak to day. I am told my illness is brought on by over exertion and not taking enough of substantial food. I shall begin to take meat and wine three times a day; and if that will not do, what will?

August 9.—Well! I wrote to George by post on the 7th, by which you will see the predicament in which I have been so nearly placed; and the storm is still gathering. I recently got a letter from the Commanding-officer of the Marines, to explain myself as to them likewise. Severe illness has prevented me, I think, from doing the thing quite in my open and determined manner. I have not the least idea of what I wrote to George about the affair of Fuentu-rabia; but surely my letter cannot be as the paragraph in the Courier. This is my difficulty. I do not know what I actually wrote. And yet my letter being in unbosomed confidence to a brother, even if I have said so and so, I do not think that I am publicly accountable. Therefore, in writing a contradiction of any sort, I am acting weakly. You will see my letter to the Editor of the Courier, which is the expression of my feelings, because that paragraph may hurt the Legion; but I think the great object *here* in getting me to write that letter, is to show that it differs from mine to George, and thus to prove my *inconsistency*. As it has occurred, I am not so very sorry; for it has given me an insight into characters which I might otherwise have missed. I shall decline for the future all communication with the General or those around him, except on dry matters of duty; but my own private opinion is, that the *clique* will never forgive me, and I think it more than probable that they will try to upset me. But I shall do my best to avoid it, solely because it would gratify my enemies. My troubles have generally turned out for my good, and I hope this may.

I have been trying an experiment which I wish you to be aware of, that you may see the success. When I first went to Terceira, there was a handsome young Brazilian, on board the Admiral's ship, and he was an especial favourite of Don Pedro. I recollect him as aid-de-camp at the battle of Ponte Fereira, the gayest of the gay, and apparently very rich. He was a great protégé of the Duke of Sussex. He left the Portuguese service, and was forgotten by me; but about a month since a Jewish looking person, most meanly habited, with a sort of blouse, without shoes, walked into my room saying, that God had directed his steps to me to be his preserver, and to help him in the good cause, to which he was ready to lend his aid in any way I should direct; that he had been a great sinner, but that "God had shown him the error of his ways by mortifying his flesh," and so forth. He told me his name, but I could not be brought to recollect it. At last, I told him he might be of service by becoming a spy in the enemy's camp, which was the greatest danger I could point out to him at present. This I thought would frighten him, but no; he was still ready, saying that "God had permitted Judith and Holofernes, and why not him?" What this allusion had to do with spies I know not; so thinks I, as I find you are ready, that's enough, I won't employ you. This pleased him, and after many quotations he cited one, proving that every man owes gratitude to himself, therefore he ought not to run into unnecessary danger. By degrees I recollected him. He told me he was one of the *elect*. I then told him that those here who talked most of courage were cowards, and that if he did not change his style, he would be considered a hypocrite. Some of the Portuguese officers remembered him; some said he was unfortunate: that is, he was wicked. Well, I carried him through for three weeks, and let him live at an hotel. He did not abuse my confidence. I clothed him and shod him, gave him money and got him appointed ensign in —— regiment. Now he says, that he is a reformed sinner, and I wish to give him a chance. He tells me he was very wicked; but hopes when he shows he is amended, that he will be again taken into favour by the Duke of Sussex.* Give my kindest love to all, and believe that I am, dear mother,

(Signed) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LV.

San Sebastian, 11th August, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I WROTE to you two days ago by the Glasgow steamer, giving the letters to Colonel Swan; but as the vessel has been detained I again write, and shall probably tell Swan to put this into the post office where he first touches. The account received yesterday has, as I conceive, altered the affairs of the legion. Arragon, Catalonia, and Murcia, and many other provinces have declared in favour of the Constitution of 1812, and the report is, that the General sent yesterday for the head people here, to ask if they were going to proclaim the Constitution? inquiring if they felt themselves sufficiently strong to defend the town and lines, as the moment they did proclaim it, he embarked his legion for England. Of course they said no; but it is said they wish it. We have two regiments of Saragossa here, who probably may follow the example of their town, and the 2nd light† refused to march, so I think we are in a pretty mess. Owing to these provinces refusing the taxes, the Spanish Government are of course unable to pay the Legion, therefore I think we must be dissolved. As to me the General and others may act as they please, but I came here to assist the Queen against Don Carlos, and I not only will not mix myself up with their provincial quarrels, but as the Constitution of 1812 is for liberty, I shall not move against it. My mind is made up. Still, I think the Legion cannot go on, and I can hardly believe that the clothing will be shipped now.

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* This young man did credit to my recommendation.

† This is the regiment, which in Madrid fortified themselves in the Post Office, and not only would not surrender to the Government, but actually were allowed to march out of Madrid to the north, with drums beating and colours flying instead of being punished.

Upwards of 400 of the 6th, have laid down their arms; I think the remainder will do so on the 6th of September; and I believe the whole 8th, on the 15th of August.

Pray be very prudent just now in expressing opinions, or you will floor me.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LVI.

San Sebastian, 18th August, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I THOUGHT you would, perhaps, be anxious to know how things are going on. As for myself, I have been very ill; but, about four days since, a report came to me at midnight that we were to be attacked. I went to inform the General, who I think must have been astonished at my zeal. It was in the dark I spoke to him; but he must have discovered it was on duty I came. I need not tell you how deeply hurt and insulted I feel at his supposing that I could lend myself to diminish the Legion; and this I intend to show very distinctly, while at the same time I shall be most active in my duty; but all friendship is at an end, until he offers an explanation, and even after that, I shall have my own opinion. It is all very uncomfortable; but you know when I am embarked in an affair, I go on till the death. You must have heard of all our disturbances, and of the downright mutinies that have taken place. I now consider the Legion as dissolved, and I suppose a few days will prove it. There is not a farthing of money to be got; officers are all sick of it; and my own opinion is, that the General and his Staff are anxious to be quit of the matter. I know nothing of what is going on at head-quarters, keeping closely and entirely to myself; but I see the same great mismanagement of which I have always spoken. The General has been at Bayonne, to see the French General; but I think his visit will not come to anything. Although still weak, he went yesterday to Santander, in order I think to prevent the 8th Regiment laying down their arms to-morrow; but I fear they will do it. A few hours after he sailed, a despatch of great consequence arrived from Madrid, which was sent after him. God knows! I wish now the whole business was over; but I should like to see it end respectably and with honour.

Every officer who can find a plausible excuse, is off. ——— went yesterday, and ——— on Monday; both apparently on leave, but with little intention of returning. De Lancey is sent to Madrid with the accounts of the Legion, claiming a balance of £60,000, and a threat that, if half be not immediately paid, the Legion will be shipped off. Where they are to get the money, I know not.

I shall leave this open to hear the day's reports. As yet, there is nothing new, only that I think the disorganization of some of the regiments complete. Tell —— I have got Mr. —— appointed a volunteer to the 10th, with the prospect of a Commission, if the regiment is not broken up. Let me hear from you soon; and recollect, when mentioning my name be prudent, and be certain that as long as I am serving with the Legion, I shall not lend myself to its hurt. With kindest love to all.

(Signed) CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LVII.

San Sebastian, 21st August, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

THINGS here have taken a great change. Three days ago, the Queen's decree to publish the Constitution of 1812 arrived, and yesterday it was proclaimed by the authorities and the troops. General Evans has been for some days at Santander, and I do not know whether he is yet returned. From the manner in which I am situated with him, I have a difficulty as to how I should act; but in his absence I went privately to ———, and spoke my feelings to him, which were, that by this act of proclamation the Legion was virtually dissolved, as by the contract, it was to be governed by the laws and institutions of Spain (of course meaning those then existing), and that I had no idea of turning from revolution to revolution; although I approved completely of the 1812 Constitution, still I denied the principle of being turned over like commissariat bullocks to those who were for the day in power. He said that he saw my feelings plainly; but until something more decided was done, or our Governvernment expressed an opinion, he saw nothing wrong in my continuing to serve. However, with all deference, I think I have taken the right and honourable view of the matter; but my actions are trammelled by that dispute with the General, as of course no one will give me credit for what I conscientiously feel. However, I shall take a just and impartial view of the matter, and try to regulate myself by principle and not by feeling. I tell you frankly I would willingly fight for the Spaniards, as they have had the heart at least to shew themselves *men* by this act, and I assure you if the big wigs were out of the way, they are a people to whom one could get attached. I am only sorry that they have been such idiots as to begin with this before they have finished with Carlos; although there is little doubt but that many of his adherents will seize this new affair as an excuse to desert him. I have no idea what are the feelings of the Legion officers on this matter. Of course many are most desirous to stay, with the chance of being paid; of which I see little hope: but still it is hard, after all their miseries, to give up six months' pay and allowance, with their chance of gratuity. I have not seen the General since I last wrote to you, nor do I intend to go near him, or have any communication with him, except on duty. He had no excuse for accusing me, nor even for listening to accusations so derogatory to my honour; indeed, I feel so hurt that I fear I cannot continue to serve under him. But now his enemies tell me he is of a very jealous temper; I am no great judge of that, only I know he is very brave, and by personal bravery has twice saved his Legion.

I cannot see where money can come from, to pay the Legion, and without that we must disband; but I wish an honourable retreat. Give my kindest regards to all, and believe me ever,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LVIII.

San Sebastian, 28th August, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE.

I YESTERDAY got your letter of the 20th, and likewise those of my mother, and Alexander, and ——, and also the Courier of the 17th. I am told that it has kicked up a great row; that the General is furious. I warned the General that it was an awkward thing to commence a correspondence with the editor of a newspaper. Let them do, say, and think what they please, they may finish the business in the best manner they can; for myself I wash my hands of it. I think I told you how much I felt my honour hurt by the General accusing me (along with friends here and at home) of manœuvring to reduce the Legion so that I might be put in command. This insult has been rankling in my bosom, because quite undeserved. I have been waiting in hopes he would make the *amende honorable*. I never have gone near him, except on duty, but still left a door open; yet still he continues his coolness. But I have such a dislike to leave any thing before it is finished, that I have been trying to swallow the insult, and to do my duty zealously. But this latter part I cannot do. Now that he has sent his Military Secretary to receive a report from me instead of receiving it himself, I have lost all confidence in him and he in me, so I consider my services of no further use. As commánder he may manage to pull me down a peg, without my having it in my power to defend myself; therefore, yesterday morning, before I got your letter, I had made up my mind to give in my resignation. In my letter requesting my resignation to be accepted, I shall state distinctly why I do so, although such feelings are not understood here. I have no idea of my character being so trifled with. I shall have my letters ready, and then take my mules from this to Socoa, by Bayonne to Bourdeaux, there to sell them, as there is no money to be got here.

I do not think that the General will make any objection to accepting my resignation; but still it is possible: so write to me. As it is probable something may occur to alter my present plans, do not mention the subject to any one whatever, as I think I shall start for Catalonia. I am sure resignation is my most prudent step; and if I bring back the character I brought from Portugal, I am satisfied. If I remain the winter, I foresee nothing but discord, mismanagement, and perhaps disgrace; still if I were satisfied that I could yet be of use here, I would remain; but the General must not only withdraw the slander, but give a public rebuke to the slanderer. The only thing that annoys me is, that my Staff will suffer, and a great many deserving officers, but I cannot help that. I shall at present say no more; but you shall hear from me by the next post. Best regards to all.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LIX.

San Sebastian, August 29, 1836.

To His Excellency Lieutenant-General
De Lacy Evans, G.C.S.F.

SIR,

FROM the period of the remark made by your Excellency to me on the 7th of August, that you had got information "That I was, with my friends in England and here, manœuvring to diminish the Legion, so that it might become the strength of a brigade, and that then I would get myself appointed its commander," I have been waiting patiently, that some steps might be taken by your Excellency, as commanding this Legion, to clear my character from so foul a calumny.

I consider that my services since I have been connected with this Legion, and the rank I have the honour to hold, entitle me to expect this, as more dishonourable conduct can scarcely be imputed to man. No one who knows me, would ever suppose me capable of acting in such a manner; the accusation being even listened to by my Commander, has made a painful and deep impression on my mind, so much so, that I feel while in this Legion I shall never be able to do my duty with the same zeal and energy; I therefore beg your Excellency may accept the resignation I now forward, and allow me to retire from the service.

Charles Shaw,
Brigadier-General, B.A.L.

LETTER LX.

San Sebastian, August 30, 1836.

His Excellency Lieut.-General De Lacy Evans, G.C.S.F., to Brigadier-General Shaw.

Sir,

I received yesterday, with much regret, your letter of resignation, which various pressing business prevented my acknowledging till now.

I recollect to have alluded in conversation with you on the 7th inst. to a report, not as far as my memory bears me in the terms you mention, but to the effect, "That some friends of yours in England were said to be looking forward to a great diminution in the strength of the Legion, and to your obtaining, in that case, the command of the remainder of it." My meaning obviously being, that gross mis-statements in a newspaper paragraph, which formed the real subject of our conversation, might, if uncontradicted, give a colour to that report prejudicial to your friends; and that the contradiction on your part of those invidious mis-statements to which we referred, was therefore the more necessary: and it appeared to me that you saw my observations in the same light; namely, that the report thus incidentally alluded to, though, of course, totally unfounded, might give this occasion to misrepresentation; and accordingly, you caused a very proper contradiction to be inserted. Three weeks have elapsed since that period, during which, in our various interviews and conversations, I am not aware of the slightest intimation from you, either verbally, or officially, or otherwise, of an expectation that I should cause any inquiry or steps to be taken to refute such a report, nor was any allusion whatever made to it. Your letter, therefore, has occasioned as much surprise as it does regret, that you should have put such an interpretation on the observation alluded to; and that her Majesty should lose the services of so efficient, gallant, and zealous an officer, by your retirement, as I have always found, and had pleasure in reporting you to be, as well to the Spanish as to other authorities.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
De Lacy Evans.

LETTER LXI.

San Sebastian, August 31, 1836.

To His Excellency Lieutenant-General
De Lacy Evans, G.C.S.F.

Sir,

I have had the honour of receiving your Excellency's letter of yesterday's date, in answer to mine of the 29th, by which I am most happy to find, that in the conversation which occurred on the 7th of August, your Excellency did not attach that meaning to those expressions which produced such a painful impression on my mind; therefore it is very natural you should be surprised at the receipt of my letter of the 29th. I feel obliged to you for having expressed regret at my having put such an interpretation as I did on the observation alluded to; and I thank you for the opinion you express, and have expressed, of my conduct as an officer, and it is my duty to return your Excellency my warmest acknowledgments for the very handsome manner, in which I know you have taken every opportunity of mentioning my services, both to the Spanish and other authorities; therefore your Excellency may well suppose that it is with the deepest regret that I feel myself constrained by circumstances, (to which I do not wish to refer,) to beg you will allow me to retire from the Legion.

Your obedient humble servant,
CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXII.

St. Sebastian, August 31, 1836.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General De Lacy Evans,
to Brigadier-General Shaw.

SIR,

I AM extremely glad to find by your letter of this morning, that mine of yesterday to you was received with such good feeling. With regard to the latter part of your letter, repeating your tender of resignation, I had considered it, by mine of yesterday, as accepted, although with regret.

DE LACY EVANS.

LETTER LXIII.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

THE above correspondence will explain every thing to you. I think I told you in one of my letters how hurt I felt at the imputation made by the General, and his unfair ebullition of temper, but feared to act upon it, lest it might be impulse. The *Courier* of the 17th, however, decided me. You know my character is nearly the only property I possess, therefore I must at all hazards preserve it. I brought out a tolerable one from Portugal, and you know the many base attempts that were made to detract from it. By my conduct in Spain, I do not think I have diminished my capital in this respect; therefore I still feel anxious to retain it. I think the General has behaved very childishly to me, and I may say unwisely; as he must have known my ambition was to remain, and stick to the Legion to the last. No difficulties would have deterred me; I was ready to encounter all, but to do so, I must have the greatest confidence in the General, and he in me.

I foresee many delicate affairs which may shortly occur. The General has shown a jealousy, and after his conduct I have lost confidence in him, and I am afraid that, if he made use of some rash expression

I should commit myself, and thus lose my hard-earned character. Taking this into consideration, and all that has occurred to me since I joined, and finding, after all I have done, that a feeling exists against me similar to that of August last year, I asked myself quietly whether I was sure that I had moral courage to endure another year of trouble from these intrigues. I find I have not confidence in myself; therefore, like a prudent General I retreat.

Do not take it into your heads that I am tired of fighting—quite the contrary; but I must fight in such a manner that my honour shall not suffer. I hope you will learn that I can enjoy myself in peace. I see the misery the poor soldiers are to endure, and I am sorry honour will not let me stick by them: but I do not know what obligation I have to play the Quixote, and stand a chance of sacrificing myself for men who are only anxious to retain me, to do their work and save trouble. There have been *quiet* advances made to me to withdraw my resignation; but I resign on principle, not on pique. I am immoveable; although I fear in my absence friends may suffer.

It has been pointed out to me very clearly, that, if I did resign and was resolved to resign, it was not necessary to give reasons. But I am an old sparrow, and have stated distinctly that I had not the slightest idea of allowing myself to be classed with the crowd of resigners, but that I felt myself actually driven out of the Legion. This may be a sore point to the General, but I am not to blame. I suppose there will be many newspaper paragraphs;

some, of course, against the General, and many against me. I would rather not personally appear in the newspapers, but if there be any unfair attack, you have got the wherewith to work. But do be cautious, and most generous and gentlemanly, not being severe against the General; as really I have pity for him. I hope no others may resign about the same time; as I do not wish to appear to hurt the Legion.

Do not mention to any one that advances have been made to me; because it has been done in such a manner that it may be denied.

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXIV.

San Sebastian, September 1, 1836.

To T. G. Shaw, Esq.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

THE enclosed will show you the proceedings of the last two days, and the conclusion to which I have calmly and quietly come; and I am convinced my decision is a wise and prudent one. Still it is unpleasant in a certain degree, as I had wished to have stuck to the last, but I am sure I must have got into a scrape. People may think that I was long in writing my letter, and you see he refers to three weeks. Now this is easily accounted for; because, when I called on the 7th, I only rose out of a sick bed to make that call, and before I went out again he had gone to Bayonne and Santander. On his return, though very unwell, I called for orders and then went to bed. The next night at twelve;

there was a report brought from the lines that we were to be attacked at one. I immediately went to report the circumstance to him, and mounted my horse and remained at the lines, quite knocked up, till seven.

I delivered the proceedings of court-martials, and at the review of the 6th and 7th regiments in my brigade, I was obliged to be present, but I never spoke on any matters except duty. As the Adjutant-General's name was mentioned in the dispute, I spoke to him, and he recommended me to call for an explanation; my answer was, "No, I will not deign to do that: I shall, however, revenge myself, in shaming the General by the manner in which I shall continue to do my duty." But circumstances prevented that. I feel convinced from what I hear, that at head-quarters they think that I am not serious in my resignation, and that I would ask to come back. Even if the Lieutenant-General should demean himself (which I hope he will not) to ask me officially to return, I think I even would and could resist; and that, at least, if I did return, I should be giving way to feelings and acting shabbily.

My intention is to leave this for Bayonne, on the morning of the 4th, and from thence go to Bordeaux and to Paris; in short, I know it is prudent to spend some time on the road, and thus matters may be cooled before I get to England. But, however, I am by no means determined; because, if there was any thing strange going on in Spain, I should like to take a peep, only to shew, that although I left the Legion I had not left the cause. The temptation, however, of seeing you is so great, that I suspect I shall consider the road leading home as the pleasantest.

Now bear in mind that my resignation is my own act, and I have been biassed by no one. I want no more publicity than to protect myself; and, unless it be quite necessary, I do not wish the correspondence to be made public but I fear I shall be driven to it.

The Fuentarabia business ought at all hazards to have been allowed to sleep. Why should the General not expect to be attacked as commander in his own Legion by individuals, when his personal staff regularly wrote against his Commander (Cordova)? Such infatuation!

I shall have difficulty and loss in selling my horses and mules, as there is no money. I fear I must take them to Bordeaux, where I shall probably dispose of them.

Godfrey (I am sorry) is at Santona, and I shall not see him. I regret to part with him and others.

The Legion is in such a state, that I am afraid it is irrecoverable; but do you say nothing against it, now especially. Tell Hodges Mr. ——— is a cadet in the 10th, and, as there will be a few vacancies by three duels, he may get a commission from my recommendation.

I shall write by the post which leaves this on the 4th. With kind regards to all, and at last with hopes of meeting,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXV.

Bayonne, September, 1836.

To A. V. Kirwan, Esq. Posada di St.
Esteban in St. Jean de Luz.

My dear Sir,

As your mind has been long turned to the consideration of foreign affairs, and as you have paid particular attention to the events which have been passing in the Peninsula, I persuade myself to think you will be glad to have a few lines from me before your departure from Socoa. You have, doubtless, heard much from your fellow-travellers, Ross and Wilkinson; but I incline to think that neither the Colonel nor the Doctor have put you down any thing on paper wherewith you may refresh your memory, or help your judgment.

As I know the weather is bad, and as it is by no means improbable that you may be kept in your present quarters for ten or twelve days to come, I will, according to your wish, and in the hope that it may tend to dissipate your *ennui*, attempt to give you an idea of what you will meet on your arrival at St. Sebastian. Leaving Socoa, you will perceive to the left, a bay, formed by the Bidassoa river, at the termination of which, at the bottom of a hill, is a small town. This is Irun. Nearly at the mouth of the bay, to your left, is another town, called Andaye. On the opposite side of the river, and almost within gun-shot, is another town, the tower of a large church being visible in its centre. This is Fuentarabia. Casting your eye over the church in the direction of Irun, you will perceive a large wood, in the centre of which you can discover some turrets of a château. The road from Fuentarabia to Irun, passes through this wood. Behind the château is a bridge across a branch of the Bidassoa. Here was the point at which my brigade had such sharp work on the 11th of July, and where Ross was wounded. As you pass the iron-bound coast of Fuentarabia, you come to a bluff point, close upon which are the ruins of an old château. The next object upon which the eye rests is a ridge of hills, gradually increasing till they are completely overtopped by two mountains, somewhat in the shape of sugar-loaves. In the direction of the mountains you will perceive a long narrow house, fronting the town of Fuentarabia. It was at this house, called Guadaloupe, that illness constrained General Evans to remain the greater part of the 11th of July. On the tops of the adjacent hills, and close to the house, were stationed the Legion and Spanish Regiments, neither the one nor the other having been sent down into the plain to re-inforce the Spanish Marines, who had been disembarked, and pushed their skirmishers close to the very walls of the town. If some of these troops, which were of no earthly use on the heights, had been sent down to re-inforce the Marines, and with the two Companies of the 10th placed on the opposite side of the town, and within 150 yards of Fuentarabia, that place must have surely fallen. Sailing along the coast, you perceive a ridge of hills about two miles inland, over which the Legion marched from Passages. It was on that high point, above the house of Guadaloupe, that the unfortunate halt of three quarters of an hour took place, thus allowing the enemy to reach the bridge between Irun and Fuentarabia, before our troops. If we had not made this halt, not only Fuentarabia, but Irun, must have this day been in our possession. I state these facts, that you may be in some measure prepared for the discussions you will hear at St. Sebastian. Just as you come within sight of the Lighthouse of the last-mentioned town, look sharply to the left, and at a bold rocky spot you will discover a very narrow opening, gradually widening. This affords shelter and security for numerous ships of war, which are seen riding in safety at anchor, within half a pistol-shot of the romantically situated town of Passages. Beyond this the coast continues for two miles bold and rugged, till you come to a bay, formed on one side by a bluff rock, and on the other by the citadel of St. Sebastian. From this spot the Urimea river is visible, flowing between some sand-hills, and washing the fortifications of St. Sebastian. It was from these hills that Colonel Snodgrass, with his brave Portuguese, forded the river, to mount to the assault. You now sail close under the Castle Rock, and, making a sudden sweep to the left, find yourself at anchor in the bay, and within a few yards of the town.

When you land, introduce yourself to my friend Alcock, and beg him to take you through the hospitals. You will, or I am greatly mistaken, be agreeably surprised by the prevailing cleanliness and regularity, as also the care and attendance bestowed on the sick and wounded. Alcock has had a most difficult card to play. He knows well that there are many disabled poor fellows who, if they were in the British service, would be sent to England, certain of receiving their pensions; but he is also aware that a poor fellow sent to England from the service of Queen Christina, instead of receiving his pension, is generally left to starve. It is therefore from a praiseworthy charity, that he keeps many in hospital, under his own eye, in order that they may in this manner get as much as will keep body and soul together.

From the Hospital go to the Arsenal, which you will find arranged in beautiful order. This is altogether owing to the exertions of Colonel Colquhoun, and though you be a civilian, I am sure you will ask, "What is be done with this immense quantity of artillery?" Ask him to shew you a sort of rocket-musket, which he invented, and which is constructed on so good a principle, that, if he have leisure, I am sure he will be able to make it of practical efficiency. As my friend Godfrey is not at present in St. Sebastian, introduce yourself to Colonel Jochmus, the Quarter-Master-General. In no service, I assure you, is there a better or more active officer to be found, and he will give you much information. Take an opportunity of going round the lines with him; as no one is more capable of shewing both our lines, and those of the enemy. Ask him to point out to you the Ametzagana Hill, and question him closely, if he does not think it should be included within our lines.

A sad mistake has, in my judgment, been committed by the General, in not retaining possession of that hill. You will hear it said in excuse that it would make our lines too extended. Apparently, the Ametzagana is detached; but the approach to it from our side may be made both safely and easily; and if a small redoubt were erected on it, as has been done on the Puyu Hill, the enemy not only could not take it, but they dare not advance to attack our lines in the space between it and the Fort of Alza. Though not a soldier, still you will perceive that the river Urimea, on the opposite flank of the hill, prevents all movements of an enemy in that direction. When I left St. Sebastian, the Carlists had begun to establish works on the Ametzagana; and if they are not driven away from this point, and prevented from placing artillery on it, (which they can do when they choose,) they might in my opinion, force our lines at the spot which is nearest the hill, as, after they advance a few hundred yards, they are completely out of the range of the Alza guns. General Evans must either occupy and fortify the Ametzagana, or he must spend double the labour in erecting other batteries and breast works to protect his lines opposite to it.

Jochmus will point out to you the scene of the action of the 5th of May, and the Lugaris hill, where the guns of the steam boats were of such service to us. Decidedly, there ought to be a battery at Lugaris, which, with that on Puyu, and the windmill battery in the centre, would make this part of our lines impregnable. As to the enemy's lines, I will repeat to you what I said in a letter to General Godfrey, before leaving St. Sebastian, and which was written after my resignation:—"Do, by hook or by crook, use every influence you have to prevent the Legion from attacking the enemy's lines, or attempting Hernani. I have studied them long and carefully; I strongly doubt that, it is possible to carry them: but of this I am positive, that even if the men did carry the lines, they would not be able to hold them."

You may recollect that in the beginning of September, on General Evans's first arrival at St. Sebastian, an attempt was made on the town of Hernani. Generals Alava, Evans, and Jauregui were present. I have it from good authority that Alava was only on the ground as an amateur, and did not interfere in giving orders. General Evans was anxious to make a dash on Hernani, but he was deterred by the opinion of El Pastor. Until I saw and examined this ground, and could form an idea what sort of soldiers the Carlists were, I thought that Jauregui had been a great deal too prudent. I now feel convinced that if the Legion, as then constituted, had reached Hernani, the Carlists would have taken very good care to prevent one of them returning to St. Sebastian, as they can, at any time, throw themselves between Hernani and St. Sebastian, and thus prevent provisions of every sort being sent to the former town.

You will hear great complaints from the officers with regard to the scarcity of money, which, by the way, are quite just. I cannot imagine how they get on, for I suppose there is no money in the chest. Although there were months of pay and allowances due to me, I did not receive one farthing on sending in my resignation. You will be told Colonel Delancey is gone to Madrid for cash. If General Evans knew the quirks of Peninsular treasuries as well as I do, he would have forced them to stick to the promises made to General Mac Dougall, when he was at Vittoria. Mac Dougall quitting the Legion was a serious loss to General Evans. The treasury at Madrid will dispute the correctness of the accounts and talk of forming a commission to examine into them, and *then* send Delancey back with "promises."

As to the soldiers of the Legion, you will not see them at present in very good order, as their "morale" has been a good deal destroyed by discussions as to whether their time of service was for one year or for two; but still, with all their faults, if properly managed, they are a fine set of fellows. You will be much disappointed in the appearance of the regiment of Chapelgoris, who somehow or other have acquired a wonderful name. Their Grenadiers and Light Companies are very fine, and I never saw better soldiers than the officers of those two companies. As to Colonel Cotoner, who commands them, there is not a braver or better soldier in the world; but he has always the misfortune to get hit in action. From peculiar circumstances I shall leave you to judge of the officers of the Legion. There are many among them who can be excelled by none, both as soldiers and as brave and chivalrous fellows; but their "morale" has been much impaired by the indiscriminate and profuse manner in which promotions and decorations have been conferred. I know the marines laughed at it, or perhaps complained of it, because, about the beginning of June General Evans issued an order which made Majors of the Legion rank with Lieutenants of the Marines; in short, he ordered that "all officers in the service of the Allies of Her Majesty co-operating with the troops under his command, should be considered as holding two steps of rank above that which they actually held in the service of the powers to which they belong, and should be obeyed and treated with the proper honours accordingly." So that you perceive if he gave rank at one time by a stroke of the pen, he quickly took it away by another. This order gave great annoyance to many of the officers. I shall say no more, but that I wish you a safe passage and return,

CHARLES SHAW.

LETTER LXIV.

Paris, 24th September, 1836, *Hotel Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix.*

To J. G. Shaw, Esq. Park Street,
Grosvenor Square, London.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

WHEN at Bayonne I received the enclosed general orders.* I suppose head-quarters know their praise or dispraise is alike to me, but these orders show want of "tact" on their part. I have laughed heartily; even more than at the mistake made by the Portuguese gazetting the pay-master of my regiment, "Pay-master General to the British regiments," when when they meant "general Pay-master to," &c.; but *Generals* in the Peninsula are rife, and I have been in the Legion so often *generalled* and *ungeneralled*, that I have resolved to drop the rank conferred on me by his Excellency Lieutenant-General De Lacy Evans, and retain the rank conferred on me by His Imperial Majesty Don Pedro in December 1833, on the heights opposite Santarem.

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* These were general orders, most deservedly complimentary to Generals MacDougall and Reid on leaving the Legion. The general order with regard to the author was simple and laconic, *viz.* "Colonel Godfrey to be Brigadier-General, vice Shaw resigned."

I propose leaving Paris to-morrow, and you may say to Hodges, that I shall be happy to dine with him in Seymour-street on the 29th of September, the anniversary of our Oporto fight in 1832.—Well, strange are the scenes I have had since that time!!

The improvements which have taken place in Paris since 1815, have astonished, and I may say gratified me. Indeed, the route from Bayonne to the capital bears external evidence of wealth, happiness, and contentment. While I remained at Bourdeaux, I met with some very fine young fellows who had been officers in the Corps d'Armée forming at Pau, with a view to enter Spain. These troops have been disembodied, and a great proportion of them ordered back to their regiments. I suspect that slippery gentleman Louis Philippe has overshot his mark by this act, and has laid a foundation for a large deposit of discontent in the French army. A certain number of officers and men were allowed to volunteer from the different French regiments to join this

Legion, in which a small gratuity was given to the privates; the officers and non-commissioned officers getting a step of rank. They all joined as I announced to you at Pau. You can easily imagine that the officers and men who volunteered for this service, were composed, for the greater part, of the most restless, ambitious, and adventurous of the French army. The officers, proud of their additional step, gladly incurred the expense of a new uniform; and when all was nearly ready for marching into Spain, an order arrives to disband them! A great proportion of these restless spirits returned to their humble grade in their respective regiments. Do you suppose these men will bear quietly this disappointment of their most cherished hopes? No, never.* Many of the officers have conversed with me, and, knowing I have been in Portugal and Spain, speak out frankly, very frankly indeed,—so much so, that I think I may become suspected by the police. I am not sorry for Louis Philippe, as he will get the reward of his duplicity. I saw his double-dealing exemplified completely at Socoa. That place is absolutely crowded with supplies of all sorts going to Irun, for the benefit of the Carlists, though the king of the French was asserting and trying to make it appear in England that he was faithfully fulfilling the terms of the Quadruple Treaty. These young fellows thus sent back to their regiments will inoculate the regular French army with certain ideas and principles, which in their natural and legitimate operation may have the effect of shaking Louis Philippe on his throne. And I have little doubt, that before long, he and his friend Don Carlos will be rusticating with Charles X. at Prague, or with Don Miguel at Rome: in short, all that set are " tarred with the same brush."

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* The military emeute at Strasburg proved the truth of this.

Between Bayonne and Tours, I saw small detachments of red jackets escorted by " gens-d'-armes," among whom I recognised many Legion faces. These were the blackguards who deserted from us, and who had the baseness on the first of August to come in front of our lines to fire on their old comrades. The jackets they had were not Legion jackets, but of a certain coloured scarlet, given to them by the Carlists. Their conduct was so bad that even Don Carlos sent them away, and would have nothing to do with them. Such consummate scoundrels never walked. Yet I have little doubt but on their arrival in England, they will make up some fine stories to please the English Carlists. I have been a good deal disappointed at the appearance of the French army. They have a loose style of discipline, which I think will not work well in actual service. In great hopes of finding you all well.

CHARLES SHAW.

POSTSCRIPT.

At the publication of these Memoirs has been delayed longer than I wished or could have anticipated, it might appear strange if some remarks were not made in reference to the movements of the British Legion since my departure; the more especially considering the severe actions in which they have been since that period engaged. In one of my letters I referred to the bungling attack on the 1st of August on the Ametzagana hill, explaining the manner in which the enemy, with a very few companies, threw the whole of the Legion as well as the Spanish regiments into confusion. On the evening of this attack I was taken suddenly ill, but of course supposed that it was made for the purpose of occupying so advantageous a position. On my recovery, I not only found the enemy in their old intrenchments, but they had moreover actually commenced to throw up new works for the play of artillery. On the 1st of October, early in the morning, they opened their guns from the Ametzagana ; but, instead of making a rush on our lines between the Francisco convent and the fort of Alza, their most serious attack was directed against that point, which from its situation and the works round it they could have little chance of taking. Failing in this rash enterprise, and with considerable loss, they next thought of attempting those points which they ought alone to have aimed at, masking their operations by a false attack on Alza. The gallant charges made by the Lancers, headed by Colonel Wakefield, who both in Portugal and Spain never omitted an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and of being useful, rendered all their efforts abortive.

This attack, I suspect, showed General Evans the mistake committed in abandoning the commanding hill of Ametzagana. For weeks afterwards the Legion was employed in throwing up works to make their long extent of lines tenable. The Carlists not succeeding in their attack on the lines of St. Sebastian, turned their whole attention to Bilbao. They accordingly sat down before the town, and in a very short time had made themselves masters of all the ground and forts which command it, effectually blocking up all communication by the river. The Christino generals have been often blamed for want of talent, enterprise, and exertion. If the Carlist army round Bilbao had been "Christinos," the General in command would have been accused of treachery for not taking the town. The Carlist General never has been accused of treachery; therefore we must deplore, for the fame of Spain, that no officer on either side has displayed talent worthy of the former military glory of ancient Iberia. Bilbao, in a military point of view, was in the power of the Carlists for ten days; but they did not enter it. Yet we hear of the wonderful talent of the Carlist officers; while the whole credit due to them is owing to the positions they hold, and to the good information afforded to them by the peasantry! Why was Mina, why was El Pastor (Jauregui), always victorious over the *élite* of the French army? and what have these two officers ever yet accomplished against the very people with whom they conquered the French? Literally, nothing; and unless Spanish Christino generals can be found with talent sufficient to make combined movements, and unless France shuts out supplies of military *materiel* from the Basque provinces, this desultory war must continue for many years. If Espartero, when he came to the relief of Bilbao, had continued his attack on the right bank of the river, he must have forced Villa Real to have retired from the place; but because he met with slight opposition on ground which was nearly as favorable for him as the Carlists, he again crossed to the left bank of the river, for the purpose of retiring and leaving Bilbao to its fate:—quite forgetting that if he attempted a retreat to Castro, the roads through which he must pass would have been so infested by a few of the Carlists (who, to a certainty, would follow him,) that he would lose more men than he could possibly have done by an attack on the extended position of Villa Real. Luckily, Captain Lapidge and Colonel Wylde were at Espartero's right hand, and made him attempt a deed he never dreamt of; but which (in my opinion) could not even have had success, unless the weather had been peculiarly favourable, and unless, moreover, the heights which they had to attack had been covered with a certain depth of snow. This facilitated the ascent, by preventing that slipping back which must have occurred, if it had been rain instead of snow. Espartero, as usual, showed the most undaunted bravery in the attack; but what is the value of mere personal bravery in a general commanding an army?

General Evans has been much blamed for not sending some of the British Legion to the assistance of Bilbao, and it has been said that so many troops were not necessary to defend the lines of St. Sebastian. I firmly believe General Evans had very good reasons for what he did. He must have recollected that in the month of August, when he sent two of the regiments to Santander to assist in catching Gomez, one of the corps on the very pier refused to step into the boats, until they received all arrears of pay due to them; with which terms he was obliged to comply, and likewise to grant the same to the other regiments. After this example, would it have been a prudent act in General Evans to have issued an order to certain regiments, with the almost absolute certainty of their refusing to obey him and with the melancholy fact staring him in the face, that he scarcely had a farthing in his chest? As it was (even without this order for embarkation), some of the regiments mutinied for want of pay; and how he managed to get the 4th regiment on board the steamer at Passages without paying them, I know not, unless, indeed, it was from the fear of punishment for their mutinous conduct. These are some of the annoyances to which an officer in command of such a force is exposed, and which clog all his movements. It is very easy for people who are unaware of many things which are never to be seen or even to be imagined in a "regular service," to find fault with a General thus circumstanced; although it is clear at the same time, it is in difficulties of this nature that an officer has splendid opportunities afforded of showing his talents. If Villa Real had taken Bilbao within two days, he would have had all his army with numerous artillery down against the lines of St. Sebastian. The Carlists showed this intention by occupying the Light House (a very strong position), and if they had placed a heavy gun there, the situation of the shipping in the bay must have been very precarious. But the relief of Bilbao paralysed the movements of both parties. The Christinos did little but boast of their success. And this want of activity instilled some reviving force into the hearts of the disappointed Carlists.

The cause I fear, however, has suffered for other reasons. When General Evans arrived in Spain he was (I believe) a junior officer to Espartero; but whilst Evans was in favour with Cordova (he being at Trevino and Cordova at Pamplona), Evans was appointed over the head of Espartero. Cordova afterwards treated General Evans very ill, and after the victory of the 5th May (although Espartero was a junior officer), the decoration of the Grand Cross of St. Fernando was sent through him to General Evans, who in a letter to Madrid (with many just complaints on other subjects), returned his decoration to the Queen's Government. Circumstances again changed. Espartero was forced into success at Bilbao, and was reinstated in his rank over the head of General Evans. Under the circumstances in which Spain has long been, and now is placed, can it be expected that Espartero will give his frank and cordial support to the Commander in Chief of the English Legion? I do not see that General Evans has been to blame; but under all the circumstances, I think he was fully justified in concluding that there could not be a great deal of cordiality between him and Espartero, or any of the Spanish generals.

I have been led to make these remarks from the apparent inaction in which the Legion was kept for months; and when even a reinforcement of Spanish troops had arrived at St. Sebastian. The Carlists were well aware of the force which was gathering against them. They busily employed themselves in strengthening the defences of Irun and Fuentarabia, and the heights and roads by which the high-road from Irun to Hernani could be approached by General Evans. Reports were so rife that the Legion were to attack by the side of Fuentarabia and Irun, that one was almost led to suppose that these reports were circulated for the purpose of drawing attention away from Hernani, which was to be the real object of attack. My calculation was that there there were only two ways of attacking Hernani:—1st. If General Evans had about 8000 men, an attack might have been made on Hernani with success, if from his own lines of St. Sebastian, or even supposing he was in possession of the hill of Oramendi, he could have heard the firing of a supporting Christino force approaching by the Tolosa road; or if he had indisputable information that they were within two leagues of Hernani.—2d. If General Evans had above 15,000 men, the attack on Hernani might have been made with a very great probability of success, if it had been so planned that one half of this force could have been kept completely in reserve, to occupy Hernani and the adjacent heights when taken. The lines which surrounded Hernani are so extensive that it would always be possible to break them at certain places, provided the enemy had not distinct information of the particular point to be attacked. Six thousand men properly handled could always penetrate this point, especially if assisted with artillery. Yet I admit from the broken ground they would be thrown into a certain degree of confusion, which would make it necessary to fill the taken positions with a very large reserve.

These were the opinions I stated publicly in the month of August last year, being brought to this conclusion by a daily and close examination of the ground during the months of May, June, July, and August. I am led to make these remarks from the failure which took place on the attack on Hernani on the 16th of March. When the first accounts arrived, that on the 10th, General Evans had crossed to the right bank of the Urimea, and from Alza had commenced the attack on Ametzagana, and the heights which lie between that hill and the Hernani high road, I felt certain he could not succeed in getting possession of that position, not only from the impassable nature of the ground, but likewise from the scientific manner in which the enemy had covered their heights with parapets, even so far back as in the month of September last. And I further felt confident from the obstinate manner the Carlists, on the 1st of August, held the houses which lay at the bottom of these heights, close on the Urimea, that he could not penetrate there. I supposed some of the troops would have made a move in the direction of Oyarzun, threatening to get in the rear of those who were defending the approaches to Astigarraga. This was not attempted; but the whole army having crossed to the right bank, it was reasonable to expect that the intended attack was to have been towards Irun. On the 11th nothing was done. On the 12th the whole plan seems to have been altered, as pontoons were placed on the 13th, and the troops crossed to the village of Loyola, on the left bank of the river; thus clearly pointing out to the Carlists that Hernani was now the object of attack. The enemy seem to have been allowed much time to be prepared, as it was only on the afternoon of the 15th that the Venta hill was taken; consequently, it should have been calculated that about the 16th, every disposable man the Carlists could contrive to muster, would be assembled near to Hernani on that morning. It appears strange that the bridge of Astigarraga was not destroyed on the evening of the 15th, and that General Evans, instead of attacking Hernani, did not think, during the night of the 15th, of fortifying himself on the Venta and Oramendi hills. Having the destroyed bridge of Astigarraga and the river Urimea now securing his rear, he thus might have taken up a very strong position, with his right resting on the Puyu height, able at any moment to have pounced on Hernani. The line which General Evans appears to have taken up on the morning of the 16th, preparatory to his intended attack on Hernani, seems to have been very extended, the more so as his right must have always felt very nervous, knowing that a force of the enemy might easily come upon them from behind the heights of Santa Barbara, even after the attack on Hernani had commenced. Besides, if troops could once cross the bridge of Astigarraga, they were thus nearer to St. Sebastian than the Christinos. By all accounts it appears that the troops on both flanks were seized with a panic, and that some of them did not behave well; but I strongly doubt that the 1st Regiment of the Legion were the first to run away.* If old steady troops get nervous from the effects of firing in their rear, what is to be expected from comparatively young troops if such a case occurs? Will they not run for protection under the guns of their own lines? This panic is deeply to be regretted; but of two evils I would rather have a disorderly flight than have seen General Evans succeed in his attack on Hernani on that day. To a certainty, if the force of Don Sebastian had arrived a few hours later, few or none of Evans' division could ever have returned to St. Sebastian. The noble behaviour of the Royal Marines in covering the retreat, proves clearly what discipline can accomplish. But the few casualties in that corps likewise shows the nature of the country through which they retired, the greatest part of the route being over hog-backed hills, where a few bold men, by showing front, are equal to ten times their number.

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* Since writing the above, this view of the affair has been confirmed by positive information from officers who were present on the occasion.

This reverse ought not to be looked on with despair. It will rouse the exertions of all to put an end to this cruel and unnatural war. The murder of the English prisoners will shame the supporters of Don Carlos from daring to assist a human being capable of imagining such horrid crimes as this monster in the shape of a man has already perpetrated.

Mankind in general, and the people of England in particular, will take heed, that, so far as in them lies, Don Carlos shall be afforded neither moral countenance nor material support. For the best and wisest of all the political parties into which England is divided, agree in thinking that neither the pretensions, the cause, nor the character of Don Carlos, nor that of his followers, are in the remotest degree bound up with any English interests.

ADDITIONAL POSTSCRIPT.

The above observations were written a few days after the accounts of the "untoward" event of Hernani reached this country, in full expectation that there would be no further delay in the publication of this work; but as this is the 10th of June, the day on which the two years' service of the Legion expires, I hope I may be excused in attempting to trace its movements to this moment. The Carlists, emboldened by their success on the 16th of March, (which decidedly was owing to the bridge of Astigarraga not having been considered by General Evans as of essential consequence to him before making his attack on Hernani,) recovered all their lost ground on the left bank of the Urimea, and immediately began not only to strengthen their former positions; but likewise, to throw up strong intrenchments on those points which the Christinos in their attacks had proved to them were the weakest. It is said that General Evans suggested to the Spanish government, that the large force which was at Bilbao under Espartero should be brought to St. Sebastian. About the 12th of May, a force of nearly 30,000 bayonets were assembled in this corner of Spain, but their arrival was so dilatory, that ample time was afforded to the Carlists to make the positions from Hernani to Irun almost impregnable. In a military point of view, this bringing of the Christinos to this corner appears a false movement, as it opened Madrid to the Carlists, there being no sufficient Christino force left to oppose them. But experience has shown in this war, that it is almost folly to make calculations according to acknowledged principles.

The Carlists had about 21,000 bayonets on their line, with detachments sufficiently strong (from the natural impediments of the roads) to keep at bay any force which could come down upon them from Vittoria or Pampluna. About the 13th of May, Don Sebastian abandoned those lines, with the greater part of his force, leaving some battalions in front of Hernani, and likewise garrisons in Irun and Fuentarabia, wishing it to be understood that he had marched to cross the Ebro and move on Madrid. As I feel convinced that 15,000 men were sufficient to defeat 30,000 attacking these positions, and as I am aware of the dislike the Basques have to quit their own provinces, I have been led to the opinion that Don Sebastian's movement was not made because it was according to military rule, but that want of provisions forced him to look out for a more abundant country. I have always considered this move as fatal to the cause of Don Carlos, and from the position he now holds at Barbastro, it appears certain, that even although the Christino Generals may make blunders, they will, like Espartero at Bilbao, be forced to be victorious. certainly only from the blunders of their antagonists, and not from any ability shown by themselves.

The Christinos quietly took possession of the long-wished-for Hernani, the Legion having only two officers wounded, one of whom was my old friend Captain Laurie the paymaster. Hernani now taken, a division, principally consisting of the Legion under General Evans, moving by Oyarzun, invested Irun.

The garrison made a desperate resistance, but nothing could withstand the determined gallantry of the Legion, headed by their brave officers. They took the town by storm, thus splendidly redeeming the slurs which were attempted to be thrown by a political party on their bravery and discipline.

The garrison of Fuentarabia influenced by the noble and generous treatment of the prisoners at Irun, surrendered, and the Legion returned to St. Sebastian, bringing with them upwards of 800 prisoners. Here they gave proof by their treatment of these Carlists, that they were worthy of the scarlet uniform they wore, nor did they fail to sustain the character of the British soldier, who, though famed for his courage, is still more worthy of admiration for generosity to a fallen and cruel enemy. Impartial men, who have witnessed soldiers in the excitement of storming a town, must give their undivided praise to General Evans and his officers, for the extraordinary short time in which they contrived to re-form the regiments after the assault. The loss of officers in the Legion was, as usual, severe.

The Spanish government, though most anxious to retain the Legion in their service, with their accustomed dilatoriness, have yet made no arrangements for paying the fourteen months' arrears of officers, nor the gratuities either to them or the men. Nor are ships ready to take the men to England, according to their contract. Nay, I have even seen the proposal to the Legion, of a contract for another year. This document appears signed and accepted on the part of the Spanish government by W. Wylde, Colonel, and Juan Tena, Brigadier-General, and on the part of the British Legion, by M. C. O'Connel, Brigadier-General. The contract consists of twelve articles; but among them I cannot discover what ought to have been the First Article in this agreement; I mean "No new contract whatever shall be listened to on the part of the British Legion, until all the articles of the former contract, signed by Generals Alava and Evans, have been religiously fulfilled by the Spanish government."

Unless this article be made the foundation of the new agreement, I much fear the Legion will only be a Legion in name, and whoever the officer may be who is to command, both he and his men are almost certain of receiving similar treatment in Spain to that experienced by their brother soldiers in Portugal.

Richmond, June 10, 1837.

J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street.

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